



DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

CHILDREN IN PICTURES.

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I JUST wish every one of you could peek into our studio and watch them taking some of the scenes in our new play, "The Foundling."

As you can guess by the title, it deals with orphans; in fact, I am one of them, and they have made me the little mother of the orphanage. But I am not one of those sad-eyed little creatures you could pity extravagantly. In fact, I'm quite the contrary. I'm a very saucy, fun-loving little girl of twelve who gets into all sorts of scrapes to amuse the other children and bring smiles to their pinched and wan little faces.

And such children we have found to fill the orphanage! I have never seen so many quaint and funny little types, especially two little girls perhaps not over six years of age. One is a blue-eyed, black-haired little Irish girl and the other a pinched little pale-faced French child, who has the most pitiful pigtail I have ever seen. It is braided so tight it stands right out from her head and it seems to match that dreadful gingham apron. They both look so poverty stricken.

Dreaming of Mother.

As all the little children who have no mothers dream that one will some day come to take them away from the orphanage, we line up when visitors arrive and there is a great throb of hope in our hearts.

I am chosen. My clothes are packed in a small brown paper bundle and I leave with my adopted mother.

As I passed through the dormitory, the other children clung to my skirts, and the director says to them: "Mary is going away from the orphanage, children, and you're not going to see her any more. You are going to be left all alone without any little Mary to play games with you, and you're going to be so sad without her that you can't keep from crying—you can't keep from crying—you can't keep—"

His voice died away in a low, melodious monotone and there wasn't a sound but the grind of the camera and a half-uttered word from one of the children, who looked at me with eyes dilated with anguish. He had made it so real to them they forgot they were acting.

"Come right this way," called out the director to me, and to the children; "Kiss her good-by, children; you may never see your dear little Mary again. She's going far, far away from here."

I looked around me at the faces bathed in tears and at my elbow there was a prolonged, despairing wail, in fact, a duet; it came from the little Irish girl and was echoed by the French girl.

"Mary is go-go-going away from us," howled the children, and as I left them, those two clung to each other for consolation. And the camera caught them—first, in their most intense throes—then, as they walked off the scene, with their arms around each other, and that pathetic little pigtail adding a touch of human comedy to the otherwise pitiful ginghamed figure.

There wasn't a dry eye in the studio when the scene was over, for there is something so real in children's grief, especially if you play upon their emotions, and children are so easily touched.

Claiming the Reward.

As soon as they were dismissed from the set, they came flying to the

door of my dressing room. "Where is it? Where is it?" they call shouted at once.

"Where is what?" I asked, pretending to be cross—as if I didn't know it was candy they were talking about. "Oh, you know." They all looked very sheepish and dug their toes into the floor. "It's in a box," and the little Irish girl smiled at me merrily, though her lashes were still wet with tears.

"Surely you didn't mean candy?" I asked, pretending to be more surprised than ever.

At the word "candy" they set up a howl of delight, and I felt it was cruel of me to keep them in suspense any longer. So I took down the big white box and there followed such a grabbing and counting, then a rustling of papers as they unwound the "goody" taffies and then the grunts of satisfaction as they gobbled them up.

You cannot know how much we enjoy playing with children. They are so natural and so sympathetic. And how they enter into the spirit of it, how real it is to them! I always study them, the way they use their hands when they cry and their eyes as they register fear, love or anger. They have neither mannerisms nor affectations. That is their charm.

Answers to Correspondents.

Ruth Miller, writes and tells me she is so ambitious to become an actress that she practices acting before a mirror (probably instead of studying). She also wants to know how a girl of eleven can earn money. I think little Ruth had better study hard at school instead of dreaming about moneymaking. I have wished all my life I could have had a fine education. A cultured woman always has the advantage of one without education.

Ralph H., writes, I wouldn't give up your present position to become a moving-picture actor if I were you until I had been interviewed by some directors of reliable companies. You may and you may not be a successful actor, which would interfere with the future of your present position.

Mary Pickford.



MY CHUM AND I.

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INTO every girl's life there comes a chum, one in whom she can confide all of her little troubles, her ambitions and her interests. Mine came to me when I was very young, and offered me the deepest love and the tenderest companionship in the world. She was my mother.

I tell every one my mother has discovered the secret of eternal youth; and how we love her for her fortitude and her youthful spirit which is always buoying us up. There are many times when I am so weary from overwork or perhaps a little disappointed in the outcome of a picture that I feel just years older than mother. I have a feeling it is I who must protect her instead of her comforting and cuddling me.

Because of mother's keen sense of Irish humor, which spells the most delightful companionship, I have never felt the need of having to step outside of my own home to find a chum.

Confidence in Mother.

Only today some one asked me how it was mother had our whole-souled confidence. I answered without hesitancy, "She has never made us afraid of her." It is true. If we had ever done anything wrong when we were children, we knew we could go and climb up in our mother's lap to confess, and there would be no dire punishment awaiting us. The very fact we saw it gripped her stood for as much of a lesson as we needed, and I have grown up with the knowledge that there was nothing I need ever hide from my mother. I could always depend upon her love to help me out of the shadows and into the sunlight.

After my father died, there followed grave and serious years for us. Mother, just a little, frail young girl herself, had three healthy children and a paralyzed mother to support when the hour of this dreadful responsibility arrived. But she shouldered it bravely. She supported us and kept our little home by sewing from dawn until nightfall. Often we would come upon her unawares, and splashing down her cheeks would be great tears; but for us, there were always smiles. How little we children realized then how much our mother was sacrificing for us.

Games on the Road.

Later, traveling on the road, we used to call our mother "the little general." That was because, when we were fagged out from our day's work and there were many blocks to walk back to our hotel, mother would try to interest us in the game of play-

ing soldiers. Singing march music as we went along, keeping time, calling herself the general, Jack the captain and Lottie and I the soldiers, she made a wonderful game for us. She would have us form a line and keep in step—one, two, three, four—following her down the street, cheered by the gay little march time tune she was singing. How we would laugh as we stumbled over each other, and how we loved to pretend we were afraid of the severe little general! Then, lo, and behold! we had reached the door of our hotel and the time had passed so quickly we were there ever so much sooner than we had expected.

Because of the love our mother has given us and because we owe everything to her, my heart always goes out to the little orphans who are denied this wonderful happiness. I try to do everything I can for them and mother and I make it our one great thought for Christmas to seek out and give to the homeless children who need it most.

Answers to Correspondents.

Grace R., Chicago, Ill., asks what we moving-picture actresses use to remove freckles. I have never had any freckles, but I have always thought a sprinkling of freckles across a little uptilted nose very cunning. I have known many girls who used different recommended lotions, but they say their freckles come back as soon as the summer returns. A mild dilution of epsom salts or buttermilk is a natural remedy; it lightens them.

Berenice King, writes that she has a little poodle dog just like the little dog we used in "The Girl of Yesterday." In one of my articles, "Animals in Pictures," I told an amusing little anecdote about this little fluffy dog we called "Miss Powder Puff." A friend of mine in California became so attached to him that when we left there I gave him to her to keep until I returned. He is a very saucy little fellow and had so little regard for my new winter hat that he came walking in with the bird in his mouth that he had torn off the crown.

Frances L., asks if I have touched up my hair. Never! I think a girl makes the greatest mistake in the world to bleach and dye her hair, and it often makes a girl look several years older. If my hair gets very dry, I rub hot, pure olive oil into the scalp before a shampoo.

Mary Pickford.



YESTERDAY'S HARD WORK IS TODAY'S SUCCESS.

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THE days of the wishing ring and the genii of Aladdin's lamp, who could make your wildest dreams come true, belong to the fables of the past. Today genius is hard work, and it is to the latter that I attribute my success.

Ever since that memorable day when I went to the Biograph studio and Mr. Griffith gave me my first part, I have worked like the squirrels, who store during the summer months their provisions for the winter. I have sowed hard so that I might reap my harvest, nor do I intend, because in a measure success has come to me, to feel that I can rest long enough to admire my laurels. I know they will wither and fall to pieces if I do not keep bringing my art to a higher standard. I am not content with what I have done and I want to climb higher and higher.

"What an easy life you really have," said a discontented young society girl to me the other day. "All you do is ride around in machines to pretty locations and wear cunning little costumes, and then have the fun of sitting in audiences and watching people as they admire you upon the screen. I lead a dreadful old life; it is all such hard work—teas, luncheons, matinees, shopping and then a stupid old trip abroad every year. I would give anything if I could be in your shoes."

I laughed at her. "If all those pleasures you name are hard work," I replied, "you would be worn threadbare in a week working as a moving picture actress. It is far from play with us and the very hardest kind of work. There are very few mornings that I can get up later than 7 o'clock, and in the winter it is cold and bleak as we ride, sometimes fifty or sixty miles, into the country for a location. When the days are dark and the clouds hide the sun, we have to sit around for hours waiting for one flash of sunshine that will enable us to take the scene. Is there anything more tiring than an eternal wait, even for the sunshine?"

"Why, I should think you could take along interesting books or have card games or little picnic parties to make the time pass quickly."

"I do read as much as I can," I replied, "but it is hard on the eyes, and then it is difficult to concentrate in the center of confusion and being called every few moments as the shadows lessen and the sunlight filters through the clouds."

"I should not think, because you are a star, you would have to get there so early," she argued.

"If I did not, I would soon be a falling star! The position of stars on terra firma is less assured than that of those same planets in the heavens. The minute an actress gets to where she feels she doesn't have to work,

she reached the top of her ladder and is sliding down on the other side."

Taking Comedy Seriously.

She looked at me with surprise. "But you just romped through 'Fanchon, the Cricket,'" she continued. "Fancy getting a salary for such fun as that!"

This made me observe the general opinion is that comedy is not work. That is a mistake. To me it is the very hardest kind of work, because it must be taken so seriously. It is really harder to make people laugh than to bring tears, and the artist who directs his comedians is as choice and careful of his comedy as an architect who is constructing a gigantic building. I enjoy comedy when it is strengthened by drama. That is why Mr. Griffith's pictures are so beautiful to me—he makes you smile even when there are tears in your eyes.

High Heels and the Leading Lady.

The first picture I played the lead in was at the Biograph, and was called "The Violin Maker of Cremona." Mr. Griffith decided that I could play the lead in spite of the fact that I was almost too small. Florence Lawrence came to my rescue by lending me a pair of her high-heeled slippers and then, holding myself as straight as a sapling, I felt I had reached sufficient height to become a leading lady.

It was the first time I had ever had heels on, and, feeling as if I were walking around on stilts, I stumbled and twisted my ankles and stepped on my dress repeatedly. When the picture was shown in the dark room, I heard some one remark, "That girl with the long curls has a pretty face, but isn't she an awkward little thing?"

Awkward I did look, but not half as uncomfortable as I really felt. It was because I couldn't be natural, and unless you feel you are master of yourself in every move and thought you become self-conscious, and that self-consciousness steals your individuality.

Answers to Correspondents.

I think for Edna C., a dark blue suit with white collars and cuffs, a simple hat and good walking shoes are the most sensible clothes for a girl to wear back and forth to the studio. They are neat and do not look gaudily untidy.

Ellen B., asks what are the foundations of a theatrical wardrobe. Two evening dresses (they need not be elaborate, but can be effectively made from cheaper materials); an evening coat, which, trimmed with imitation fur, gives as handsome an effect as if it were real; an afternoon dress; a suit; simple little house dresses, a riding habit, tennis outfit and yachting costume (if you can afford them, for they are always handy). Very few clothes are furnished by the studio.

Mary Pickford.



DAILY  
TALKSBy  
*Mary Pickford*

## WOULD YOU CLIMB THE LADDER OF SUCCESS?

## PART I.

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**G**IRLS ask me: "How can I become a moving-picture actress?" "Will you please tell me how you reached the top of the ladder?" "If you became so popular in such a few years, why can't I do it, too?" "Won't you please help me, Miss Pickford?"

And to all of their breathless questions I answer: "There is no reason why you should not rise from obscurity to position—if it is within your own hearts, minds, and ambitions to do so."

When a director says to a girl: "I think I can make a clever actress out of you," it does not mean that he can mold that girl at will, develop what is not in her and make an actress out of a wooden doll. He means her endeavors toward helping herself if she works hard, concentrates all succeed, and sacrifices pleasure for work, she will reach the goal they are both striving for.

I have seen many girls come to the studios eager for positions, and when they are given the chance they fail simply because they depend entirely upon their looks. Other girls admire some well-known star and attempt to imitate her. They generally begin by mimicking her little mannerisms, dressing their hair in a similar fashion, and affecting the style which is individual in the one they admire, but strikes a false note in the imitators. These girls last for such a little while. Sometimes they are flattered because a press agent remarks: "Sally Jones, the moving-picture actress, is becoming well known because of her likeness to Blanche Sweet or Norma Talmage." I tell the girls that by simulating others they kill their own individuality, and that the keynote to success is naturalness. Some girls make the mistake of rushing ahead too fast. They are so eager to become leading women they will not go through the elementary stages and learn to crawl before they attempt to walk.

## The Pretty Girl in the Studio.

The other day a pretty young girl brought me a letter of introduction from a mutual friend, and I was very glad to introduce her to the directors of our studio. She was a desirable type, and very, very pretty.

"They will probably give you a guarantee to work three or four days a week at five dollars a day, Miss Blank," I told her. "Then as soon as you prove to them you are an actress as well as a pretty girl you may be put in stock or given a leading part in a feature film."

I looked at her, expecting to see her face alight with pleasure, for it is

a rare thing to be taken under the wing of a studio whose pictures release through the finest of programs. But she was not happy. Her mouth drooped down at both corners and her eyes were swimming with tears.

"Oh, Miss Pickford, you are joking, aren't you? I would be ashamed to let any of my friends know I was only getting fifteen dollars a week. Why, I have had three years' training at a dramatic school, and dad has spent ever so much money on my education. I do not see why I should have to begin so far down. I am sure if they give me a chance I could show them how well I can act. You know, I was clever enough not to tell them I had never been in pictures before. I guess that will help me along, won't it?"

I looked at her sadly. "I wouldn't try to deceive any one, if I were you, for you are only really fooling yourself. A director knows the minute he talks to a girl how little or how much experience she has had. My advice to you is to take what they offer you, work hard, and live down that little falsehood which is a stumbling block in your path to begin with."

We talked for a few minutes longer and later I saw her agreeing with one of the directors to report the following morning.

Tomorrow I will continue her experiences, as they may prove a lesson to thousands of other young girls who step into pictures, eager to climb up the ladder toward success.

## Answers to Correspondents.

G. K., —, asks my advice upon how to write a photo-play and where to send it. This will comprise an article I shall write next week, giving all those ambitious to write a scenario a few hints as to the construction of them and where to send them. If I were he, I would buy one of the trade journals—the Motion Picture News, the Motion Picture World, or Motography—for there is always a department for amateur authors. Then in these magazines he will always find the address of all the reliable moving-picture companies. Send your scenarios to them and on the envelope mark, "Scenario Department."

I have just received a very cunning letter, signed Elizabeth R., —, in which she desires to be answered personally, but though I would like to write reams to these girls who offer me their friendships, I really cannot find the time, though I do appreciate their letters and always enjoy them.

*Mary Pickford.*

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## WOULD YOU CLIMB THE LADDER OF SUCCESS?

## PART II.

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**Y**ESTERDAY I began the history of the pretty girl who came to the studio hoping to become a moving picture actress. I told of how she resented the offer of five dollars a day to begin with, and how, in her eagerness to get more, she fibbed to the director about having had previous experience.

Today I shall pick up the threads where I dropped them and finish her little unhappy history.

I had told her of our makeup and given her a list of the grease paint, powder and rouge we used. After she had daubed it on to her face, she came to my dressing room to show me the effects.

"But you have put rouge on your cheeks," I said to her, in astonishment. "Don't you know that red photographs black and that any color on the cheeks will give the effect of hollows?"

"Oh, dear," she said, "but I look so terribly homely, Miss Pickford, with my face all one color. No one would ever take any notice of me if I got myself up as ugly as this."

"A director notices a girl most when the film is run in the dark room," I replied. "It is how a girl looks on the screen that interests him most."

I sent her back to her dressing room, and a few minutes later I heard the director calling for the girls in his scene to come upon the stage. The set was an Italian peasant home, and she was to play one of five little peasant girls who came in to celebrate a birthday party. While this was only background work, it is necessary that every bit of acting be perfect in character.

Four girls were ready, but I could hear the director asking impatiently: "Where's the fifth girl? Hasn't that girl Miss Pickford introduced yesterday got here this morning?"

I looked around the studio toward her dressing room, quite alarmed, feeling the responsibility of seeing my protegee launched. The dressing room door was closed, and I hurried to it, knocking and entering. There she was, with her hair down her back and the makeup half rubbed off her face.

"It looked so mussy," she apologized. "I was putting it all on again." "Don't you realize you are holding up a director and his stars?" I asked her impatiently. "You will probably have to suffer a severe call-down, because, having told him you had previous experience in pictures, there is no excuse you can make for this tardiness that will calm him."

## Anirate Director.

This frightened her, and, adjusting her makeup, she hurried to the scene, where the director was pacing up and down, angry at the delay. She attempted a feeble apology, but he waved it aside. He showed her carefully what she was to do, and, in a bewildered way, she took her place beside the four other girls. After two or three rehearsals, the picture was ready to be taken.

She seemed nervous and self-conscious, and right in the midst of the scene she looked up and stared into the eye of the camera. "Do not look

at the camera," shouted the director, and, realizing that he was speaking to her, she started violently and turned her eyes toward him.

He waved his hand to stop the turning of the machine. "We will have to do this over because the young lady looked into the camera."

The girl could hardly keep the tears from her eyes. "I am sorry," she apologized, but again he waved her aside, seeing that she sat in the background on her second trial.

This evidently piqued her, and, like all beginners, she was eager to see herself upon the screen. She craned her face forward in an unnatural manner, a thing that always antagonizes a director.

That afternoon there was a big dramatic scene and she was among twenty-five extra people. She was so pretty the director gave her another chance to stand well in the foreground.

There was a very intense dramatic scene between the leading man, the "heavy" (which is the villain) and the leading woman. It was an episode that called for exhaustive acting; what the extra people had to do was to rush forward and register horror. All went well during rehearsals, but while the scene was being taken some one said something to the girl which caused her to laugh. As the director's eyes were upon the principals, this was not noticed until it was shown on the screen. Then, to their horror, they saw that the whole scene had to be retaken. The elaborate set which had been torn down had to be rebuilt, with the additional cost of hiring all those actors for another day.

Of course, this pretty girl never came back to the studio. How much better if she had told the truth so the director could have watched and guided her instead of taking it for granted that she would understand the first principles of working in pictures. They are: Obey the director, never look into the camera, and instead of trying to make yourself an attractive individual, be a successful spoke in the wheel.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Master Julius G., Chicago, Ill., is eager to become a moving-picture actor. It pleases me that a little boy of twelve reads my articles in the Chicago Daily News, but it is hard to give long range advice when I do not know if he has talent. If I were his father and mother, I would urge his continuing school until he is a few years older. If not in a position to do this, enter your name at all of the studios in Chicago, and when they need a little boy in their scenes you might be the one called. After your first chance, it is up to you to make good.

To give an accurate description of myself to M. Mara, Chicago, Ill., is rather difficult, even with the aid of my mirror. I am a little over five feet tall, have light brown hair and hazel eyes. That I have not blue eyes seems a great disappointment to many people, though my eyes, when I wear a blue gown, like all hazel eyes, take on that color.

*Mary Pickford.*

DAILY  
TALKSBy  
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## THE GIRL WHO MADE GOOD.

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**Q**UITE contrary to Miss Pretty Girl, who resented having to start on the lowest rung of the ladder, is today's story of a little girl whom you all know, but whom I will call Elizabeth.

She came to the studio without an introduction, came for days and days without ever being given an opportunity even to become a part of the mob scenes. She was not very pretty, but there was nothing garish about her appearance. She had on a neat, plain little suit, cotton gloves and a sailor which showed signs of a long season's wear. But she never complained, sitting there quietly, hour after hour, hoping that the opportunity she was longing for would arrive.

## Her First Opportunity.

At last it came. A director was short three or four girls and sent out to the waiting-room to see if there were not the necessary types who could step in and fill the vacancy. Elizabeth looked up eagerly as the assistant director analyzed their faces, and her bright, tense expression caught his eye.

"Have you had any experience in pictures?" he asked her, studying her features, which he saw immediately would be of photographic value. They were clear cut and her eyes were beautifully expressive.

"No, sir," she replied, looking him straight in the eyes.

For a moment he wavered, selected another girl, a prettier girl, then came back to Elizabeth.

"It's extra work," he said finally. "It doesn't need much experience, if you do what you are told. Come on in and we will give you a chance."

That was the beginning. For weeks she was on the regular staff of extra girls. Because she was always on time, was quick to observe and comprehend everything told her, and showed an absorbing interest and genuine love for her work, she attracted the attention of several of the directors.

## Not Pretty, But Clever.

"She is not a pretty girl," one of them was overheard to remark, "but I think she will be one of the greatest actresses on the screen, if someone takes an interest in developing the art which I am sure she possesses. I am going to give her a trial myself at the first opportunity."

A few days later, one of the actresses was indisposed during a scene. It was not an illness such as would arouse one's sympathies and make the director glad to wait until she recovered, but it was that distressing sickness known as "temperament."

The girl had resented the director's scolding because she had not done as she had been told, and in a spasm of anger had walked off to her dressing-room, pouting and aggravated. She was confident that as soon as her dressing-room door closed upon her, she would be sent for, and cajoled into returning to her position on the stage.

But in this case it did not happen as Miss Temperamental Actress would have had it. The director looked around and saw Elizabeth sitting there, looking like a bright little squirrel on the limb of a tree.

"You, little girl, with the brown hair," he called, "would you mind coming over here and letting me re-

hearse you for this part? I want workers and not pouters in my scene."

Elizabeth was rehearsed. Though this was her first individual role, she lent herself to it with the manner of one long experienced. She had poise, she absorbed all the directions that were given her, and commingled her art with pathos and humor; in fact, she touched even those who watched the scene with cold, analytical eyes, looking constantly for the flaws which would be made visible upon the screen.

This was her first chance and the beginning of a steady climb, both artistically and financially. She had not come with a false conception of the inflated salaries picture actresses are supposed to get. She knew she would have to work many months before her real opportunity came, but that she would be prepared to meet it and should ultimately be the conqueror.

Even after she had been there for weeks, I noticed that she still wore the plain little suit and hat she had come in. She was not bedecking herself in gaudy splendor, such as a great many of the girls seem eager to do, but she was saving every penny she could and storing it away for a wardrobe, which is so necessary to the actress.

Today this girl, whom I call Elizabeth, is not only one of the most popular girls in pictures but she is a very high-salaried artist.

Patience, courage and determination to work hard are the three essentials of success.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Miss Elverson, —, is eager to find out what questions I answer. Almost any question that I can that bears upon the subject of acting, life on the stage and in studios, the care of oneself, what books to read and study, my experiences in the different countries in which I have traveled, and any question that can be logically answered. Of course, it is difficult to answer personal questions, as I cannot see into the future, and, not knowing the individual, feel that I cannot give the advice that really should be given by the father or mother of the family.

## Articles for the New Year.

I am going to write a series for the girls who are ambitious to become actresses on how to conduct themselves upon their entry into a studio, the art of make-up and the tricks I have learned through my long experience. The best way to illustrate these will be to take individual cases, such as I have done in "The Pretty Girl" and "The Girl Who Made Good." I would appreciate any letters from my friends giving suggestions as to what subject would interest them most or the advice they desire before entering the picture field. All letters reach me in time, though there are often unexplained delays. The letters I do not answer through the medium of the newspapers I will answer personally.

*Mary Pickford.*





## MY LAST YEAR IN MELODRAMA.

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**E**ARLY in the spring we returned from our tour on the road and were thankful to reach New York again. I had tired of playing my role of the little Irish gamine in that melodrama "For a Human Life," as it was exhausting and difficult work. We played for six weeks, both matinee and evening performances, including Sundays, and as I was the central figure of the third act I left that scene racked by the effort of it. I was only twelve at that time, but I had had eight years on the stage, and it was beginning to pall upon me. I was weary of the travel, the noise and confusion and the lack of real necessities which are so essential to the building up of brain and brawn.

Mother decided to take an apartment in New York City, and after our home in Canada Lottie and I felt as if we were pent up in a little house of cards. Because of our stage experience, we were old in some ways, but then we had been denied all those childish pleasures which keep the spring in your heart for a long, long season. We hated the apartment. We felt that we were ten times too large for it and much too clumsy.

### The Misses Pussy-Foot.

The neighbors—from what we saw of them as we pecked into the hall or through the swinging doors—were just as sociable as a cave full of cinnamon bears, and seemed to have little or no regard for the hearts of children. There were two whom we especially disliked and we discovered to our horror they lived in the apartment next to us. They were two sisters, and it was not long before Lottie and I had nicknamed them the Misses Pussy-Foot. Every time we slid around a corner playing hide-and-seek, the Misses Pussy-Foot were sure to be there. Every time we went skidding down the banisters it was always one of the Misses Pussy-Foot we bumped into, and when we discovered that the dumb-waiter afforded us a source of great amusement, it was one of the Misses Pussy-Foot who sang out: "You bold young ones! We'll have you put out of this house if you keep on disturbing us."

We flew in to our mother and told her if she did not give up the apartment the Pussy-Foots would see to it that we were put out—hadn't they threatened it? That afternoon Lottie and I paid the Misses Pussy-Foot back by jumping at their little pet poodle and saying "Boo!" in our most terrifying voices. The poodle set up a howl as noisy as if we had really attacked him on all sides. Then pell-mell down the steps came our enemies after us. Lottie was caught by one ear and I was grabbed by the other, and we were whisked up those stairs by our irate neighbors as fast as we could stumble.

### My Long Illness.

A week later I was taken very ill, and for days mother watched over me with fear in her eyes. It was a dreadful case of grip, but I soon began to pull through. Why I am writing of this is to have you guess who

were the dearest and kindest to me, outside of my mother, through my long period of recovery—the Misses Pussy-Foot, of course!

When they heard that one of the bold youngsters was ill, they decided to forgive even the jerking up and down of the dumb-waiter and came in to call upon mother, bringing her old-fashioned remedies for my cough and the nicest little custards and homemade jellies that ever tempted an invalid. That began a friendship which has been one of the sweetest in my life, and those two noble women have proved themselves to be my best of friends. They are no longer the Misses Pussy-Foot, but Aunt Min and Aunt Kate, endearing names we children gave them.

### Plans For My Future.

Mother and Lottie went to Canada as soon as the season closed in New York, but there had been an idea evolving in my mind which I determined should mature. Weary of playing in trashy melodramas, I made up my mind that if I could not get under better management I would give up the stage and become a dressmaker. Mother was finally persuaded to let me stay with Aunt Min and Aunt Kate for a few weeks, while I looked around New York and sought introductions to some of the managers.

"I would rather be a fine seamstress than a poor actress all my life," I told mother, and she, always in sympathy with me, appreciated my ambition.

Tomorrow I will tell you of the beginning of my struggle to enter broader fields.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Instead of writing to me for copies of the three photos which appeared in the Chicago Daily News, it would be better for E. H. Boese, Chicago, to write direct to the paper.

I will reply to the request of Mary Louise S., ———, as soon as it is possible. Thank you very much for your criticisms of my work. I always appreciate either praise or criticism.

Margaret B., ———: I do not think they will watch you to see if you are self-conscious or not, but they will take notice of you if you are prompt, do your work well and attend strictly to business. A manager always notices a girl who does not shirk her duties, and that will mean a steady rise for you.

*Mary Pickford.*



## SEEKING BROADER FIELDS.

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**Y**ESTERDAY I told of my determination to leave melodrama and today I go on spinning the drab little threads of my story.

For several days I pondered upon how best to reach out toward my goal. Then I decided that it would be foolish for me to try to see the managers, knowing very well I would never get beyond the office boy. Or, if lucky enough to pass him, I would find myself face to face with a score of other dignitaries standing between me and the manager, whom I felt would listen to me if I could once get an audience. Such are the little vanities of youth and that assurance which always carries its power.

I wrote eight letters to eight of the leading stars in my profession, telling them that I was not a stage-struck girl, but that I had been a good actress in poor productions ever since I was five years old. All I asked of them was to let me reach the managers through a word from them. Of the managers, I always mentioned Belasco first, for he was the star in my sky which seemed to hold out to me the most brilliant prospects.

### Hope Springs Eternal.

Each morning I would rise early, thinking that surely a letter would arrive in answer to one of mine. I would peek out of the window as the old lumbering postman would round the corner and fly downstairs to be the first one to greet him.

"How many letters have you brought for me?" I asked, as I trembled with eager excitement.

"Well—let's see!" he would invariably say, as he shuffled them thoughtfully. "One from Canada, and—and—that is about all, as far as I can see, Miss Goldilocks. But I will be around here this afternoon, and there might be a handful by that time."

Little the kindly old man knew how leader his words were to me, and that each time my heart grew heavier and heavier as he came empty handed.

Two weeks passed, and no one had answered my letters. Aunt Kate and Aunt Min insisted I live there with them, although they were so cramped for room I had to sleep in the Morris chair. But I was only too glad to stay, for I dreamed that at the eleventh hour a sweet-scented, pink-tinted envelope would come, and in it would be a letter beginning "Dear Little Girl, I am sorry I kept you waiting so long," and ending, "Come to me and I will be very glad to introduce you to Mr. Belasco or Mr. Frohman. Sincerely yours," etc.

Perhaps it would be signed by Julia Marlowe, Blanche Bates, Maude Adams, Frances Starr or Ethel Barrymore. In my fancy I could never determine which actress would be my guiding star, for across the footlights I loved them equally well.

Little did I realize at that time, because I had never been associated with stars, that an actress receives hundreds of such appeals daily, which interest her and touch her

deeply. But she hasn't the time to look into them. Her daily work is prescribed for her, and she cannot sacrifice her rest hours, after three exhausting acts, to interview dozens of ambitious aspirants.

I know how it is myself. So many girls and boys write to me, eager to have me place them in moving picture companies, but I have no power to do so and really very little influence, as I am a salaried artist myself and am always working so hard that I have little time to give to personal interviews.

### No Letters.

After two or three weeks of this hoping against hope, I decided I had better start out for myself. Mother kept writing for me to come home to Canada, but I had determined to bring a contract with me. So I replied with encouraging letters that I should not leave until I had succeeded.

It was Monday when I started out and I went direct to Mr. Belasco's office.

"I would like to see Mr. Belasco," I said hopefully to his secretary, who looked at me with cold, unseeing eyes. "Very well," he replied. "Come next Monday and I will see if I can get an audience for you."

He took my name and address, and I left the office, my heart almost bursting with song and my feet dancing down the stairs.

"I am to see Mr. Belasco next Monday," I cried as I burst in upon Aunt Kate and Aunt Min. "The man in the office said I could meet him."

Never was a week so long, and how my heart thumped when it had passed and the eventful day dawned for me. I arose with the chanticleers! And what a brushing of curls there was as I studied the formal little speeches which I would make to Mr. Belasco!

This will have to be continued in my next, as I must not forget my correspondents, and I am as interested in that as I am in the writing of my articles.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Viola C. Wyandotte, Mich., makes a mistake if she goes into pictures at eleven years of age, forgetting that an education means more to a girl than the few dollars she might earn if she secured an engagement in a moving picture company. When I was eleven, I would have given anything in the world to have been able to go to school. Instead of that, I was playing in the theater, working day and night, and denied all the pleasure which makes a little girl of eleven happy—school, school friends and a home to live in.

That was a cunning little picture of Virginia O'D., Hoboken, N. J., and I enjoyed her letter, too. Thank you very much, Virginia, I shall put your photograph in my album.

Inez V., Cicero, Ill.: I cannot give a formula for writing photoplays, but if you buy one of the trade journals you will find a sample of what they demand of you. A clear, intelligent synopsis of your story is all you have to send to the scenario department of any company.

*Mary Pickford.*



## HOPE LONG DEFERRED.

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**Y**ESTERDAY I stopped just before I was to trip into Mr. Belasco's office and have the Monday morning interview promised me.

Never had cars crawled so slowly. It seemed an endless ride. I burst hopefully into his secretary's office, but there was a wait of an hour or two before I was even called to be interviewed by him.

"You promised I should see Mr. Belasco today," I reminded him, looking into his eyes for a glance of recognition. "I came here last Monday to see him. My name is Mary Pickford."

"Yes, yes, I remember," he replied formally. "But Mr. Belasco is very busy this morning, and I am afraid he cannot be interrupted."

"May I come back this afternoon?" And there was something clutching at my throat which simply refused to be swallowed. He looked at me for a moment.

"No," he replied thoughtfully. "I don't think you can see him this afternoon. But you can come again next Monday."

"But that is a whole week to wait." And I could not keep the disappointment out of my voice.

"I am very sorry, but I will see what can be done for you Monday. Be here about eleven." He turned from me to the next girl, who in turn was to be as bitterly disappointed as I.

The following Monday I was there at the appointed hour of eleven, but again I was told that Mr. Belasco was far too busy to see me—I would have to return in a week.

### Disappointments.

As "manana"—which means tomorrow—is the slogan of the Mexicans, so "the Monday following" became the one thread of hope which was ever held out to me. Week after week I went up there to meet my fate. Week after week I was sent away without even a peek into that office where sat the genius whom I longed to meet. Like all deferred hope, it began to magnify until it seemed almost as if my very life depended upon this interview. I had waited so long I could never give up now, in spite of the weeks which were sliding into months as the summer came tripping fast upon the heels of spring.

I did not write home to mother telling her what was keeping me. I was afraid to build her hopes too high only to have them shattered as mine had been during these weary months of waiting. I merely said that all prospects were favorable and that I should not come home empty handed.

It was hot and uncomfortable during the summer, but Aunt Kate and Aunt Min made a happy little home for me. They encouraged me as my spirits drooped, and I felt as if I should not have the fortitude to continue.

My Dreams of Meeting Mr. Belasco.

At nights I would lie awake for hours in my uncomfortable Morris chair bed and plan the most surprising adventures which would ultimately bring me before the eyes of Mr. Belasco. Sometimes I would conceive the idea of waiting in the shadows for him to come out of the building, and before he had the chance to get into his machine I would faint on the sidewalk, falling at his feet.

Then I saw myself lifted up by the great Mr. Belasco himself, and heard him say: "Take this poor little girl to her home in my machine. I am afraid she is ill." At which I would open my eyes, and say: "Pardon me, Mr. Belasco, but I am really not ill at all. That is just such acting as I would do for you if you would give me a chance to work in one of your companies."

Then I could hear Mr. Belasco saying to the secretary, the very one who had never let me pass his Medusa stare, "Take this young lady in and sign her up for a five-year engagement under my management, Mr. ———."

But these were only dreams, and the following Monday it would always be, "The Monday following." I never mustered up courage to do in the daytime what I had planned so dramatically during the long, wakeful hours of the nights.

The leaves were turning from green to red and drifting from the branches to the ground, prophesying that autumn was hurrying on its way, when I finally saw Mr. Belasco.

Tomorrow I will write of how I reached this goal.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Ruth H., ———: I think, from the description you give me of yourself, Ireland would be very glad to claim you. I am sorry that I cannot send a lock of my hair, but I have already lamented over this to other girls who ask for a curl. I think you would be very foolish to use rouge. It always shows and it makes a young girl look older.

I never sell my pictures—Albertine C., ————although I understand it was once believed that moving-picture actresses charged for their photographs. It is not true, and we try to give as many of them away as we can. We unfortunately cannot respond to every request.

If I had red hair I would be so proud of it—that I wouldn't care whether the boys called me redhead, carrot top or any other nickname like that. To me red hair is beautiful, and the next time they make fun of you, you tell them that Mary Pickford says she would give anything in the world if she had been born with red hair instead of being just a blonde.

*Mary Pickford.*



DAILY  
TALKS

## I MEET MR. BELASCO.

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IT was in the spring when I had first called at Mr. Belasco's office, and, as I told yesterday, it was autumn before I really met him. Desperate because I had gone there Monday after Monday for all those endless weeks, leaving with only one little thread of hope to spin my dreams, I determined upon a new course. I would see if I could not personally visit one of the stars playing at that time in New York and ask for a letter of introduction from her.

In the morning papers I read that Blanche Bates was starring in "The Girl of the Golden West" and would be in New York for two or three weeks.

There was a matinee and I went direct to the theater. Luckily for me, we had played there at one time, for the doorkeeper who watched the gates as zealously as the three-headed dog, Cerberus, let me pass through. Once inside, I had no difficulty in locating the dressing-room of the star, and boldly I tapped upon it, my heart beating louder than the noise of my knuckles upon the panels.

Miss Bates' maid came out and asked me what I wanted.

"Just to see Miss Bates for two little minutes," I pleaded with her. "If not two minutes, then for just one. I am an actress, too," I added, hoping it would arouse her sympathetic interest.

She looked at me out of her kindly big eyes and patted my head encouragingly.

"You just wait here, honey, and I will go in and talk to Miss Bates about it. She's awful tired, lamb—maybe she can't see you foh even a minute."

Trembling with eager anticipation, I could hear her talking earnestly with Miss Bates, and then there came the answer: "I am sorry, Carrie, but tell the little girl to come again. I am worn out and I can't be bothered."

When Carrie came back to me, I could hardly keep the tears out of my eyes as I explained to her my situation, and that all I wanted was an introduction to Mr. Belasco—wouldn't Miss Bates just listen to a few words from me?

## A Friend In Need.

Carrie was touched. She went flying back into the dressing-room, saying to Miss Bates, in a high, falsetto voice: "Miss Blanche, I've done been with you foh fifteen years and I ain't never axed no favor from you. But I axes it now—I does want you to see this little chile out here an' give her a letter to Mr. Belasco. That's all she's wantin' of you."

Miss Bates laughed heartily, and then she called through the door to me, "Go to Mr. Belasco, little girl, and tell him Miss Bates sent you and that because I am interested in you he must give you a fine position."

And in a lower tone I could hear her saying, "Now, Carrie, does that make you happy?"

I fairly grabbed Carrie by both hands and swung her around and around, to her wide-eyed amazement. Then singing out a "Thank you!" to Miss Bates, I flew out of the theater, down the street, and up to Mr. Belasco's office.

## My Triumph.

The secretary looked at me coldly as I tumbled through the door.

"I understood you were coming here on Monday," he began. But I brushed by him aggressively.

"I am going in to see Mr. Belasco," I replied saucily. "I have a personal message from Miss Bates."

"Who is this so determined to see me?" And the kindly voice of Mr. Belasco himself extended a welcome.

I was not afraid. I had waited too long to lose my poise at this unexpected and auspicious moment.

"My name is Mary Pickford. I have waited since spring to see you, Mr. Belasco," and I thrilled as I said it.

He called me into his office, talked with me a few moments and then gave me a book of verse to take home, telling me to return in a few days so he could hear me read. He listened patiently while I told him my ambitions and laughed as I added that if I did not have a chance to become an actress in one of his companies I should give up the stage entirely and settle down to sewing.

Not long after this interview, I signed my contract, but I shall have to tell you about that tomorrow.

## Answers to Correspondents.

I would advise Marion S., —, to see if she cannot discover a stenographer to typewrite her plays who is willing to take a chance on their being accepted and for payment charge a small commission, say, five per cent.

M. O., —: I know several girls who have used white vaseline on their eyelashes, and it does make them grow without injuring the eyes. Put it on at night and wash the eyes well with hot water and boracic acid next morning.

Florence Wright, —: Olive oil is fine for dryness of the scalp, strengthening and feeding the roots.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY  
TALKS

## A CONTRACT WITH MR. BELASCO.

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I studied the books of verses and recitations Mr. Belasco had given me and prepared myself for the day of my trial. But the verses or bits of dialect made little appeal, and I felt that I could not be master of myself unless I were given free rein. I was a trying situation. I did not want to go empty handed, yet I felt that he would get no idea of any talent from a little academic recitation.

The day arrived. Aunt Kate took me to the old Belasco Theater, which is now the Republic, and I had the strange feeling, as we were swallowed up in the gloom of the stage entrance, of a very small girl entering a large cave. I knew not whether I would find at the end of it chaos or fairyland.

An empty theater is rather formidable in appearance, especially when you are to stand out alone on the stage, knowing that in the box will be a critical group of the men and women who have your destiny in the palm of their hand, either to mold or to mar.

## The Ordeal.

Mr. Belasco sat in a box, and when I reached the center of the stage, they threw a spotlight on me.

"I am sorry, Mr. Belasco," I began timidly, "but I do not know any recitations. I shall have to do the second act of the last play I appeared in, 'For a Human Life.'"

Mr. Belasco smiled at me. "Very well," he encouraged.

I placed a chair in the middle of the stage and explained to them I was playing a little street gamin, the chair representing a policeman about to arrest me. My plea to the officer was that I had a dying mother whom I supported by selling papers and who depended entirely upon me.

My voice did not quaver, but I could hear the commonplace and almost melodramatic lines which rang out and jarred upon me. They did not belong in this theater and I was conscious of it, but it was the best that I could do and I put my whole heart and soul into it.

When I was through, I felt quite exhausted and my pulses beat wildly. I dreaded to look into Mr. Belasco's eyes for fear I would read in them that sentence which would be the deathknell of all my dreams and ambitions.

Dear Aunt Kate sat in the front row, and, as I turned to her, she was wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

"You did it so beautifully, Mary," she said to me brokenly, "you just made me cry."

I smiled at her tenderly, knowing

it was her love for me and not my reading which had touched her.

Mr. Belasco took me to Frances Starr's dressing-room, saying to her as he introduced me, "Here is a little girl, Miss Starr, who wants to grow up to be as great an actress as you." I had told that to Mr. Belasco when we had discussed my future.

Miss Starr looked at me. "Indeed?"

"Yes, Miss Starr," I replied. "You see how ambitious I am."

She laughed, and so beautiful did I think her I felt a glow of happiness surge over me as she talked to me encouragingly.

Mr. Belasco spoke at length about my training in the past, and ended by asking me if I would sign a contract with him to play the part of "Betty" in "The Warrens of Virginia."

He did not know how much I was affected by this, for I tried to assume a calm, undaunted manner. But inside of me a tempest was raging. I wanted to scream and dance and run all the way from New York to Canada just to tell my mother of my good fortune.

Not only because I am writing of my own life have I gone into detail about this meeting, which was really the turning point of my career, but I think in it there is a lesson called "Perseverance."

When we look back on all our lives everything which we determined to have by stick-to-itiveness and hard work we generally succeeded in getting.

I had said in the spring, "I am going to see Mr. Belasco," and I saw him, but it took me until fall to accomplish it.

This is the advice I would give those who are going into pictures—to abide their time and have faith in themselves. Follow this—they cannot help but win.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Edith W., — asks for a clipping of my hair, which I would gladly send if she had been the only one who asked for such a favor, but I am sure my friends would not accept me if I appeared on the screen shorn of my curls. And I have had so many requests for locks of hair that I would be quite bald if I complied.

Hadvor, —: I think you could get honest criticisms from the agents who ask but ten per cent for placing photo plays, although the rejection slips tell in a few words why the play is not accepted. I would study the criticism and then the play to see if I was sure that the scenario department of the moving-picture company was not correct.

Mary Pickford.

DAILY  
TALKS

## THE FLASHY GIRL.

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THE best way I can illustrate my articles of advice for young girls is by taking individual types which have attracted my attention. Without betraying their names, I shall write of them as imaginary characters to you, so by their shortcomings or by their successes you can get some idea of what is demanded of a moving-picture actress.

Today I am going to introduce you to Miss Flashy Girl, whom I shall call Arline.

Arline had a very comfortable home, with a doting mother and father who yielded to her every whim, eager to make their only child happy. She was pretty, but not of the type of prettiness which lasts; she had tampered too much with nature. By that I mean she had touched up her hair, and although she was but nineteen, she rouged her cheeks and reddened her lips to an unnatural scarlet.

A friend of hers, a very clever, hard-working girl, brought her to the studio and introduced her to one of the directors, who thought her a type he could use to advantage. She photographed very well and was given all the extra work she could do for the next few weeks.

She seemed to enjoy the work immensely, but after she had been in the studio awhile we noticed a radical change in her. She talked very loud and made herself conspicuous by her extreme dressing. Instead of saving her money so she could buy a wardrobe and be prepared for any emergency, she dressed more extravagantly than the stars. Always was she seeking personal attention, and after a while the work began to pall upon her. It did not offer enough excitement; she even decided to create it.

## A Disturbing Element.

She encouraged a lot of the girls to gather in her dressing room and start little card games instead of tending strictly to her work. She came late in the mornings and would resent being told to return in the evenings. Then she was always seen in the company of the actors around the studio, laughing boisterously and encouraging their little attentions, which pleased and flattered her.

The directors disliked her because her mind was never on her work, although they all agreed she photographed beautifully and had rare powers of expression. Perhaps Arline never realized it, but they had prophesied a brilliant future for her if she could bring herself to a radical change of her errant ways.

They gave her chance after chance, and instead of grasping her oppor-

tunity she went sailing by it, vain-glorious because she felt she was necessary to the company, having overheard remarks as to her beauty and seeing for herself how well she looked upon the screen.

One morning she kept them waiting oven an hour for her. She came in, radiant with a new suit and hat, and seemed surprised because they dared to reprimand her.

"Oh, very well," and she flounced to her dressing room. "I don't intend to stay here anyway," she threatened. "Another company has offered me a chance to play leads, and I'd be a fool to be bossed around the way I have been here when I can make lots more money somewhere else."

She left the studio. Later I heard she was becoming quite successful. Her salary kept on climbing for a while, but her art was on a steady wane, and when her pictures were released, the audiences did not like her. The Public Wants Brains as Well as Beauty.

"She is a pretty girl," some one remarked, "but she isn't an actress. We would rather see faces with character than dolls without brains or emotions."

She was never a favorite, and after a year's experience she drifted down and down until she was just an extra girl, seeking transient work, embittered and disappointed.

Sometimes she is given small parts, but she had spent her time on fashions, sacrificing her work, study and development of her character.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. M. L. Smith, — I cold cream my face sometimes two and three times a day because of using grease paint, but I think every one should use cold cream at night. It takes the dirt out of the pores and makes the skin soft and velvety. I cannot recommend a good cold cream, but any cream complying with the pure food and drugs law is safe. Rice powder you can buy anywhere. Lanolin is very fine, but I understand that it makes hair grow on the face. I drink a great deal of water and I find that does more toward keeping my complexion good than any remedy on the market.

I am sorry I did not get the letter from Dorothy M., of —, in time to advise her what costume to wear in a Japanese play, but there are often unavoidable delays in the mail. The best way to get any costume is to go to the library and in the histories of different countries you will find illustrations. Costumes can be made of cheap material just as effectively as in silks, and satins for the stage.

Mary Pickford.



DAILY  
TALKSBy  
*Mary Pickford*

## LITTLE ORPHANS.

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At present I am working in a picture called "The Foundling" and playing the part of a little orphaned girl named Molly O.

This picture was first taken in California, but it was destroyed in the fire when the Famous Players Studio burned, so we are taking it over, here in New York.

Mother and I spent a day in an orphanage with the poor little children, and such a day it was, filled with beautiful memories for all of us. I wanted to study the conditions which surround these little prisoners, and I am so glad to say I did not find the children unhappy, even the little crippled ones, who dragged their pitiful misshapen legs as they swung to meet us on their crutches.

"We know you," they all screamed in a chorus to our astonishment, as mother and I walked into the school-room. "You're Mary Pickford of the movies."

"They have seen you many times," and the matron beamed upon them with kindly eyes. "Haven't you, children?"

"I ain't never seen you," shrilled the voice of one little girl, "but my dog has!"

This amused me so I laughed outright, and all the children joined in the chorus.

## A Fearful Inference.

"Yes'm," continued the little girl, eager to explain. "I was sick and couldn't go and Mamie took Petie. Petie got poison and died after he seen you, too."

I laughed again, and the children, who have such a delicious sense of humor, echoed it until they were quite breathless. Poor little Petie! I have seen some of my own performances I could willingly die after, too. "We never knew you were real," shouted several of them. "We thought you were just a moving picture."

"I'm as real as you are," I answered them, "and I'm as hungry as a bear. Don't you think it is about time we all had something to eat?"

That let the cat out of the bag, and in half a second I was in the center of a swarming, eager mass of hungry, open-mouthed youngsters, who scented that in the background was a treat! Surely no one could go empty-handed to an orphanage. If they do, they miss a world of fun.

We ate candy, ice cream, cakes and nuts, and when all were satisfied, we sent to our studio for the film of "Cinderella," a picture the children had not seen.

How I wished that every one I knew could have peeked in upon us and heard those little tads, shouting and laughing, then pointing from the screen to me in conscious bewilderment.

"How did you get up there?" asked one timid little girl, edging closer to me.

## All About the Movies.

"I will tell you all about it after the picture is over," And I did. I explained to them the A B C's of the movies, and told them of the countries we visited, where we met little Esquimaux, Indian and Cuban children. Whereupon they all decided in one breath to become actresses and look just like Mary Pickford.

These little children are not unhappy, because they live in the promise that some day a beautiful mother will come for them and take them away to a home, cozy and abounding in love. The older children tell it to the younger children and they in turn impart it to the unhappy newcomers who have just seen their own little mothers taken away from them to go on a long, long journey.

One little tubercular cripple told me all about this mother who was to come for her.

"She will drive up in a big blue automobile with stars painted all over it," she assured me. "She won't take Nannie, because Nannie never learns her lessons. She won't take

Irene, because she spits at you when she gets cross. She won't take Maggie, because Maggie is afraid of a mamma. She wouldn't go with her. Her own mamma beat her before Maggie came here."

"Who will she take?" I asked, as I looked at her through the tears in my eyes.

"You know—" and she hid her face in the pillow—"me."

"Yes," I said truthfully. "I think a mamma would want you first of all, and you would want a mamma."

"She ain't never had no doll, neither," said another little invalid. "She plays with mine."

## A Worth-while Opportunity.

She had never had a doll! I cannot tell you how deeply I was touched or how leaden this thought lay upon my heart.

"She shall have the most beautiful doll in all the world," I promised, "with go-to-sleep eyes and long, golden curls."

She did not answer me, but looked into my face with steadfast gaze, dazed and bewildered by this unexpected happiness.

"On Christmas?" she finally asked in a faraway voice.

"Tomorrow."

Her words came falteringly. "How soon is tomorrow?"

"It is supper, then bedtime and then early morning, breakfast time. After breakfast she will be here, asking for her little mamma Ella."

The color came to her cheeks and the light in her eyes grew brighter. "I want to go to sleep now, so I can hurry up tomorrow," she said, smiling at me.

I wasn't there on the morrow, but I would like to have been. The doll was brought in on the breakfast tray, and they tell me they shall never forget the cry wrung from her as she caught sight of it.

It is with these memories in my heart I am doing "The Foundling," trying to portray the emotions of a half gay, half sad little orphaned girl.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Four girls, signed Jennie F., Margaret F., Alice B. and Fern Vannetto, from —, are also eager to become moving-picture actresses. Without knowing them it would be difficult for me to judge as to whether they are suited for pictures. I am anxious for the young girls all over the country to realize that looks are only one of the attributes they need to become actresses. They must have talent, perseverance and the ability to work hard.

Thank you, little Josephine B., of —, for your poem, and I am very flattered that you have made such a collection of my photographs. I am sorry that I cannot come to see you, as you must know that I have to work very hard from early in the morning until dinner time. This cuts me off from any social life except Sundays, and then I rest.

*Mary Pickford.*

DAILY  
TALKSBy  
*Mary Pickford*

## THE BURNING OF OUR STUDIO.

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We had left the Famous Players Studio at about six o'clock, after a happy, busy day, and the evening passed merrily. Two pictures were finished, "The Foundling" and "Peppina," which were soon to be released and were locked in the safe as ten valuable reels.

The studio was on the top floor of a large factory building, and it was there the Famous Players Company had started its existence, taking up its quarters in this spacious loft which had formerly been an armory. Plans were abroad for a beautiful new studio, but little did we dream we would be driven out by such a tragic event.

The night of the fire, which started about seven-thirty, Mr. Zukor, our president, was driving with his son down Fifth avenue. When they passed Twenty-sixth street, they saw great volumes of smoke rising from a burning building several blocks away.

"It looks like a fire," and Mr. Zukor was startled. "In case it is anywhere near the studio, we shall go down there." The machine edged as near the fire as it could go, and Mr. Zukor got out, growing more and more alarmed as he drew nearer to the studio. He hardly dared to ask, but finally he mustered up courage.

"It's the Famous Players studio and she's a goner," shouted a passer-by; "floor falling through already."

Great flames burst from the roof and the firemen were struggling with the hose, dragging it upon the adjoining buildings, bending every feeble effort to save the mint of valuables which were being hopelessly destroyed.

"Was there any one in the studio at the time of the fire?" shouted Mr. Zukor through the din and noise of the crowded streets. It was only for his employees that he feared. When they told him a few of the workmen had been there at the time, but had escaped, he voiced his thankfulness.

His next thought was for me. "Little Mary must not hear of this tonight," he said. "She is tired and she needs her rest. It would break her heart."

When they told him all our little studio pets could not be saved, he groaned aloud, but when the great flames burrowed into the building, the floors fell through and there was no hope of saving any of our costly equipment, he said nothing, but watched with the stoicism that has made Mr. Zukor one of the most wonderful men in New York.

## An Interrupted Feast.

We were dining at the Astor Hotel when a friend entered, casually mentioning that from a distance he had seen a great fire. "Some studio on Twenty-sixth street, I understand."

To his consternation, we jumped to our feet with a mad impulse to tear out of the dining room into the street. Our hearts were beating like trip-hammers, and it was a tense and un-

happy ride until we reached the corner nearest to the studio.

There we found Mr. Zukor alone, silently watching the destruction of nearly a million dollars' worth of properties.

"I'm sorry you weren't spared this until morning," were his first words to me.

All night long we watched the life of the flames, often ebbing away only to burst skyward as the coals fell upon some of the explosive chemicals or licked up countless reels of negatives. The walls began to crumble, we could see that the roof had fallen through, and clinging to one of the walls with the tenacity of a burning thing was the large safe in which were the negatives of nearly a dozen completed plays.

The fire pulsed around it and we watched, fascinated and fearful. By four o'clock the flames were under control, although the firemen were fighting it until long after daylight.

The following afternoon, we all assembled and climbed upon the roof opposite the studio to peek into the ruins. I shall never forget my sensations as I looked upon the blackened walls and great yawning hollows of rooms where we had been walking about, in all security, only the day before.

A Safe That Saved.

But the miracle had happened. The fire had welded the safe to the wall and there it clung. For three days it was too dangerous for workmen to busy themselves with the lowering of the safe, but when it was at last brought down, it was some time before it cooled and could be drilled open. Imagine our suspense, although Mr. Zukor would not encourage us. "We must not dare to hope," he warned us. "That heat may have melted all the film and until we know we shall consider everything as lost."

Nearly everything was saved! The edges of the negatives in many instances had been scorched, but the films were almost perfect. Unfortunately, three reels of "The Foundling" were burned in the cutting room but "Peppina" was saved and will soon be released.

Our new studio will be one of the finest in the country, overlooking the Hudson and complete with every equipment to turn out perfect pictures.

But there are memories to the old studio and we have all grieved because it was destroyed.

Answers to Correspondents.

Rosie J., St. Louis, Mo.: I wore a wig in "Madam Butterfly," and did not darken my own hair, as darkening the hair is usually injurious.

Helen C., Boston, Mass.: Thank you for your little original sketch of me. The likeness is very good. I see you have made my eyes brown. They are not brown, but hazel, although nearly every one thinks they are blue. I shall put the sketch in my scrapbook.

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Today it snowed, and outside the studio it piled up its feathery blankets of white, making a natural stage setting that is more beautiful than painted scenery ever could be. The girls came scurrying on to the warm stage, which is all closed in with a glass roof, their cheeks as red as Christmas apples and looking as bright, bundled up in their furs, as little chipmunks. Quite a storm blew up, but we were as cozy as a country fireplace, and what cared we for storms when we were about to stage a carnival scene?

A tremendous set was built in the studio, a ballroom with a cafe far in the background. A large staircase led to the balcony where sat the musicians, tuning their violins, for not even actors and actresses can find the spell of the carnival upon them if their spirits are not stimulated by music.

Outside the wind howled and the skies were foreboding. In the dressing rooms, girls were getting into their masquerade costumes, putting their makeup on, while on the stage property men were lavishing with the decorations. Fruits and flowers, a banquet spread and barrels of confetti were carried toward this center of activity, and the director was already rehearsing his leading actors, who as a rule are kept well in the foreground, being the central interest.

A Beautiful Scene.

It was such a beautiful sight when the girls came dancing down in their harlequin costumes, that we drifted away from our own corners toward the ballroom scene. We laughed at some of the men as they passed us, for they looked quite awkward and a bit sheepish in all their regalia. One broad-shouldered man squirmed uncomfortably in his velvet doublet and pink silk tights. On his head was a hat with a long trailing feather and his mildewed tin sword clanked noisily as he stumbled along.

"Who is he?" I asked one of the property boys who had stopped to speak to him.

"Him?" and the boy accompanied his answer with a long, low whistle. "He come from the West, that fellow did. 'Dead Man Jim' they call him in Arizona. One of the cowboys told me he killed a couple of sheep men who came too close to his cattle ranch. He's some cuckoo in them togs, ain't he?"

We turned to watch him as he sneaked out of sight, nor did he ever show up again until the time had arrived for all the pay slips to be cashed at the little window. Then I saw him in cowboy fashion stampeding the foreground.

The music echoed through the studio and then the dance began. The couples whirled around, laughing and chattering briskly. Then there followed the battle of confetti.

It was so beautiful we were drawn to it like a magnet and hovered there until the director called "Finis," and they fled to their dressing rooms to take off their makeup.

"This is the most beautiful, interesting and amusing play in the world. No wonder girls are so eager to become moving picture actresses," cried a visitor enthusiastically.

The Other Side of the Picture.

"It sounds all lovely," ventured one of the girls who had just come off the scene, "and it looks like a picnic. But it isn't—it's work, and the hardest kind of work, too."

Answers to Correspondents.

Answering Jennie C., —, while I understand that henna is not harmful to the hair, it is never wise to put anything upon one's hair to change the color of it. Nothing is as attractive as naturalness.

If Mary E., —, consults a doctor, she may find that the blemishes on her face are the result of nervous or stomach troubles. It is not well to experiment with advertised remedies, and I am sorry that I cannot recommend anything.

DAILY  
TALKSBy  
*Mary Pickford*

## HIGH LIGHTS ON STUDIO LIFE.

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"You don't tell me?" And the visitor turned to her inquiringly.

"I'm only one of a dozen," continued the girl, "who have had the same experience. I've been waiting for this scene to be taken for a week, coming here day after day, sitting around and hoping for some luck and then piling back through the snow, half frozen, only to try it again the following morning."

"I had never thought of that," replied the astonished visitor, "but it is that way with every success we seek. If we don't work hard, we are bound to fail."

I am always afraid if I paint my scenes and make them too dazzling they will lure you on, making you the more eager to become a spoke in the movie wheel. That is why I always moralize in a few paragraphs, for too many girls see only the bright side of our lives and are bitterly disillusioned when they have to face the hard, cold facts. You will let my good intentions be my apologists, won't you?

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DAILY  
TALKSBy  
*Mary Pickford*

## CRITICISM, JUST AND UNJUST.

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Every artist appreciates criticism, for the critics are mirrors of the public and through them we see ourselves as others see us. Just criticism is part of our schooling, but we cannot help but be discouraged when we are tortured upon the rack unjustly and without mercy.

It is the story of the one bad apple in the box—a bruise destroys the harvest.

One evening, I went to the theater where a dear little girl friend of mine was starring. Although he was not aware of it, I heard a well-known critic remark, "Always did hate a woman's hair worn in that fashion; no doubt she affects it." Unfortunately for this star, she had struck a false note with him and he watched her with hypercritical eye. He was prejudiced, and as we cannot go beyond ourselves when we judge others, the next morning's paper held no kindly account of her acting; she was "posy," had bad mannerisms and no individuality, according to this critic.

You can imagine Mrs. Jones reading this aloud to her family at the breakfast table, saying, as she lays the paper aside: "Well, that's one actress I won't go to see. Mr. So-and-So's criticism of her isn't a favorable one."

## The Venom Spreads.

That afternoon Mrs. Jones meets Mrs. Smith and is told that Mrs. Smith is contemplating buying matinee tickets to hear my little actress friend. "Oh, she's perfectly dreadful," quotes Mrs. Jones; "mannerisms and all that sort of thing. You wouldn't like her a bit."

And so the stone is started rolling down a steep hill, picking up speed as it bounds from one to the other, striking and destroying pitilessly.

There are some people who take it upon themselves to find flaws in everything. They are the present-day bugbears, and we poor professionals are the victims, especially the screen stars. I often think it is because they see us at such close range that we have been chosen the target for their most flagrant criticisms. They do not consider, as they sit in the comfortable theater, the hardships we must endure, really for their pleasure. If they thought of the weeks we work in uncertain weather, of the privations we endure and the dangers we face, they might be more charitable—after all, is it not all for them?

The other evening, "Tess of the Storm Country" was billed for the theater near our apartment, and the manager, who is a friend of ours, urged his invitation to mother and me to take in one of the performances. We skipped in unobserved, and had the misfortune to sit in front of Mr. Know-It-All and Miss Eager-to-Know-It-All, who kept up a disquieting chatter from the first reel to the fifth.

Mr. Know-It-All began his discourse by saying: "Moving pictures are a public nuisance and should be done away with. They are not educational because they teach you false

ideals. The people are unnatural and the stories are impossible."

"Is that right?" and his companion seemed quite eager to believe it. "I'm ashamed to admit I rather liked moving pictures, but I guess that is because I didn't know anything about them," she continued. "Will you—"

"Take this picture, for instance," he interrupted, pausing to watch the screen for a few minutes. "Here we see this Mary Pickford we hear so much about. Look at her! An affected little girl with a wig of curls, trying to make us believe she is a real fisherman's daughter! She looks the part about as much as I do a piece of bric-a-brac."

## A Real Curio.

I peeked around to see how much like he was to bric-a-brac and agreed with him. He was small and shriveled, with thin, drawn lips and narrow little ferret eyes, which never smiled upon the wonderful green things in this world, and I pitied him.

"I hear she makes a lot of money," he continued. "Probably spends it all in fast and riotous living. She won't last long. She'll probably drink and smoke herself to death. Those pretty blond women are always weak-minded and they fade before the summer is over. You can't tell me anything about them—I know them all. I can read a woman the minute I lay my eyes upon her. This Mary Pickford couldn't fool me—just look at that picture now. Shows her face with the tears rolling down it—just as if she could cry! It's all false, I tell you—they put tears in with an eye-dropper—anything to fool the public."

"You don't say so," and his companion was audibly disappointed. Then her inflection arose. "Look at that sweet little baby she is holding—Oh-h!"

"Sweet little baby nothing!" he sneered. "It's just a mechanical toy. What did I tell you about these pictures—everything is false and faked—acting, people, wigs, gestures, and houses—"

He was quite breathless when he finished and so was I. If I had never met his type before, I would have been almost antagonized. But we meet them everywhere and we call them moving picture pests.

I ask my friends to be a little kinder to all of us screen stars, for we need your sympathy and your understanding.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Anna H., —: Yes, in the play *Mme. Butterfly* commits hirikiri, but as the photoplay was taken from the book by John Luther Long and not from the play, *Mme. Butterfly* drowns herself, as she does in the original story.

Sadie G., —: Yes, Mary Maurice, known as the "mother of the movies," was well known as an actress before she entered the moving picture field. I do not know of any photoplay in which she has acted anything other than a mother part.

*Mary Pickford.*DAILY  
TALKSBy  
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## BORROWING.

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"The rain it rains most every day Upon the just and unjust fellers, But chiefly on the just, because The unjust have the just's umbrellas!"

I laughed when I read this, but then it has launched me into a very serious topic for today's article—borrowing. It is true, the just will never borrow, but the unjust have no such strong intentions. They are selfish and invariably make the other fellow pay for their lack of consideration.

I try to make it a principle never to borrow. If I haven't on hand all that I need I certainly do not feel I can go to my neighbor and ask her to help me out, unless it is a matter of grave importance.

That is a fault in which so many girls indulge. They believe in never doing anything today that can be put off until tomorrow. In any emergency, don't worry, but depend upon some one else to help you out.

"Miss B, will you lend me your coat for this scene? I forgot mine," asks Miss A. Miss B had only one coat; it was her best and she felt when she bought it that it was an extravagance, especially as she could not afford to buy another. Miss B knew it would be in grave danger from grease paint and powder, but only the day before had she borrowed a dress from Miss A, so she did not think under such circumstances she was in a position to refuse her a favor.

"Very well," she replied reluctantly, "but please take good care of it."

## A Broken Friendship.

The story in which Miss A was working was developed and it turned out that Miss A was to have a half dozen more scenes, all exteriors, in the costume which necessitated her keeping Miss B's coat for several days longer than she had expected. When she returned it, the coat looked quite forlorn and weather beaten, covered with stains and splashes of powder. The girls were quarreling outside of their dressing rooms about it.

"You've ruined it," raged Miss B, with tears in her voice, "utterly ruined it!"

"How about my dress?" Miss A's voice was caustic. "You are a larger woman than I and yet you crowded yourself into it, straining every seam and pulling the material all out of shape."

As they walked away, reproaching each other bitterly, I pondered long upon the ways of woman. Of course this conflict snapped their friendship, so now they pass each other without a friendly greeting, each one suffering from righteous indignation and an

added dose of that disastrous disease—self-pity.

## A Sad Experience.

My own experiences of lending have been as bitter. I believe it is as much of a mistake to give too freely as not to give at all. One little incident strongly recalls itself.

I loaned some money to one of the girls in our company whose finances had ebbed through many misfortunes. We were always very close and I called her my best friend. When her hour of trial came, I was only too happy to offer my paltry dollars to help her over. Soon after she left the city, and from her letters nothing dawned any brighter for her. She always hurt me by referring to my loan, expressing at length her desire to be able to repay me, and after a while the letters ceased.

She has never been in a position to return the loan, which means so little to me, but it is a wound to a loving heart to feel this could separate and destroy our friendship. I have tried often to find her, but she avoids me, ashamed to face me, when I stand eager to help her and to bridge the shadows that have fallen between us these last years since that unfortunate episode.

To all girls entering careers I am writing this little warning: Don't let your slogan be "a place for everything with nothing in its place. If you haven't everything you need, try your neighbor!" It will be a drawback to you, and there are enough thorns on the rosebush of life without stopping to cultivate more.

I receive hundreds of letters asking for my advice, so I am giving it, ungarlished and sincere, from me to you, to accept it as you will. But we all have to learn more or less from the experiences of others, and I began my work-a-day life at five. I want to make it easier for some girls to sail over the bumps than it was for me.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Elizabeth K., —, asks if my tears are real and how I do it. I am an actress, for one thing, and actresses always feel the role they are playing until it is so real that when Tess has to cry she must cry through Mary Pickford. I understand there are some actresses who can never shed tears and have to resort to water sprinkled on their cheeks by an eye-dropper, but when playing a pathetic role, I am deeply touched, and the tears just well from my heart and down my cheeks.

Mamie R., —: I cannot give you names of cosmetics or face powders, but toilet preparations that comply with the requirements of the pure food and drugs law are generally safe and good. Personally, I do not use elaborate toilet preparations.

*Mary Pickford.*DAILY  
TALKSBy  
*Mary Pickford*

## GOSSIP.

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"She said that you said that I said—"

When a girl comes into my dressing room with this on her lips, I stop her before she can go any further. She has come to gossip.

How much harm there is done through careless little tongues wagging about something they know nothing of! Hearts are broken, friendships shattered, homes destroyed and many a girl's reputation has been blackened through evil and false reports.

Though I regret to tell it, there is so much gossip webbed around our studio life. Both women and men forget that from the seeds of idle chatter there is often reaped grave harvest of misery. If they would reflect a second, they would never breathe the first suspicion, for it always boomerangs, and the day is sure to dawn when the piper must be paid for the dance.

I have shed many bitter tears over the errand gossip of others, and so I can speak wisely, advising girls to keep to the high road and avoid making their friends unhappy.

## Petty Jealousy.

One girl, envious of another girl's position, is often the skeleton of a long and serious drama. I have in mind just such a case, by way of illustration.

Vivian and Helen were chums, working in the same studio. They entered as extra girls, but, both being pretty and clever, were making rapid strides. Success for them was prophesied by all the directors.

There came a very good part in one of the plays and Vivian was the type chosen for it. Helen had been promised the role, but as it was of an Italian girl, they picked Vivian for her flashing, dark eyes and black hair.

Helen, in sympathy with her chum, should have rejoiced that to Vivian had come an opportunity, knowing her own chance would not be far away. But she did not. She held it against her as a personal antagonism, and a chasm yawned between the two which was never to be bridged.

"Of course, you know Vivian was bound to get that part," Helen whispered to the group who always waited, long and silky eared, to pick up little dregs of gossip. "You know the part was meant for me, but I never could allow myself to play the game that Vivian does—as fond as I am of her."

"You don't say so," and their eyes

were more active than their ears. "Do tell us, Helen. We'll never breathe it to a soul. You should worry about Vivian, anyway. She isn't a very good friend of yours."

This was a new angle to Helen and she seized upon it with self-righteous indignation.

"That's right—she isn't," she sputtered. "Why, if I had been in her place and the part was taken away from her to give to me, I would certainly have refused it. But some girls—they just can't be loyal."

"Go on," urged the others. "You haven't told us where's Vivian's pull."

"Are you blind?" and Helen looked at each one suggestively.

"Not Mr. —?" They all wheeled around as the character actress, one of the most prolific of false story tellers, asked this question.

"You've guessed it, but don't you tell," cautioned Helen, knowing that in fifteen minutes it would be all over the studio.

This barbed-wire gossip enmeshed Vivian and one of the managers, both innocent of any wrongdoing, in a tangle which ended in getting them both into serious trouble. It ran the gauntlet of all the studios, and even today little drifts of it come back to us when some one remarks upon Vivian's past, always her name with that of the man, who is not only married, but very happily.

Gossip is one of the greatest sins of our modern society.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Eugenia G., —, must be clever for her age, to be in the ninth grade and only fourteen. That was a false newspaper report that my little dog was burned in the Famous Players studio. There were two cunning little pups which we did not get out in time, but my own pet dog was not one of them.

I cannot give Elsie V. L., —, any more encouragement than I give others about becoming a moving picture actress. In my articles I am eager to give the best advice I can, but, as much as I would like to, I am in no position to give personal letters of introduction. My girl friends must realize that I am always in sympathy with them, but that I am really powerless to do for them what I would like. Having had experience in vaudeville, I should think you would go to the studios in Chicago and register. It is the center of great activity in the moving picture world.

*Mary Pickford.*





## GRANDMOTHER AND GRANDFATHER PEOPLE.



## MY DISAPPOINTMENT.



## RAGS THE SECOND.

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The moving-picture studios have been a veritable refuge for many old and broken-down character actors and actresses who could not endure the strenuous night life of the stage. The time is past when the young men who fill the stock companies of moving picture studios were picked out to play a grandfather by putting on some Santa Claus whiskers, a wig and a pair of goggles.

Now the directors look for types when they are to portray old folk, and such dear, snowy-haired, kindly old ladies and gentlemen one sees about the studio! In summer the heat does not deal gently with them. When the winter comes, unless it is in some of the California studios, my heart aches as I see the old people stumbling through the snowdrifts.

Because of our love for our own sweet grandmother, Lottie, Jack and I have always had a reverence for old people, which endears every one of them to us.

It is surprising how many letters I get in old-fashioned Spencerian handwriting, which show that the pen trembled in some old, wrinkled hand.

One grandfather, who said he was over a hundred years, wrote me quite a long, interesting letter, with such an amusing criticism at the end of it that I shall always remember it. It read: "The only fault I can find with your acting, Miss Mary Pickford, is that you do not act as much with your left hand as you do with your right."

There are many letters telling me that I am like some little child who passed away, and of the pleasure I give the writers because they see in me that beloved likeness.

### The Passing of An Old Friend.

There was a character actor at our studio who, I think, must have been in his seventies. In his prime he was one of the greatest comedians and actors in this country, one whom you all knew, but when he came to work in pictures he was stooped, feeble, and it was with an effort he could find his way around the stage. His eyes were almost unseeing.

One rainy day he did not come and we asked all his old cronies if he were ill. No one seemed to know.

When a week had passed, we all began to fear he was never coming back. As I had known him ever since I was a little girl, I lost no time going down to the Home for Actors where he lived, to see if there was something I could do for him. Alas, I had come too late. From the little chapel I could hear the low, sonorous tones of the organ and the high, faltering voices of all the old folk joining in a requiem.

He had just stolen away silently, and they found him one morning smiling in his sleep. He had gone on the long, long journey from which there is no return. There had been no struggle. Only four days had he not been able to come down to the dining-room and join in the chatter of all the other old folk, his friends and his stage companions.

They pointed out a large tree in the garden, his favorite tree. For years he had spent his Sunday mornings sitting in a big, red rocker under it, reading his papers and writing a few letters to those belonging to him who were still alive.

When the spring came, the birds always nested in the branches, and never a day did he forget to bring out crumbs for them, so they would find such a haven in their summer home they would return the following year.

When the wind blew a hurricane, the old man would stand at the window and watch fearfully lest the tree be broken and destroyed. "When the time comes I am no longer here," he would say, "I do not want to go very far away. I just want to find my resting place out under that big tree. I feel that I can sleep there in peace until the call of Gabriel."

Blessed old people! They are just little children after all.

### Answers to Correspondents.

A bereaved mother writes that her little baby, loaned by the day to a moving picture studio, caught a cold and after three weeks' illness passed away. She blames the studio and asks advice, which I am powerless to give, about bringing suit. "She was only four months old and they were giving me five dollars a day for her. I didn't see any harm in it as the money came in very handy. We are far from being poor. My husband has a good job, but the baby was pretty and they were always wanting her. Will you advise me, Miss Pickford, what I should do about it?"

"Minerva," —: I was born in Canada and we lived there until we went on the road. Lottie is a year younger than I and Jack a year younger than Lottie. Like you, I am the "big sister." Yes, our dear mother is with us and we cling to her lovingly, for she is not only our mother, but our best friend and most trusted confidant.

Mary Pickford.

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Yesterday I received this very unhappy letter, which was forwarded from the Pittsburgh Dispatch, and after reading it I called it the greatest of all my disappointments. Though she has asked me not to, I feel it a duty to myself that it be published.

"Editor Pittsburgh Dispatch:

"Dear Sir: I have found lots of genuine pleasure in reading Mary Pickford's articles in your paper and know a lot of other people who enjoy them as much. Her simplicity and modest way of portraying her experiences and theatrical life and the pure innocence shown by her is refreshing, and no doubt there will be many good results from these wholesome articles. I enjoyed them because I was under the impression they came direct from her pen, but last night my confidence in this respect took a great fall, and most of the interest and pleasure I before had left when I heard a lady of the highest repute and whose word is unimpeachable say that Miss Pickford told her at a dinner party in New York, not two weeks ago, that she never even saw the articles, and made all kinds of fun of them. She said she didn't have time for such things. This was pretty hard for me to believe and I am not convinced, but I would like to see this refuted and I think an article on this subject would go a long way to restore confidence.

"I am merely calling your attention to the discredit cast upon the authenticity of the articles. You know the world is full of pests who claim to be intimate with most all celebrities and call them by their first name and thereby spread a lot of unfounded stories, and in most cases to the discredit of the entirely innocent victim.

"I trust I shall see something written on this. Yours truly,

"Mrs. R. K. C."

### The Facts in the Case.

Dear friends, you to whom I talk every day, I think the pencil would falter and I should have to lay it aside if I believed there were such doubts in many minds. For it is untrue, every line of it. I write these articles, little rattling of my mind though they be, but they come straight from me to you. And it has

been my pleasure to give all my friends a peek into our colorful lives, a sprinkling of advice, a little gossip behind the scenes and also tell them of my own personal experiences.

Sometimes an arrow of gossip speeds far and misses its mark. But a letter like that goes right to my heart. They are accusing me of something that wounds me deeply; it is insincerity and infidelity to a trust.

Every day I awaken early and while I am dressing to go to the studio I think of what the day's article is to be. Often the morning itself solves the riddle, for gray days inspire the somber-hued thoughts and on gay, sunny mornings I want to transfer some of the sunshine to my paper.

When I am writing them and struggling with dictionary words and little phrases, I think of what a pleasure a real author has, the infinite knowledge that he can express himself clearly and poetically. I have to write the funny little thoughts the best I can, but you understand and appreciate my sincerity, don't you?

### Answers to Correspondents.

Minnie A. —: Yes, there is a rule that every one is to be at the studio and made-up at nine o'clock. Some girls put on a very elaborate make-up, and it takes them over half an hour, but I never take more than fifteen minutes for mine unless it is a very hot day; then we always have difficulty with the grease paint.

Jennie D. —: You will find that you need a fairly good wardrobe. I know of no studio where up-to-date dresses are supplied unless it be a special order. A few days ago they were putting on a scene in a French modiste's fashionable shop. The gowns were loaned by a Fifth Avenue shop, not one gown costing less than two hundred dollars. But this is a rare exception.

Joie M. —: Your letter and verses I had translated to me, as I regret to say I cannot speak French. I have studied diligently, but I no sooner get very interested than I am whisked away across the continent and have to give up my French.

Mary Pickford.

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There is quite an ache in my heart when I tell you that the only and original Rags is no more. I mean that raggedy Rags of "Rags," that ornery, bright-eyed, mischievous pup. He died not long ago and I was so lonesome they skurried to the pound and brought me another dog I am quite sure is a cousin or an "in-law" of Rags the First. They at least have the same family tree, for there is a strong resemblance between the two.

Rags the First was an easy-going, happy-go-lucky little trouble seeker, but Rags the Second is so temperamental we have the most discouraging time attempting any discipline.

The other day, on a location in New Jersey, Rags was the center of attraction. If he had been a poodle of aristocratic lineage he couldn't have acted up to better advantage. He showed class and distinction first by refusing to eat our commonplace sandwiches, and then he had to be bribed by dainty lamb chops in order to go through with any of his scenes. He seems to think he should have bologna and ice cream every day in the week and is as independent as a prosperous financier.

Sometimes when we try to coax him to run through a scene, he will walk elegantly to the center of the stage and there he sits calmly down, sweeping his tail across the sidewalk as if to say to us impudently, "Very well now, what are you going to do about it, eh?" We plead and we threaten, but there he sits until he comes in personal contact with the tip of some one's boot. Then he leisurely sidles away.

A crowd gathered the other day watching us take pictures, and again Rags held the stage. He seemed to recognize his opportunity to show off, so he became very eloquent in dog language and entered into the spirit of it as he had never done before.

Oh, dear, I forgot to say he is playing second leads with me in "The Foundling."

### When Rags Was Dramatic.

A policeman strolled along and joined the onlookers. Suddenly his eye lit upon Rags and he did not recognize him as one of the troupe.

He looked at Rags and Rags looked at him. After that there followed some very swift action. Rags grew so dramatic we couldn't hold him back and, before we could stop him, he had the policeman's leg in his mouth and wouldn't let go!

A regular riot followed. Policemen, policemen, dog, crowd and actors were all involved! When it had half-way calmed down, the irate policeman wanted to arrest us, all and whisk us off to the county jail. It took politics and persuasion to shift his purpose, and it took many pettings and three fat sausages to put Rags in the humor to go on with the scene.

Speaking of pets, reminds me that I told you of my bird Billee, who laid the egg on my powder puff. Five little eggs were laid as soon as a nest was built, but only two hatched. They are now quite grown birds, as round and fluffy as cotton balls, only they are of a most beautiful and stylish shade of yellow.

All children should have the pleasure of studying these little feathered fellows—it is not only fun, but instructive as well.

### Answers to Correspondents.

Rachel A. —: It was very kind of you to offer to buy my old clothes, but it is to a very worthy charitable institution I have given my discarded wardrobe for years.

Anna L. —: I enjoyed your amusing letter and was also charmed to know you are a relative of the great Charles Dickens. He is one of my favorite authors, and when I want to study types I take "Pickwick Papers," "Little Nell" or his Christmas stories from my library shelf and lose myself in their absorbing pages.

Jack Preston —: No, little Jack, I cannot sell you "Rags" because he has been dead for several weeks. But if you admire him so much, I can tell you where to find a rascally pup just like him—in the pound! That was Rags' palace before I discovered him.

Mary Pickford.



DAILY  
TALKSBy  
*Mary Pickford*

## ALL IN A DAY'S WORK.

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If you would become a moving picture actress, forswear all late-hour pleasures and all lazy habits, for we are beavers, we toilers of the camera. In reviewing today's diary, you will see how much we aim to accomplish, beginning early in the morning before old chancicleer has finished his daylight solo and ending long after dark.

I had to have my breakfast by seven so I could get to the studio by eight, as we were going far into the country for locations.

A studio is suggestive of a three-ring circus or a carnival when all the companies are busy on the stage, but in the early mornings it is cold and formidable. I scurry to my dressing room and dip into my makeup box.

Then, after my face is prepared for the camera, I am ready to be called.

It was shivering cold this morning and I wore a bright red little nose to the studio, but a thick coating of grease paint hid its glow, so I faced the camera undaunted.

We have had a snowstorm and New York looks quite dazzling when the sun shines through the clouds. But I do not like the snow very much when it falls in the cities, for it soon becomes grimy and makes the streets so uncertain. I dread to see the poor horses feebly trying to haul their heavy loads across the slippery ice. So many of them fall and lie in the street, looking so helpless, while they struggle to their feet only to fall again.

But in the country it is beautiful. We rode about thirty miles, plowing through banks of snow until we reached our destination. There we were to spend six hours in the almost freezing cold, staging in the out-of-doors an incident from our drama.

## A Wail From the Ranks.

"And I gave up a comfortable position in a nice cozy office for this," said a girl despairingly, her words hardly audible through the chattering of her teeth. "I've been frozen in the snow, baked in the desert, overworked in a studio and goodness knows what else since I chose this merciless profession."

"That's nothing," I shivered in reply. "Think how many years I've been doing it. I nearly died of the cold in Northern California, where we went to take 'Little Pal.' And, speaking of cold, makes me think of 'Esmeralda.' Why, this isn't a circumstance to the chills I suffered during those bleak, windy late autumn days. My teeth used to rattle so they vibrated my whole body! I was terrified lest it show in the picture."

"If I had known"—and the girl gave a prolonged, broken sigh—"this was what stared me in the face, I would never have had the courage to become a moving picture actress."

We returned to the studio about

five and thawed out over the radiator.

"You have faces as bright as persimmons," laughed one of the girls who had spent her day inside of the studio.

"I feel about a hundred years old," I confided in return. "Just as soon as I get my costume and makeup off, I'm going to hurry home and have my dinner served in my room. Maybe if I pull a long face, mother will insist I eat it all tucked up in bed."

Dreams gone amiss! Before I had taken two steps to my dressing room, the director stopped me. "We will have to work this evening," he informed me; "they want to take our set away to make room for others, and it is just as well we finish it tonight when we will be undisturbed."

"Very well," I replied meekly. "How late do you think we will work?"

"Not after midnight," and he promised it as if it were a favor. It was hurry home to dinner, then hurry back again. After our long ride we were sleepy as kittens, but we braved the ordeal and went about our work.

When the picture is shown on the screen, the audience sitting back comfortably in their seats will remark, "What fun those girls must have and how easy it is—just a lot of pretty pantomime!"

## To Cap the Climax.

Oh, dear! Here I have forgotten the most trying moment of the day! It came at noon while we were clamoring for our lunches. They had brought us out into the snow, but as a compensation we were promised thermos bottled coffee and good things to eat. The machine bearing the burden of goodness was the last to leave the studio and fifteen miles away it had been stalled in a snowbank, with a broken axle.

The boys stampeded forth to find a grocery store, and came back after an hour's absence with several bottles of milk, some very uncertain sandwiches, a few pickles and many sardines.

Are you still eager to become moving-picture actresses?

## Answers to Correspondents.

Ella N., —: I use very little makeup and recommend no cosmetics for the street. As I put glycerin and rosewater on my face every night, it makes the complexion oily, and powder tones it down.

Hettie C., —: The scenario you sent me I read, but cannot advise you where to send it. It is too much like "Hearts Adrift" for me to do, and some parts of it I am afraid would never pass the board of public censors. It would be too terrible a thing to show a mother strangling her own baby.

*Mary Pickford.*

DAILY  
TALKSBy  
*Mary Pickford*

## MIDNIGHT AT THE STUDIO.

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Would you believe it, but the studio clock has just struck twelve and we are still working! Yes, indeed, we are not drones, but the busiest of bees, storing away through our efforts honey for the future.

On account of the snowstorm we were kept indoors for two days taking interior sets. I felt just like a youngster when I saw the first beautiful snow fall. I wanted to hurry out into it, wrapped in warm, protecting furs, and throw snowballs at the passersby! I just hated to have to keep my toes warm in a studio when they fairly ached to dance upon Nature's gay, white crystal ballroom.

After the storm was over, I peeked out to see the little rosy-cheeked youngsters drawing their bright-colored sleds through the snow and I envied them the fun they would have a little later upon the ice.

New York has gone quite mad over ice skating, and all the modistes are creating the most beautiful skating costumes. Some are of leather trimmed in fur, others of silks and satins and velvets. Each skating rink looks just like a poster sketched from the Winter Garden, with myriads of pretty girls resplendent in gaudy colors skating to the accompaniment of entrancing music.

## The Crowning Trick.

I wanted to learn, but I blush to admit that I have gone only as far as the costume, which was ordered when they first strapped my skates on, but I clung to the ice about as steadily as anything you ever saw. They couldn't get me away from it! I said to my instructor: "Give me a goat to ride or let me face any wild animal from out of the jungle—that would be easy! But to keep my feet slipping from under me is too much!"

My director just interrupted me, calling me from my writing to take a few little scenes. He caught me yawning twice and promised to hurry us along so we can get away before the hands of the old clock swing around to another hour. Then after that promise he told us we had to get up at six to be ready to leave for the country by seven. Don't you think we have to give a lot of ourselves for our advertised spectacular salaries?

As I have always warned the ambitious girls, don't count upon the life as all play—it is not only serious, but strenuous, and will absorb every bit of you. If you aren't willing to give of yourself, you won't succeed.

## My Temperamental Canines.

In the play we are working on, "The Foundling," I have adopted a little mother dog with three puppies, and when I run away from the boarding house where I am not treated kindly I have a dreadful picture experience with the poundman, who tries to take my poor little mother dog away. Finally I am picked up by a kind gentleman, who gives me a room. I make it my first duty to see that the little puppies have their faces washed and are fed until their little tummies bulge out just like round roly-poly gelatin puddings. Then all four of us crawl into the bed and draw the sheets up tight. I do not think there is a youngster who has ever owned a dog who has not, some time or other, sneaked him into the little crib he sleeps in. But there is nothing more tender than the friendship between the small boy and his friend the dog.

These puppy scenes are what have kept me at the studio until past midnight, as my canine troupe is so temperamental. They do not like to be disturbed and refuse to play their parts when the studio is crowded with people.

I am so sleepy I will just have to put this lazy old pencil aside.

## Answers to Correspondents.

"Inquisitive Maid," — writes: "Actresses always lie about their ages. Are you telling the truth, Miss Pickford, when you say you are only twenty-two?"

Would you have me send you the family Bible to prove it, Miss Inquisitive Maid? And don't you think you could have made your letter a little less caustic?

Margaret G., —, tells me she has learned to smoke cigarettes because she understands all actresses do it and she wants to become an actress.

The less she smokes the better her chance to become an actress. I have never smoked, nor do I like to see any one I am fond of either drinking or smoking.

*Mary Pickford.*

DAILY  
TALKSBy  
*Mary Pickford*

## I MAKE A SPEECH.

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At the very memory of it I tremble in my knees. But if I show palsy now, it can only be a shadow of how I really felt when they told me I was to appear before a crowded theater and make a speech. It was the night of the Hearst benefit at the Casino, only a few days ago, and I had little time to prepare myself. In fact, I knew of it first through the morning paper, which announced my appearance. "It will be impossible," I said to myself. So I waved it aside, not giving a thought to it all day.

At seven o'clock, Mr. Hitchcock, who carried the honors as spokesman, telephoned that I must appear without fail. They counted upon me and I was to be announced.

From the moment I hung up the receiver, I began to tremble like an autumn leaf in a storm. But it was too late now to shrink from it, and so I struggled along until eight-thirty, when in sort of a daze I found myself going through the stage entrance to the wings of the theater.

There I met Raymond Hitchcock and Clifton Crawford. "Do you know what you are going to say, Mary?" they asked me the first thing.

"You heartless creatures," and I could hardly choke down the tears. "Of course I don't—and my heart is beating so fast I can't hear myself think!"

"Silly child!" And Raymond Hitchcock laughed at me mercilessly. "The idea of a girl who toddled on to the stage having stage fright! Don't be nervous—just tell them some little thing about moving pictures."

"I think I'll tell them about two old ladies I saw in New Jersey the other morning."

"All right, Mary, but try it on me first. I'm the dog!"

## "Trying It on the Dog."

I began just as formally as if he were the critical audience:

"We were out at our location, and as they were not ready for me, I sat in the machine huddled up in the rugs, waiting for my call. Two old ladies with market baskets on their arms came wandering along. At the sight of our actors they stopped short, one old lady exclaiming: 'Well, honest to Betsy! If there ain't more of them movin' pictur' actors. I tell you the country is a swarmin' with 'em.'"

"You're right," says the second old lady. "You can't open your back door of a mornin' without bumpin' into one of them there pictur' cameras. I tell you they'd have to pay me well to get me to paint my face an' make a fool of myself."

"The other old lady looked at her

seriously. "They says, Sarey," she began, "as how they pays them actors as high as forty an' fifty dollars a week."

"For the lan's sakes!" ejaculated the other old lady. "Why, that's more'n some of our best lawyers and doctors is a gittin'. I tell you, sich sal'ries is a disgrace to our country!"

"Just then the director called me from the machine and I stepped out in my boy's trousers and corduroy coat. The old ladies looked at me from north, east, south and west angles, finally seeing that I was also one of 'them there actors.'"

"Women is gittin' immodester an' immodester!" squeaked both old ladies in one breath, as they gathered up their skirts and flew around the corner."

Why I am writing all this is because this is what I intended to say. But I only got as far as my good intentions, for when they came to Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Lean's dressing room to drag me forth to the footlights I forgot everything I ever knew and ever hope to know, and for the second time of my life I almost collapsed from stage fright. But it was a very warm welcome and I appreciated the applause in response to the few little words I had to say to them.

You cannot imagine, after being in pictures so many years, how strange it seemed to step before the footlights and face the great, eager audience with a thousand eyes centered upon me. But some time I am going back to the stage. It holds a lure even greater, than pictures for me.

## Answers to Correspondents.

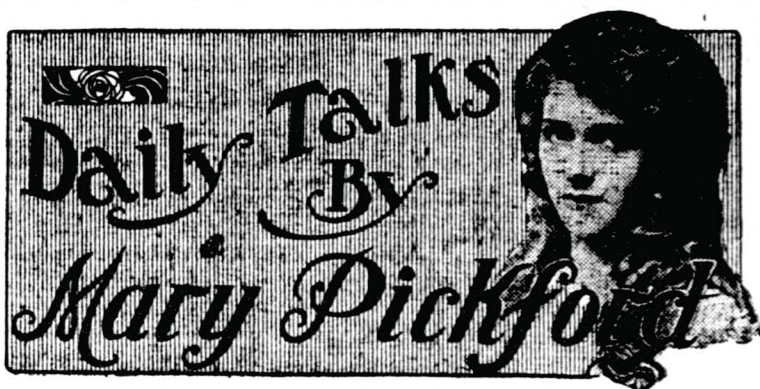
Here is a letter from a little sixteen-year-old girl who tells me her life is spoiled because her name is Hoffensloffer. Her whole life needn't be ruined, because she inclosed her photograph, and, looking at it, I know it will not be many years before she changes her name. I met an old spinster whose name was Diana Priscilla Warmbath. She was the only one deserving of any sympathy.

Freddie G., —, —; Red photographs black and sky blue photographs white. The men's shirts and collars you saw dyed yellow will show up white in the pictures. We make a study of the values of colors in black and white.

Grace J., —, —: Pearls are my favorite jewels. They are so delicate, and especially do I admire the pink-toned ones. No, I have never made a collection of jewels.

*Mary Pickford.*





## CHARITY.

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**T**O know when to give and on whom to bestow favors—that is deserving of the greatest consideration. To give too freely is as great a social sin as to give too little, and for our mistakes some one else must always suffer.

Those who have written to me asking me to aid them financially do not know how deeply I feel for them, although I am helplessly unable to give to all. Then, out of the countless thousands of letters I receive, I have had the misfortune to find too many flaws in the diamond. To be frank, like all people in the professional limelight, I have been spotted as an easy mark by those clever tricksters who make a business of stealing from our pocketbooks all we would willingly give to the deserving.

My heart has been wrung by appealing letters and I have turned them over to my manager, telling him to send immediate help.

"Are you sure they deserve it, Miss Pickford?" he has asked me in the past.

"Deserve it!" I would repeat after him indignantly. "Do you suppose any one would ever do such a thing? Of course, I believe it, and I am anxious to help them, too. Here is a letter from a little girl which almost broke my heart. We must send her warm clothes immediately and some money to buy food for her father and herself." He picked up the letter critically and read it aloud.

"Albany, New York.  
"Dear Friend Mary Pickford: You were once a poor girl yourself, so you will know what I am suffering when I tell you my papa and myself haven't had anything to eat for two whole days and we have been sleeping in a barn after being turned out of our house because we didn't have the money to pay the rent. You would cry if you could see my papa, because his eyes are all filmy and he can only see a little bit when the sun shines. He does not complain because I have to work and he does not want to make me unhappy. Poor papa! We had a nice home before mamma died, but papa's eyes got bad and the doctor said he had awful cataracts, and I was only twelve years old at the time. I am sixteen now, but look old for my age. I have not been getting much work lately, so we are starving. You are so lucky to be well off now and can't you help us? God would bless you if you did, and if you don't my father and I will die. If you send to the General Postoffice, Albany, we will watch for your letter. I will pray to God that you will be kind to us.  
"Jennie Pierceson."

## Revealed by Fate.

By fate's coincidence that evening there came to visit us another professional woman, a stage star. And because my mind was ebbing to charities and what we owed the world, our conversation drifted toward the letters we receive from unfortunates.

"Here is one that touched me deeply," I said, handing her Jennie's letter. "It has made me unhappy all day."

As she was reading it, a puzzled frown deepened between her eyebrows, and then she laughed quite merrily. "With the exception of a few changes in phrasing, this is a duplicate of the letter I responded to not only with money, but with clothes."

"Poor child," interrupted my mother, whose heart is always bursting with sympathy for others. "Mary is going to help her, too."

My manager said nothing, but a week later he brought me a full report from the police department of Albany. Jennie Pierceson was one of the cleverest crooks in the country

and had written successful letters to professional people for the last five years. This led to an investigation on my manager's part of all my charities, and four-fifths of them proved undeserving.

I made up my mind that unless I had a personal letter from friends, introducing them, I could no longer go to any one's aid. Sometimes these letters came from people in very good circumstances, and when faced with their guilt they took the defensive and told my manager they knew I had a fine salary and did not deserve it.

One woman visiting the studio took a handful of letters addressed to me. She opened them, and as most of them asked for pictures, she wrote to the people, signing my name and saying that upon the receipt of a dollar she would forward an autographed picture of me. She collected quite a large sum of money before the police stopped her. The gossip that I had charged for my pictures leaked out and I was heartbroken.

These kinds of theft are the cruellest, far more serious than pocketpicking, for that only robs the individual, but the former steals from the multitude.

I am so interested in my large family, as I call the little girls and boys I have been supporting, that some day I hope to own a real farm in the country, just as a heaven for the children I take under my wing. One little deserted baby is growing to be a beautiful, fat, roly-poly, and he is called the "Mary Pickford Baby."

One interested party told another disinterested party about my small charges and when the latter repeated it, the story was about "Mary Pickford's baby."

## Some Startling News.

Perhaps that accounts for the following. I overheard a group of people talking the other afternoon as they came out of a theater where "The Girl of Yesterday" was playing.

"You wouldn't think to look at Mary Pickford she is a woman over thirty-five, would you?" asked one.

The other women seemed surprised. "We thought she was just a young girl," suggested an old lady mildly. "Indeed not," emphasized the other woman. "I have friends who know her very well. She has three children, the oldest nearly twelve, and is divorced from her husband."

"You don't say so!" ejaculated the other women. "We never knew she was married."

"She's been married twice." And the woman settled everything decisively.

Husbands! Children! Thirty-five birthdays! I left the group quite bewildered. We learn something new about ourselves every day we live!

## Answers to Correspondents.

A. L., —: I should advise you to take a deep breath before you speak. You had better consult some specialist.

A. W., —: Yes, I have one brother and his name is Jack. I have a light complexion.

L. K., —: You acted as every sensible, refined girl would under the circumstances. I think your photograph will be returned if you write asking for it. Could you not interest yourself in some other vocation?

M. E. C., —: I think if you would get some kind of a pet you would feel less lonely. Have you no avocation, no hobby in which to interest yourself in your leisure time? You know when one is busy there is no time for vain regrets.

Mary Pickford.



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## GREAT PLEASURE IN LITTLE THINGS.

**W**Henever I hear a girl say she is bored with anything I marvel at her, for I cannot understand such an attitude when there are so many interesting things in this world. I always think of Robert Louis Stevenson's lines:

"The world is so full of a number of things

I am sure we should all be as happy as kings."

How many times have we heard people say: "I am so sick of this old world. It is such a stupid place." It isn't the world, but the people in it, that sometimes make it colorless and uninteresting. I always notice that the girls at the studios who are ambitious are never idle. They do not sit around listlessly with their hands in their laps or wander aimlessly about, worrying because the clock does not drag its hands around any faster.

Idle girls miss so many pleasures and they do not seem to know that in every nook and corner there is something new to learn. If they would edge closer to their talkative neighbors, they might find that these strangers have absorbing stories to tell.

## Her Point of View.

Once I was standing on a street corner in Los Angeles, and close beside me stood two women, a giantess and a pigmy. It was circus day, and I felt they were on their way to the sideshow.

Said the giantess, in a high, squeaking voice, "As this is your first visit West, Miss Poncey, tell me what you think of Los Angeles."

Miss Poncey craned her neck and looked around, up the main street, down the side street.

"I kain't say," she said in a loud rumble, "as how I keer much fer Los Angel-leez. Everything seems to be on such a small scale."

After all, it is all according to one's point of view. I remember one day we were out in the country taking "Ramona" when Mr. Griffith, who had watched me sitting looking at the sand, came up to me and asked, with ill-concealed curiosity: "For pity's sake, Mary, what are you looking at? You haven't moved a square inch for the last two hours."

"Look," I exclaimed, pointing down to a little sandhill which was swarming with big black ants. "They have been staging a battle which would make a moving picture director envious. Do you see that red ant there?"

## A Battle Royal.

Mr. Griffith leaned over and studied the army which had formed a large phalanx and was marching on the big red ant I had decided must be the general from the assailing army. The red ants had come from their anthill to attack the black ants. The black ants were wily soldiers and they lay in wait, conserving their

forces, while the red ants scattered far and near, broke their ranks and paid no heed to their general, who ran around in circles, beside himself with apprehension. When the black ants succeeded in driving off the red ants, killing a great number of them, the general was captured.

Mr. Griffith and I watched with suspense the poor, belated general, who seemed to be on trial for his life. At last the largest black warrior in the encampment came up to the red ant and there followed a battle between the two which was fierce and prolonged. Mr. Griffith's assistant, the camera man and one by one the actors came and encircled us, nor could we leave until the red ant had bitten off the head of his black opponent. Because he was victorious, he was allowed to return to his own anthill in glory.

"What you can see in sitting around watching ants is more than I can understand," remarked one of the girls in the company. "It would bore me to tears." From what I have heard of this girl she is exactly where we left her—bored. Those who are bored always bore others.

I think children should be taught concentration when very young. I have a friend whose little girl is made to sit alone in a room without toys for an hour every day. It has become such a habit with the child, this rest hour, she has begun to enjoy it, and it is a habit that will cling to her all her life. In that hour she has devised wonderful games for herself and filled the room with imaginary playmates. Sometimes, when the hour is over, another hour will pass before she leaves the room. This develops a child's imagination, and what a wonderful thing it will be when she is older!

## Answers to Correspondents.

Grace F., Sidney, Ohio: No, I have never washed my hair in gasoline, although I have heard that it is a very sure, cleansing cure, because I read of an actress who got too near the gas stove before her hair was thoroughly dried and was severely burned. I am afraid of such violent methods of shampoo.

Rose G., Memphis, Tenn.: You ask me to describe my dressing room. The dressing rooms of a moving picture studio are not as attractive as permanent ones in a theater. However, I did have a beautiful dressing room in California, with windows looking out on green wheat fields and roses and jasmine climbing over the windows.

Sadie K., New Orleans, La.: It is hard to say which is my favorite color, as I think all the pastel shades are beautiful. I am not so fond of vivid colors, although I think some shades of the warm colors are extremely attractive.

Mary Pickford.



## THE SMILE IN YOUR VOICE.

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**A** FEW minutes ago, I was very much interested in talking over the telephone with a friend when, to my dismay, there was a buzz, a jangling of discordant noises and a man's voice, in high-tempered rage, yelling at me: "Get off this wire—do you hear me? I was busy talking when you butted in!"

I admit that inside of me I was aging like a grizzly, too, but I controlled myself and answered mildly: Pardon me, but the wires must be crossed, for I had no difficulty in getting my party, either. I was suddenly disconnected and of course I thought it was you who had interrupted me."

There was a pause, then his voice, little less gruff and impatient, apologized. "Didn't mean to jump on you, miss, but nothing makes me madder than poor telephone service."

"I know," I replied. "I always felt that way until I watched one of the operators during a busy hour. Now pity them too much ever to scold them."

B-r-r-r! went the telephone, a veritable Fourth of July racket, but then the stranger and I met again over the wire, the snarl had gone out of his voice. He said laughingly: What, you here again? We certainly are having a time of it." His laugh sounded pleasant to my ears and it made me think of the old adage that soft answer turneth away wrath.

So many of the girls at the studio are impatient, and I always try to impress upon them that there is so little to be gained when one loses one's self-control.

## A Fury of Words.

Yesterday a very nice little girl came to grief because she forgot and her tongue ran away with her. It was true, as we afterward argued,

that her director was in the wrong, but it was she who reminded him of it with bitter, reproachful words.

In his eagerness to get through certain scenes before the close of the day, he had sent her scurrying to her dressing-room to change into the little peasant costume she wore in part of the picture. When she emerged from the dressing-room with the peasant costume on, he looked at her impatiently and said, "I thought I told you to get into your ball gown."

The girl eyed him steadily for a minute, then burst into a fury of empty, meaningless words, muttered that he was in the wrong, and, stamping her feet, flew into her dressing-room, slamming the door as viciously as she could. When the door closed upon her, the director thought for a moment, then remembered that she had only obeyed his orders. But there would follow no apologies on his part to a girl who had acted as she had, nor did she deserve any.

How much better if she had gone quietly into her dressing-room, put on her evening gown and, when an opportune moment came, she could have apologized for her delay by recalling to him his own orders. Then he would have been truly sorry and long would he have remembered her consideration and gentleness.

It isn't the words that frame your sentences, but the smile in your voice that conquers. To me the gravest opponent in a vocabulary battle is she who has perfect self-control. I never fear the sputterer nor she of the poisoned tongue; her words are cruel, but they carry no weight.

And how ashamed we feel of ourselves when we lose our temper and, instead of provoking a similar weakness in others, they smile back into our eyes and their answer is kind, although reproachful!

## What the Postman Brings.

Goodness, but how my letters are piling up! I spend hours on Sunday and two or three nights a week going over them. They are pouring in from all parts of the country and I am so afraid the writers will be disappointed if they do not hear as soon as they anticipated. But it takes me some time to go through the stacks before me and answer the thousands of surprising questions that are put to me.

## Answers to Correspondents.

G. D. M., —: Brush your teeth night and morning, and, if possible, after all meals. Use a good mouth wash before retiring. You can keep your finger nails in good condition by using a nail brush daily and manicuring them.

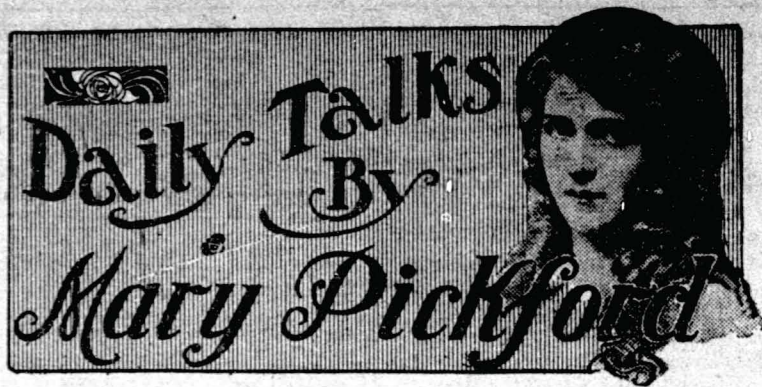
M. L. C., —: My hair is blond and my eyes are hazel.

A. S. Maywood —: Bobbing children's hair is considered beneficial, as it makes the hair grow longer and thicker when they are older.

H. Gray —: Yes, I am always glad to receive letters from my admirers. You are not backward for your age. The address of the Famous Players Company is 156 West Twenty-sixth street, New York City.

Mary Pickford.





## SCHOOL DAYS.

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WHEN I see little youngsters trudging off to school with their books slung over their shoulders, I really envy them and wish I could have had the chance for an education such as is given the children of today.

It is snowing now and in a few days we will see the little army of boys and girls going across the ice and snow, dragging their bright-colored sleds after them. They are all wrapped up in mufflers and furry caps and their little round faces are as rosy as apples.

I was only five when I went on the stage, but I did have a little schooling. As I have always had a natural taste for reading and studying, I had to surmount the obstacles of traveling on the road by having a tutor when it could be afforded.

Well I can remember the lure of my fairy tales and I had to be dragged away almost forcibly from the interesting, highly-colored yarns.

One summer I went to visit a distant relative who had a home in the country. As I went for my health, books were denied me, but this was not a denial I relished. Like Mary's little lamb,

"Everywhere that Mary went Her book was sure to go."

It was always hidden under my apron, wrapped up in my coat or slipped under my lunch basket.

At the back of the house there was a large tree whose lower branches swept the ground. Little and agile as I was, I had no difficulty in climbing until I reached almost the top of the tree, and there I would stay by the hour, chattering like a magpie to the birds whose nesting I had disturbed or reading aloud to them from my fairy book with the idea of entertaining them.

## Defiant on My Perch.

One afternoon my relative discovered my perch in the tree and ordered me down. Her voice was commanding and sounded quite frost-bitten to me, as I tried to slip the book out of sight.

"Come right down here, you wicked child, this very minute," came her second threat. I measured the distance between us and decided I was safer up in the tree than down on the ground. So the more she threatened, the higher I would climb.

Several hours passed, and so terrified was I by that time I could not find courage to move from my pinnacle of safety. Supper time came and there I still sat, perched like a large dodo bird on a waving limb.

When they came out and started to climb after me I would go higher, until it was their turn to be terrified lest I should fall. From my perch, I noticed them whispering, and at last they discovered the solution. One of the boys dragged forth the garden hose and I could see them attaching it to the faucet. The water was icy cold and felt like a thousand needles as it pelted against my arms and legs.

"Will you come down now?" I heard a voice calling to me above the splatter and splash of the water.

"Yessum," I replied through chattering teeth.

Drenched like a little kitten, I crawled down the tree, the volume of water directed just above my head so there would be no chance of my ascending again. Once on terra firma, I fled as fast as my legs could carry me into the house.

These little memories are of what I call my natural school days, for I learned much then of the history of green things, of birds and of flowers.

But still I envy the happy little children who are fortunate enough to be marching into the schoolhouse, knowing that they are laying the foundation for busy, useful lives.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Blondie, —: The matter of controlling your temper can only be decided by yourself. If you have the habit of losing your temper very readily you will have to strive unceasingly to overcome this, and it can be done if you use will power. Eight hours of sleep is considered the right amount for an adult.

School Girl, —: Take the best of care of your hair. Brush it for at least five minutes every night and keep it immaculately clean. If your scalp is dry and needs to be stimulated, massage it with the finger tips for a few minutes night and morning, using a rotary motion. It is not wise to wet your brush.

Esther H. K., —: Since you have made such a good beginning with scenario writing, why don't you continue with it? A good education is a valuable asset, and I should advise you to remain at school until you are older.

Wm. M., —: I love animals, so whenever there is an opportunity to use them in my work I am always glad to do so. I have been on the stage since my fifth year. My sister Lottie has been with the Flying A and Jack is now in California, with Selig.

Mary Pickford.



## A MEASURE OF TEARS AND LAUGHTER.

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DO you know it is so much easier to make people cry than it is to lure them into laughing? When I hear that an audience has laughed at a scene, I really thrill with the pleasure of it. To bring tears to their eyes is less difficult than to bring smiles to their lips, and audiences are so whimsical that what pleases them one performance will be passed by unnoticed the next.

I enjoy comedy, although I must tell you we play it as seriously as drama. The actor who laughs at himself will never be laughed at. He must take himself most soberly so the audience gets their fun out of the uncomfortable positions in which he finds himself.

Jack Barrymore always makes the theater ring with laughter, and the more unhappy Charlie Chaplin is the louder the roars of pleasure that greet his antics. To see Charlie Chaplin off the screen, one might class him as a romantic poet suffering from melancholia. "That man looks like the unhappiest mortal I have ever seen. Who is he?" I overheard at the next table when the comedian walked past them, bowing to one of the party.

"That man—" and the one speaking paused so his words would carry much weight—"is Charlie Chaplin, the greatest funmaker in the world."

Little do you know what sorrows underlie our laughter, and in some of my merriest of screened scenes I have suffered real heartache. Once our dear mother was ill and I could not stay by her bedside. As we were traveling then, I had no understudy, so when the hour arrived for my call to the theater, I had to tear myself away from her and go on, only to romp through a part they applauded because of its merriness.

## The Tragedy of a Clown.

"Giggles" was the name of a little clown we knew who was dying from consumption. Laughter greeted him and laughter echoed longer through the theater when he bowed, tripped and tumbled into the wings. Sometimes he was so weak and ill he tottered and fell, hardly having the strength to crawl to his feet again. It was then the audience laughed the loudest, for, after all, wasn't he the funniest clown in the world?

We must all wear our masks before our neighbors, nor can we ever

take them off until we are looking into the kindly eyes of our sympathetic friends and those who are dear to us. Speaking of this reminds me of a little drama that took place on the snowy corner of Broadway and Forty-second street, New York, last Christmas.

Standing by the curb was a sandwich man dressed as Santa Claus, and on the placard strapped to his back was advertised a Christmas dinner for twenty-five cents. Two beautiful little well-dressed children stepped from a limousine, and before their nurse could stop them they had seen their beloved friend, Santa Claus, and dancing toward him, they hugged him affectionately.

A dirty, wrinkled old hand reached out and lingered on the one little girl's head, touching her tenderly, almost fearfully. In another minute, the nurse had grabbed them away, but not before the little girl had pressed her face to Santa Claus' extended hand and left her good-bye kiss there. Indignantly the nurse scolded the children. Taking out her handkerchief, she drew it across the child's mouth.

But the old man saw none of that. He stood staring down at his own hand as if it had suddenly turned to gold. Then slowly he raised it and drew it across his eyes. Old and dirty and derelict as he was, a little child had come to him and kissed him upon his hand. Perhaps other children had kissed him years before, children of his own, or perhaps he had never known the joy of little ones climbing up into his lap and putting their tiny arms around his neck.

Drunkard he might have been, out-cast or tramp of the streets, but now was he king among men!

## Answers to Correspondents.

Daisy M., —: Unfortunately I do not get as much time to read as I would like to, especially novels, but I do enjoy little essays and bits of poetry. I shall enjoy the book of verses you sent me, I know, for though I do not always understand Browning, I appreciate the great beauty and power of his ideals.

Jennie G., —: Your advice about wearing rubber gloves at night is very good, but I try to avoid having chapped hands by keeping them soft with a good cold cream or glycerin and rosewater. I do not think I could get used to wearing gloves to bed at any cost.

Mary Pickford.



## DIAMONDS—POLISHED AND IN THE ROUGH.

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HOW many times has an ill-mannered person been apologetically pointed out as a rough diamond sans a setting. "His manners are bad, but he has a good heart," they say of him. "Kindness before polish!"

When you meet him he is almost uncouth in his greeting, boorish in his conversation, but his reputation is charitable—he is a rough diamond. To know that one is diamond hearted compensates for a great deal—but a little polish goes a long way.

Whether we come from aristocratic lineage or not, we can be aristocrats within ourselves. All women should cultivate gentle voices and gentlewomen's manners. It serves them well, and how much more consideration they receive from men.

Around a studio you can find almost every type of girl, from the refined to the girl of the streets. She who is loud mouthed, coarse and vulgar never draws herself away from the lowest position in pictures—she is called a professional extra girl. We were all extras once, but the ambitious girls speed onward and never allow themselves to stand still.

Some of the girls cheapen their appearance by wearing garish clothes, as they try to imitate Fifth avenue women by copying their gowned elegance in tawdry materials.

The other evening I sat behind two girls and as I stared at the backs of their heads I felt that I could read the character of their faces. Do you know why? Because their pretty hair was not only done in outlandish coiffures, but was bedecked with rhinestone combs and large butterfly barettes. Two aisles in front of them, I could see a delicately-molded little head, her hair coiled simply at the nape of the neck. I met this girl a few days later and told her I was glad she had come to work in our studio, for I had liked her the minute I set eyes upon her!

All during the first act, my "ladies of the combs," as I styled them, chattered incessantly. I endured it until the middle of the second act, when I found it necessary to lean over and quietly ask them not to talk during the performance. Both girls were abashed and not a word did they utter after a brief apology.

I had expected a loud, ordinary argument in response to my request, for I judged the girls by the backs of the heads. Their looks belied them—they were not common, but just silly young schoolgirls who had probably spent their pennies in imitation jewelry, thinking it improved their appearance.

## A Diamond in the Rough.

One day a girl stopped me with this remark: "Say, Miss Pickford, I want a job in the movies and I want it bad. If you're the right sort, you're going to help me. If you ain't, then good-night for me!"

I was very busy at the time, so I did not make an effort to introduce her to the directors, whom I was sure would be as badly impressed by her manners as I was. A friend who knew her told me later that she was one of those far-famed "diamonds in the rough." She really was a very good girl, the sole provider for her invalid mother, and clever in pictures. Her manner was acquired, my friend explained—she believed in talking straight from the shoulder and thought polite English hypocritical and affected.

Here I go rattling on, getting to be a scolding giver of advice, and I am afraid you will grow tired of me. But it is just like having an intimate little fireside gossip with you all when I write on homey subjects through the papers, and I am always thinking of the young girls who may be anxious to find out which is the straightest path toward success.

## Answers to Correspondents.

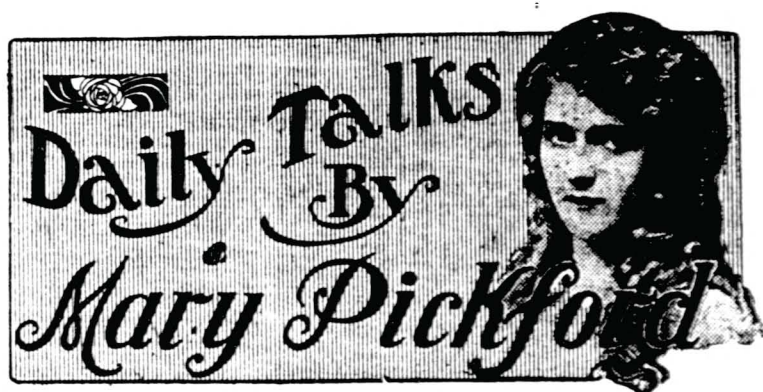
Mamie A., —: I shall eventually return to the stage, but as I have become identified with pictures I want to climb to the top of the ladder before I give them up entirely.

Nina K., —: Lottie is here in New York now, resting after all her strenuous work in "The Diamond from the Sky" serial. Jack is in California with the Selig company.

Harry D., —: Your scenarios were very clever, but only long enough for one and two reel pictures. Try to write original clever feature plays. They are more remunerative.

Mary Pickford.





## I DON A KITCHEN APRON.

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AS I sit down to write this article, I realize that I am not only very tired, but brimming over with reflective woes of a new and original brand. It is not because I worked so very hard today, but when I arrived home, two hours before I was expected, I discovered an empty apartment, a note saying mother and Lottie had gone out shopping and a reminder that this was Nora's and the cook's day off.

For half an hour I busied myself straightening up my room and putting my things in order. Then, with a growing appetite, I sauntered toward the kitchen. The icebox was filled with goody-goodies, and after I made myself a cup of tea (which I am ashamed to confess is the only thing I really know how to cook), I pondered long upon the ways of the kitchen mechanic.

It was an embarrassing situation in which to find myself, this not knowing how to get a square meal in case of an emergency. I decided that perhaps if I should try I might succeed. There was a roast of beef all ready to be put into the oven. In the pantry I knew where the potatoes and vegetables were kept, among them the tomatoes, and I was quite positive that cream of tomato soup would be the simplest thing in the world to make.

## A Surprise for the Family.

I would surprise the family, and when they returned there would be set before them a dinner fit for royalty. There was fully an hour of noisy activity before the roast went into the oven, the potatoes into the pan and the vegetables were peeled. Then I had a few minutes in which to set the table.

"How simple cooking is," I remarked to myself, as I looked with pride upon the steam coming out from the various kettles and could hear the roast sizzling in the oven. I even regretted I had ever told any one I knew nothing of cooking, feeling I had done myself a rank injustice. But, alas, for our little transient vanities—I was destined to come to grief!

When I opened the oven door, the roast was sputtering noisily in half a can of lard which I had put in as a savory foundation. Splash went the lard as I added a cupful of water, and the steam scorched my face, while the vicious little drops of grease covered me from head to foot, burning my arms and soiling my clothes.

I banged the oven door shut and centered my waning interest upon a salad. It should be lettuce with sliced hard-boiled eggs. The next thing for me to do was to prepare the eggs—a very easy process, although it began to look almost scientific to me as I went about the business of it. How-

ever, everything boiled merrily, and so encouraged was I that I began to associate a Yorkshire pudding with my delicious roast beef.

## A Rude Interruption.

The cook book was easily located, and off I fled to the cool, comfortable living room to study the recipes. It seemed to me that they called for portions enough to feed two regiments, so it took me a good half hour at mental arithmetic to figure down proportions enough for four. I might have been there yet with my pencil, paper and cook book if there had not come a terrific explosion from the kitchen, a veritable bombardment.

In dismay I fled out of the room, and when I had reached the stove, to my horror the water had boiled off the eggs and by some strange chemistry which I had never known anything of, those insignificant little eggs had blossomed out and were reposing from the ceiling to the farthest corner of the kitchen.

I won't give space to the description of my feelings, but this is what we had for dinner: One very small scorched potato apiece, some roast beef, nearer shoe leather than anything I can compare it to; plain lettuce salad and a stray vegetable or so, which looked very anemic and was almost raw at the core. Never had I been so tired, but dear mother and Lottie ate it without a word and complimented me extravagantly.

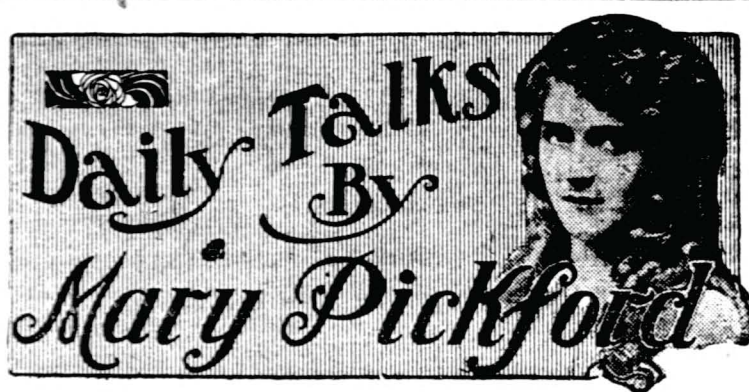
This I want to say to the housewives who can brag of their achievements in the kitchen—it takes greater genius to set a good supper upon the table than it does to become a moving-picture star!

## Answers to Correspondents.

Ella W. writes me that she has a very interesting collection of old fans, one belonging to the Elizabethan period, and one, she claims, belonged to Isabel of Spain. Some day, when I am not working, I am going to make a collection of beautiful old antiques. I want a library with books and rare old prints. You would be very foolish, Miss W., to rent these fans to moving-picture companies, as you suggest, at so much per day, as what you would realize from the rental would never pay you for the risk attached.

Mrs. Dorothy C. sends me a picture of her twin boys. From their picture I think they would make very attractive little moving-picture actors, but such beautiful, healthy children should be allowed to go to school and romp out of doors for a few years longer. Jack's having blue eyes and George's having brown eyes will always distinguish them. I have known twins who looked so much alike they almost had to be tagged in their own families!

Mary Pickford.



## MR. BRUIN IN "CAPRICE."

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I HAVE already said much about animals in pictures, but I have left one whole article to be devoted to Mr. Bruin, who played opposite to me in "Caprice." When you sat back in the theater and watched our friendly antics on the screen, you could never guess that electrical currents were in my scalp that made my hair stand up almost on end every time I was called for a scene with this frisky actor.

He was only three years old and had just found out how irresponsible he could be and how many favors he could get out of us by giving utterance to a formidable growl. I admit I never would have been afraid of a nice old discouraged bear, but when you hear my trials and tribulations with this Bruin you will know that sometimes we face real dangers for the sake of an effect just to amuse you.

The first time we met was on the stage, and somehow or other a wild animal looks more ferocious when he calmly walks from behind tables and chairs and faces you with appraising eye than when he comes gamboling down a country lane.

## Mr. Bruin Shows a Preference.

It was one of the hottest days that summer, and Mr. Bruin was as irritable as the rest of us poor actors, who had spent the day in a bake oven of a studio under the glare of the calcium lights. The director explained that he would be quite tractable if I would offer him chocolate candy, so I took some bonbons when I went on the scene. In two minutes they had melted in my hand to a nice sticky mess, and Mr. Bruin got his eye on it. Although there were several pieces of candy lying on the floor nothing looked good to him except that chocolate hand, and it made no difference whether or not the hand was attached to me. It looked as if nothing was going to stop him until he had swallowed chocolate, me and all.

"Nice Mr. Bear," I said when the camera was grinding away, "don't come too near to me." But he cared not a whit for my protest, and then the chase began. I ran around the room as fast as I could, with the bear galloping at my heels. Over the chairs I jumped and under the table I ducked.

As I said before, he was a sprightly and spirited young fellow, so there was no eluding him. With a yell you could have heard for blocks, I ran as fast as I could toward the property room and there I escaped into a small room cut off by a partition which only came within about three feet of the ceiling.

Where were all the Knights of the Round Table, the would-be heroes of the studio, the leading men who always save young ladies in distress?

They were doing exactly what I was doing—flying for their lives.

Long after the bear was captured and made prisoner by his trainer did I still linger in my hiding place, half smothered and quite terrified. When it was discovered where I was, a property man named Dooley, who had always bragged about my lack of fear, came across an old bear rug, and, donning it, he climbed up on a ladder so the paw and head would come over the top of the partition.

## Hoist with His Own Petard.

I heard soft foot-pats outside the door and grew wide-eyed as low grumbling sounds came through the keyhole. Imagine my horror when the great goggle-eyed bear himself looked over the top of the partition! It did not take me long to decide that a battle between Mr. Bruin and myself, if it had to take place, would be better on the large studio floor than in the 5 by 6 little cubbyhole. With a great yell, I swung open the door, pitched into the ladder, and down came the property man on his head, bear rug and all.

Revenge was sweet! The next afternoon, Dooley was called upon to entice the bear out into the country for more scenes. Mr. Bruin was very easy to handle that day until he took a sudden dislike to Dooley, and with one prolonged yell started in pursuit of him. That property man went so fast you couldn't see him for the dust until he reached a stream which necessitated a wide, dangerous leap.

Under ordinary circumstances, no man could have made it, but to our amusement Dooley cleared the stream without a moment's hesitation. Lucky for him that he did, for Mr. Bruin was far too fat and pompous to make the other shore and landed plump in the middle of the stream. The rush of water dampened his spirits and there he sat for fully an hour, playing with a beer bottle that had floated down stream.

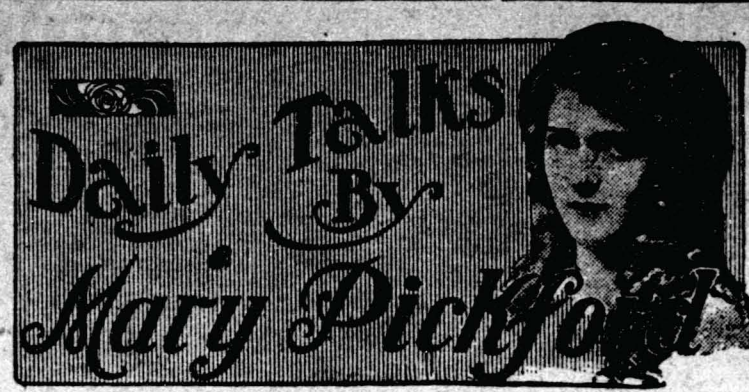
When the picture was over I set my foot down. "No more wild animals for me—that is, in summer," I added by way of compromise.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Winona D. H.—Don't you think it would be better if you oiled your own hair, laid it flat on your head and wore a wig than to bob your hair while taking the part of a boy, especially as it is only an amateur performance for two nights? A girl must be very ambitious to want her hair shorn just for several evenings' entertainment. I had difficulty getting all my long hair under a boys' wig in "Peppina" and under the Japanese wig in "Madam Butterfly."

Josephine P.—Violets are my favorite flowers, and in California we used to ride past acres of them, looking like a green and purple carpet. You can imagine how heavenly the perfume was, although I do not think they are as fragrant as Eastern violets. I also loved the California poppies, which make the fields in spring look as if a golden canopy had floated down upon the earth. But you give me a difficult question when you ask which is my favorite flower, for while I answered violets, I think of the hyacinths and roses, lilies-of-the-valley, and all the other blooms and blossoms that I love.

Mary Pickford.



## OH, TO BE A YOUNGSTER AGAIN!

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WHEN the studio clock pointed to the lunch hour, I was so tired of the indoors I thought it would be a change to ride through the park, knowing there would be beautiful opal-colored icicles hanging from the trees and that it would be fun to watch the children skating on the frozen pond. The air was crisp and most alluring, so, without waiting to change my costume and stopping only long enough to remove my makeup, I climbed into the machine and soon we were speeding through Central Park.

It never occurred to me as any one looked into the car that I must have presented a strange sight, for I was in the little orphan's dress I wear in "The Foundling"—a gingham apron, heavy ribbed stockings and flat-heeled shoes. It was so warm inside of the limousine I had not bundled up in a fur coat, and I was only half hidden by the robes.

How beautiful the women looked, driving past like fairy princesses, sitting back in their luxurious cars, cosily wrapped in their sables.

It was Saturday, so the park was swarming with children, skating and whizzing by on their sleds. As a youngster I was more fond of coasting down the snowbanks than any other of the children's games. For fifteen minutes I watched them as they came sweeping down the hill, laughing and shouting with the fun of it.

## A Return to First Principles.

Finally I could not stand it any longer, and so I slipped out of the limousine and casually dropped in upon a group of youngsters who were climbing up the hill dragging their sleds after them.

"Will you let me go down on your sled?" I asked one of the older boys, who had a fat good-natured face, and who seemed to be the ringleader of them all. The boy turned around and regarded me from my two braids down to my very shabby shoes.

"Get along, you poor kid, you," he said to me arrogantly. "Who said you could come along with us, anyway?"

"I'll give you a nickel for a ride," I promised, remembering that my purse was tucked away in a pocket under the apron.

"Say, little girl, I'll give you two rides on my sled for a nickel," came from a very diminutive youngster. "But you got to show me the nickel first."

I dug down into my pocket and produced a dime. "I'll take four rides," I said, as I handed the boy the money and appropriated the sled.

"Pie face! Pie face!" shouted the fat boy, as he watched the little fellow pocket the ten cents greedily. "I hope you fall and break your neck, Miss Butinsky."

The other children laughed uproariously at this and clapped their hands as I tried to get all there was of me on the small boy's smaller sled.

"I'll race you!" shouted four or five of them, and this is the way we started pell mell down the hill. You cannot imagine how quickly I bridged the years from my own childhood to the present as I felt the delightful sensation of spinning down grade, followed by a dozen laughing, screaming, breathless children.

## Incognito No Longer.

At the bottom of the hill the fat boy's sled and mine collided, and over and over we rolled in the snow. "It's your fault!" he shouted, grabbing one of my pigtails.

"It's your fault," I repeated, trying to extricate myself from both sleds and many arms and legs. But before I had achieved this victory he had slapped me in the face, such a resounding smack that it brought me to my senses.

When I jumped to my feet he had gone, and I turned to look at the other children, who were staring at me with open mouths.

"It's Mary Pickford," whispered one of the little boys. "No, 'tain't!" "Yes, 'tis!" "Tain't!" "Tis!"

I didn't give them a chance to make sure, but fled just as fast as I could from the scene until I reached the machine, where I jumped in and was whisked away before the youngsters could follow me.

Oh, to be a youngster again! Those are the joys we dream of, but we are taking an awful chance when we try to make our dreams come true.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Jessie V.—I tried your suggestion of using chalk for the teeth, but do not like its lack of flavor. You should not be unhappy because you are so tall, as this is an age for tall, Junoesque women. Even the show girls of today are stately beauties instead of the piquante ingenues of yesterday. I always wanted to be tall and have hair as black as a raven's wing. We really should be contented with what we were given, but few of us are.

Della C.—If I were you, I would not give up studying art, as there really is no more money in becoming a moving picture actress if you are clever with the pen and brushes. Your father added to your letter that you promised great talent as an illustrator. Ever since I was old enough, I have had a longing to draw and paint. Sometimes when I am in the country I try to sketch the trees, and how I envy you the chance to study at the Art League!

Mary Pickford.





## FEAR.

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**T**HERE is no sickness as poignant as fear. It can be death-dealing and there is that suffering attendant upon it which leaves the most frightful scars in our memories.

Most of us learn fear when we are children, usually before we are five years of age, and it is the ghosts of these haunting terrors of our childhood that linger with us until we are old enough to analyze and dispel them.

Sometimes when children are naughty their mothers or their nurses scold them, warning them if they don't behave the bugaboo will come and steal them away.

It was just such a story as this told me by a nurse when I was a youngster that taught me to fear the dark. When mother was away this nurse used to put me in my crib and, after turning the light out, threatened me with an awful goggle-eyed bugaboo living under my bed, who would reach out his long, snaky fingers and grab me if I stirred or made an outcry.

Sometimes it would seem to me hours before I finally fell asleep, lying there in my crib shivering with terror and listening until the pulses beat in my ears for any sound of the bugaboo stirring in his lair.

## Those Early Impressions.

When I grew older and confided in mother about these after-dark terrors of mine, she did everything in her power to make me overcome them. I used to beg mother to let the lights stay lit until I was fast asleep, for even she could not persuade me that strange and weird creatures of another world did not lurk in the shadows of the room.

Do you know, I must confess that even now, as I cross the threshold into an empty, dark room, there is a little tug at my heart strings, and I hesitate. It isn't because I have any fear now, but there still remain the influences of those impelling fear habits.

This same nursemaid had another form of punishment which was just as acute as the bugaboo of darkness. In the top bureau drawer there were four or five elastic bands she had tied together. Sometimes when I did not do as I was told—she called it sauciness—she would make for the little box of elastics.

"Do you know what this is?" she would ask, holding it above my head so that it trembled like a live thing. "Yes, ma'am," I would shriek with terror. "It's a spider." "It's a spider," she would repeat after me, "a big, black, terrible spider who is going to bite your tongue off." And with that she would hold me in rigid grasp while nearer and nearer came the elastics to my mouth.

As I grew older, my love of Nature prompted me to study books upon the habits and industry of the spider, but I never could overcome my fear of them, and to this day when one innocently crawls into my dressing room I turn pale with fear and a dizziness comes over me which almost sweeps me off my feet.

Fear is as unnecessary as lying if children are guarded and protected. We were never afraid to tell our mother the truth, and if it had not been our dear mother had to work to support us we should never have been left at any time to the unsympathetic mercies of a nurse.

I heard one of the women at the studio the other day trying to make her little boy cry in a scene. She said, "If you don't do this as mamma wants you to do that big dog will come and carry you away in his mouth."

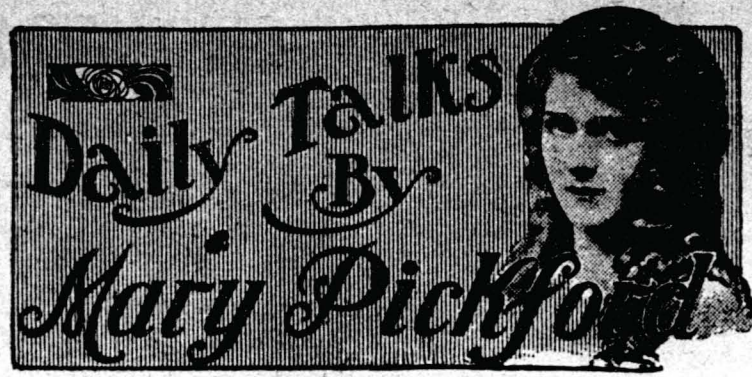
The child looked over at Bruno, our studio Newfoundland pup, and screamed with terror. That afternoon Bruno, who loves children, lumbered after the boy to lick his little hands. When the child saw Bruno back of him, he threw himself flat on his face, and before he could be calmed the poor little tad went into a convulsion of hysterics. There is little doubt that this child will grow up having an instinctive fear of dogs, just as other children run away from cats because their nurses told them cats have witch's eyes.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mary J.—What a delightful little farm you must have, and how I would enjoy visiting you! But it is seldom I can get away from this busy life of mine, especially long enough to go any distance from home. Do you know that I was born in Canada, too, and that I am very proud of the Canadian boys who have proved themselves such heroes in the war? Do let me know what you hear from your brother, as I can appreciate your heart-breaking anxiety.

"Little Johnnie Blackbird" tells me that he is taking my advice about studying Nature and that he brought home some pollywogs the other afternoon. At the end of the second page, he writes that he got mad at his Brother George and let some of the pollywogs slide down the back of George's neck. That is a revised version of Nature study which certainly surprises me, although probably I was not half as surprised as Brother George was. Johnnie also added that he would like to marry me when he grew up, but I am afraid if I wait until that time Johnnie will have changed his mind. At any rate, he is going to be a moving-picture actor and a cowboy.

Mary Pickford.



## LIFE'S LESSON OF FORTITUDE.

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**T**WO years ago, when I was so very ill after my operation for appendicitis, I spent many weeks in the hospital, striving to recover from that dreadful shock which almost proved fatal to me.

There are many articles I want to write upon that epoch of my life, but today I want to speak about the little incidents that struck their minor chords in my heart.

Then it was I found friends I never dreamed were close and realized how much love there was held out to me. The night when the doctors told my family and waiting friends that life was ebbing very low and my chances for recovery were few, they took upon themselves a long vigil of prayer, that dawn might find me better.

Dorothy Gish, Mae Marsh and Blanche Sweet all sat with mother, Lottie, and Jack, waiting outside my door, through those terrible hours which seemed endless to me because of my waning strength. The crisis had passed in the morning, but it was days before I could see them and thank them feebly for that love whose strength in itself I thought did a great deal toward pulling me through.

Sometimes they were not allowed in my room, but music it was to me to hear their voices as they talked to each other outside my door, inquiring anxiously of my nurse how I had spent the night and when could they be allowed to see me.

Often the world seems like a cold stone mausoleum and the people who inhabit it mere automatons without heart and without emotions. This is our workaday world, where each one is striving to outdistance his neighbor in achievements, and the law of self-preservation makes us seem hard and relentless as we sweep past everyone else. It is only when we face just such a crisis as I had passed through that we lean upon others for moral and mental support, drawing from them their strength, which they give willingly because of their love for us.

## A Valuable Lesson.

During those weeks of recovery I pondered long upon the philosophies of life, and in that very hospital did I see and learn much of the brave suffering of humanity. To me women have always such wonderful fortitude, and this impression was strengthened by the lesson I learned from the little woman who had the room next to mine.

"Who is that singing?" I asked my nurse one day when I listened in amazement to a high, broken falsetto. "It is the little woman next door,"

replied my nurse, "the most pitiful object that was ever brought into the hospital. She was burned from head to foot trying to save her little baby's life. When the doctor comes in the morning to dress her wounds, her husband stands outside the door, listening to her. That he may not know how much she suffers during this frightful ordeal, she sings little songs they both loved and sang together."

I shuddered with the horror of it, and felt as if I wanted to cover my ears so the heart-breaking strains would not reach them.

"And did the little boy live?" I asked my nurse.

"There was not a mark on him," she replied, "and he, too, gurgling in his father's arms, is unconscious of his mother's sacrifice."

When I was better I asked them to take me to see her and we spent many hours together, though my heart always ached when I looked over at the pitiful little bandaged face, where there was only visible two large, tender, deep-set eyes.

There were little cripples in the hospital who had never known the glories of the out-of-doors and who had never romped and danced down shady green lanes. Neither had they ever climbed trees in search of birds' nests or slid pell-mell down dazzling snowbanks. Some of these little cripples never would know these joys, but would have to lie on their backs all their lives, only able to drag themselves across the room with the aid of two little crutches.

How happy we should feel, we who have our health, and how charitable toward those less fortunate than we!

## Answers to Correspondents.

Hazel F.—Don't you think a nice ivory toilet set would be a pretty gift for your sister for her birthday? Your writing that she wanted a silver toilet set, but that you could not afford it, suggested the ivory. I have a very plain, monogrammed set in my dressing-room and have had so much pleasure out of it. It can always be kept clean and does not tarnish or scratch like liver. Then it is very much more sensible for a fifteen-year-old girl.

Allie H.—If you are so eager to hide your thinness in a party dress, there are no dresses more effective than the little Marie Antoinette styles with hoops and the panniers at the hips. A scarf of tulle around the neck makes a face look fuller and softens its outline. I always sew a silver or beaded tassel to each end of the scarf. If you are careful of it, you will find it can be worn two or three times.

Mary Pickford.



## TABLES TURNED.

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**M**Y brother Jack and I always hated to see the hours drag by in a "funereal procession," as Jack used to call it.

When things were dull, we racked our brains to polish them up a bit. One summer, several years ago, while we were all at a summer resort taking pictures and resting in-between times, the afternoons were long and yawny.

"Let's stir things up a bit," whispered Jack to me, as we sauntered along toward the edge of the pier, followed by Lottie, Owen Moore, James Kirkwood, and a large, imposing individual who was very attentive to Lottie.

"You stand near the edge of the dock," continued Jack, "watch your chance, and tumble in. You can swim like a fish, Mary, but just to scare them pretend you are drowning and I will jump in and rescue you."

It seemed rather an absurd thing for two grown-ups to plot, but I never could resist Jack's sense of humor, and then, as I said, it was a sultry, uninteresting afternoon, so why not cause a ripple of excitement to stir the others into action?

I balanced for a minute on the edge of the pier, and then over I toppled, parasol and all. Even before I struck the water, I could hear the awful scream that went up from the on-lookers, and above it came Jack's voice: "Stand back, everybody. I will save her. She cannot swim a stroke."

## An Unexpected Hero.

The water was chilly and it seemed to me as if I almost went to the bottom of the ocean before I came up for air. To my horror, Jack was nowhere near me, but just as I glanced up, the large, lumbering individual, to prove himself a hero in the eyes of Lottie, gave a leap and landed a foot away from me in the water.

I took a few strokes, trying to get out of range, knowing he could not swim, but I felt him grab me, and down the two of us went—down, down, and down, fighting like a couple of wildcats under the water. I was trying to get away from him and he was bravely attempting to cling to me, believing we would both float to the surface. Jack had missed us, and there was no longer any fun attached to it.

Fortunately, Owen Moore, realizing the danger, came diving in after us, and when he dragged us toward

the shore I was almost unconscious, and both my would-be rescuer and I had some pretty serious moments before the crowd gathered around us was assured we were past the danger point.

## Stealing Our Thunder.

Lottie was carried up to the hotel, suffering from hysterics, but Jim Kirkwood, who had laughed uproariously through the whole episode, and had not made a move to either assist or console, sauntered leisurely toward the hotel in time to meet the reporters, who hurried to the scene after receiving word that Mary Pickford was almost drowned on the beach.

Mr. Kirkwood gave them a very glowing account of what a hero he had been and how he had saved the lives of Mary Pickford, Owen Moore, Jack Pickford, and a rescuer. The next day it came out in flaunting headlines and Mr. Kirkwood received telegrams from all over the country, congratulating him upon his heroism.

It took me two days to fully recover, and not a peep came from Jack or me as to how the trouble started. Flowers piled up in my room and friends came with long faces, lamenting over the fact that I had had such a severe shock. And now I am wondering what they will say when they read this bold confession, branding Jack and me as two of those pestiferous creatures known as practical jokers.

## Answers to Correspondents.

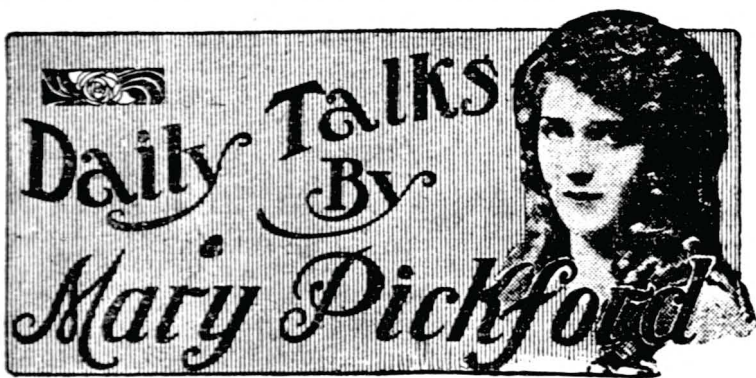
Maizie J. asks—"Do you know of any exercises prescribed for reducing flesh?"

No, I have never had to take off weight. I would never advise any one to take patent medicines. The effect of the cure is sometimes worse than the disease.

Hattie N.—I have used ice on my face for the last two or three years, and I think it is quite beneficial, as it seems to harden the tissues. Of course, as I must always confess, I am no authority on beauty culture. What may agree with me may seriously disagree with another. When a girl writes and asks me how I keep my complexion clear I can only tell her what I individually do for it. I always enjoy my daily ice bath, and feel refreshed after it, noticing it stirs the circulation and gives me unusual color.

Mary Pickford.





## THE CALL OF THE DINNER BELL.

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TODAY I opened a letter from a little girl of thirteen, which read:

"Dear Friend Mary—I know you very well as I see you many times on the screen. I am writing to ask you if moving picture actresses eat the same kind of food as other people eat. Sometimes you look as if you eat too much, you look so fat, and other times you look so skinny you look as if you hadn't eat enough. I read in a story once where actresses had champagnes with their meals. I never tasted enny but I guess I will soon, as I'm going to be an actress myself and maw said I could."

Oh, that our delusions of tomorrow should be our allusions of today! It is just as well, however, that we are always searching for rainbows in a storm-blown sky.

Hundreds of ambitious young girls write to me of their dreams to dawn when they, too, will be heralded as actresses either of the stage or the screen or perhaps of both.

"My ambition is to become an actress," another girl writes, "so I can live in a beautiful apartment with gold colored wall paper and feed upon hothouse dainties served on monogrammed china."

I wondered to myself if this young girl thought of the hothouse dainties because she had lived all her life on a farm and had grown to hate the healthy, crude products of the soil. We moving picture actresses who day after day are whisked from one location to another would almost be willing to give half our salaries for a month of those very meals at the farm of which she writes. How many times have I sat in the automobile, hungry

and cold and tired, waiting for them to bring my luncheon, which would consist of an uncertain sandwich, a glass of cold milk and a piece of soggy pie!

Sometimes I close my eyes and try to imagine that I am out on a great, beautiful farm, waiting for the dinner bell to ring out its promise of steaming dishes and mugs of foamy milk.

But it is always what Miss Other Girl has that looks the most enticing to us, and while I would like to sit down to her place at the table on the farm, she writes to me that she would forewear her healthy out-of-door life for my strenuous existence as a moving picture actress.

## A Motley Scene.

When visitors come to the studio for the first time, I always invite them to have luncheon at the studio cafe. The word "cafe" lends quite a dignified tone to what is really a long lunch counter with the dairy dishes piled high in the center. It isn't what we are to dine upon that I hold out as the attraction (we dine happily, but seldom well), but it is like introducing a stranger into an imaginary painted world, such as H. G. Wells might write of.

Sometimes there are over a hundred of the actors and actresses sitting around the counter in costumes representing every country, every age and every style—a cowboy is sharing coffee and doughnuts with a convict on one side and with Duchess Vere de Vere on the other, who wears the famous Vere de Vere pink pearls!

A tall, thin man, who looks as if he might be Don Quixote, is eating shredded wheat biscuit and drinking a cup of hot water, while he reads a large, dignified book entitled "Brain and Brawn." As we pass we notice three soldiers who are enjoying huge platters of pork and beans. One wears a German uniform, the other a French and the third an English! Enter two severe judges, a bishop and a priest of the days of the Spanish Inquisition with three ballet dancers and Marie Antoinette!

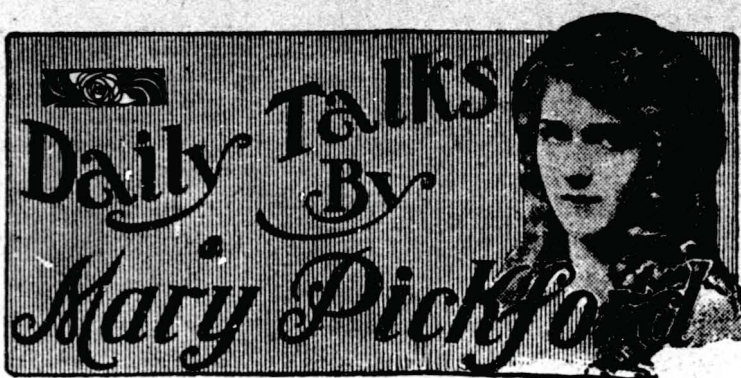
The Duke of Wellington pays for Napoleon's luncheon, while a Japanese soldier and Russian peasant girl, the girl wearing an engagement ring the Japanese soldier has just given her, go arm in arm out of the cafe. Which all goes to prove that world peace always prevails at the call of the dinner bell!

## Answers to Correspondents.

Ambitious, M. E. W., and J. W. P.—The motion picture company addresses are as follows: Famous Players Company, 128 West 56th St., New York; Pathe, 25 West 45th St., New York; Biograph, 807 West 175th St., New York; Essanay, 43 West 30th St., New York; Mutual, 126 West 46th St., New York; Kalem, 235 West 23rd St., New York; Vitagraph, Selig, and Lubin, 1600 Broadway, New York.

M. L. G.—I think if you would eat good nourishing food and not too many sweets the hollows in your face would fill out. Cold cream cleanses the skin thoroughly.

Mary Pickford.



## KINDNESS TO DUMB ANIMALS.

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THIS morning I saw a man mercilessly beating his horse, and I cannot shut out of my mind the horrors of it. The great, long whip lashed the horse's ribs, while, stung with the pain of it, he strained every muscle to haul his heavy load up a slippery, steep hill.

Tonight I saw an impatient woman striking a little child, and the baby turned, looking with dumb terror into her mother's eyes. Both the old horse and the little girl were being punished because they could not obey unflatteringly and they could not protect themselves.

I have begun this article seriously, but shall end it with a little story about my grandfather, who was almost foolish in his love and protection of the "fanned, furred and feathered."

Most of our neighbors raised Belgian hares, squabs or chickens for their Sunday dinners, and Lottie, Jack and I strayed often into other territories because we enjoyed these pets, as we called them.

Lottie would sit for hours watching the rabbits as they wiggle-waggle their long ears at her, and what a wail of despair she would set up when on Monday afternoon she discovered one missing.

"I wouldn't be bothered with the pesky creatures," grandfather would say, drawing his mouth down grimly. "I don't like them." But we all knew our grandfather too well not to see through this—it was because he was too tender-hearted. We surmised he was always thinking of the Saturday nights before those Sunday dinners when he would have to go out, capture his victim and chop off its head.

Once when he was visiting a neighboring town, grandmother bought some chickens and had them installed before he returned. He didn't grumble a bit, but just took the responsibility of caring for them. Of course they had not been there a week before we three children adopted them as playmates.

## The Lord High Executioner.

There was one impudent old rooster we called "Lord Chesterfield" who would follow my grandfather around everywhere he went. But the day

dawned when grandmother almost tearfully pronounced his death sentence.

"I won't do it," thundered my grandfather. "I tell you I will not do it!" By sunset he was prevailed upon and in awed silence we watched him as he prepared for the execution. "Where's that rooster?" he demanded. "It was an easy matter for Jack to capture Lord Chesterfield, for he was accustomed to pursuit."

"Give 'm here." And grandfather took him almost roughly from Jack and laid the poor, unsuspecting old fellow upon the block, as he held the axe high above his head, looking in the other direction that he might be spared the sight. With a prolonged wail Lottie, Jack and I fled into the house. There followed a dull thud, a squawk and a few minutes later grandfather came trudging up the back stairs.

## Still Cock o' the Walk.

"Where's the rooster?" mother asked, looking at his empty hands. "Woodpile," grandfather replied laconically.

Down to the woodpile we ran to gather up Lord Chesterfield's remains. There he was, perched on a slat and heroically crowing. A few of his feathers were rumpled and there was a small cut on the side of his neck—that was all!

## Answers to Correspondents.

Sadie G.—Yes, they are still wearing the skirts very short this winter, and because of that one sees so many spats. I like them when they are nice and clean, but, as you say, splashing through the mud they soon look dingy. If you have weak ankles you should wear shoes for a while. Shoes also have a tendency to reduce the ankles when there is surplus flesh.

Minnie A.—What a serious, dangerous experience you had, using that dye for the eyelashes. I advise many girls not to trust such a delicate organ to unknown prescriptions in the hope of beautifying themselves. I shuddered when I read you had been almost blind for two or three days and thought I must surely speak of this to all of the other girls with blond eyelashes who write to ask me what to use to darken them.

Mary Pickford.



## A SLUMMING PARTY.

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I HAVE read about it often and have heard about it oftener, but I never really went slumming until the other evening. Of course, I feel there is no part of the city, from the heights to the depths, we do not see when we are abroad taking pictures. But the terrors are always lessened by the sunlight drifting into the alleyways, making them a little less gloomy and formidable than they seem in the dark nights, lighted only by an occasional street lamp.

It has always seemed strange to me to find how happy the people are who live in these miserable tenements, while I have often observed how somber hued are the lives of those who come from mansions on Fifth Avenue or the Drive.

As we drove through the streets, in spite of the cold, the old Italians with their hurdy-gurdy were still playing on the street corners. Though it was getting toward ten o'clock, there were dozens of children swarming around, dancing in the cold, partly to keep warm and partly because theirs is the natural joy of living.

Most interesting of all the evening was our visit to the Yiddish theater, where we were guests of the Russian and Jewish actors. How wonderful they seemed to us, although we did not understand a word of what they said. Their pantomime and their movements were so expressive we did not need to know their language.

Only a few years ago had Nazimova been discovered in one of these little theaters, and so thrilled were we by the acting of one young girl, we felt it would not be long before Broadway would be calling to her, too.

## In Strange Company.

Some one suggested, when we left the theater, that as we represented the great moving picture industry, we should go to the largest of the East Side moving picture theaters. Up a little crowded elevator into a great spacious theater we went, which was packed with Russians, Poles and Jews—in fact, all the nationalities of Europe and America. We looked past this sea of strange foreign faces and felt almost as if we had stepped into another country.

The little manager wedged his way through the crowd and came upon us with wonderment in his eyes.

"We know you," he said to Clara Kimball Young and me. "There is not a man, woman or child in this house who does not know you. We show your pictures here all the time," and after telling us how fond the people were of us and with what enthusiasm they greeted us on the screen, he asked if we wouldn't go up on the stage and speak a few words to them. It descended suddenly, but the

spirit of adventure was upon us. Before we realized it, we were walking down the aisle and climbing upon the rather uncertain stage, a spotlight upon us, facing the big, surprised audience, which rose to its feet.

I was the unfortunate victim first, and as the man introduced "Miss Mary Pickford," I felt almost as surprised as the open-mouthed people who stared at me. I think I mumbled something about it being a great pleasure to be there unexpectedly, but here I faltered, and, glancing at Miss Young, who looked beautifully composed, I added that she would have to make the speech for both of us.

Undaunted, Miss Young stepped forward and laughingly said I had honored her with the compliment that she could make a better speech than I, adding with a smile, "But I really think she is picking on me because I am so much bigger than she is!"

The audience laughed at this, and so did I, but I clung to her while she made one of the prettiest impromptu speeches I had ever heard. Those wide-eyed people looked at us as if they thought we surely must have dropped from another planet.

After the thundering applause, we escaped, I do not know how, because they mobbed us as far as the street.

## The Chinatown of Today.

"There is only one tour left for us and that is Chinatown," laughed one of our party. So it followed that we discovered a guide who took us through mysterious highways and byways, impressing upon us that unless we were masked and muffled to the eyes we stood in immediate danger of not only being killed, but spending a night in the city jail. He made me quite terrified, but my fears were calmed when I realized he had sized us up for tourists who thought that really to enjoy their trip they must feel that dangers and mysteries confronted them. Alas, all we saw of terrible Chinatown was an old, dilapidated joss house, a little hovel where a Chinese woman sold bracelets for fifteen cents apiece and a peek into a door which the guide, in awed whispers, assured us was a notorious gambling house and opium den.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Annabel D.—Yes, indeed, I have read many books by the Russian writers, and while some of them are extremely gruesome, they are so strong and I like them because the characters are developed so vividly.

"Unhappy Little Girl."—I feel so helpless when you write to me for such personal advice, and you must not think me cross when I tell you I believe you are very much in the wrong. At sixteen, a girl should be thinking of her school and not of marriage.

Mary Pickford.





## IN SEARCH OF ATMOSPHERE.

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WE are just beginning a new play, and as it is a factory story I am eager accurately to portray one of the unfortunate girls who toil day after day in those great beehives of modern industry. Several times have I gone down to the manufacturing district during the noon hour or at five-thirty, when the girls, tired, hollow eyed and pale-faced, leave after a hard day's work. I stopped several of them and talked to them, but unfortunately I was recognized and the girls swarmed around me, as eager to hear about moving pictures as I was to know of their daily experiences. They could not understand why I asked them how long they had worked, or why I broached, as gently as I could, their home lives. But it was not curiosity that prompted me to ask so many personal questions—it was genuine interest. I explained to them fully that it was because we were going to do a factory story and I was anxious to make it so true to life it would reach out and appeal to all who should go to see it, from those who control the vast industries to those who are but a spoke in the great wheel of progress.

## Robbed of Their Youth.

I did not tell them how unhappy the sight of their pinched faces made me feel or that I noticed most of the young girls' backs were round from stooping over machines all day long. Several of the girls asked me, "How old do you think I am, Miss Pickford?" Some of those whom I guessed to be twenty-five or twenty-six told me they were just seventeen or eighteen, while other young girls who looked at least nineteen confessed to being sixteen, just old enough to meet the requirements of the law which grants them the privilege of going to work.

In many States I have seen poor, hollow-chested little children of nine and ten on their way to the factories in the early morning, where, unfortunately, the laws are not as strict as they are here.

Talking with these girls, I feel sympathetically drawn to them, and when visiting their homes I know I am learning much which will be of benefit to me in my service to them, for it is their needs I am striving to present to the public.

In my many visits I became very much attached to a quaint old character called Miss Jenny. She was so old she made me think of an apple that had withered and dried on the tree, but had clung to a little feeble branch of life with a tenacity which none of the elements, storm nor wind, could remove.

She was truly feminine and confessed to only eighty years, though she acknowledged she had to tell the

manager of the factory the dreadful fib that she was still in her sixties in order to keep her position.

Some one remarked that Miss Jenny must be rich as Croesus since she had been working steadily since she was fourteen. But those who knew her best told me that her little savings had fed two generations of poor people who lived in the sunless alley, migrating and emigrating.

## Her Wish Granted.

Mother and I climbed three long flights of rickety stairs and there in a little room, as neat as a beehive, lived Miss Jenny. She told us, in her high, cackling voice, of all her friends in the tenement house and of the children who were now grown up and had children of their own.

When we left, mother asked her if there was not something we could bring her on our next visit, something she had always longed to have. Miss Jenny studied hard for a few minutes, then said that all her life she had wanted a canary. She had had a kitten once, a little bedraggled animal the boys in the neighborhood had almost stoned to death, but that was twenty years ago. The tears rolled down her cheeks as she told how she had buried the old cat when he had died after his fifteen years' companionship. She had stolen to the park so she could give him a grave worthy of him under a flowering syringa bush.

From Miss Jenny's we went to the bird store, where we picked out a pretty, full-throated singer, getting him a jaunty little cage, so he would be sent to her in style.

All during the taking of the picture I shall go to these neighborhoods in search of color, types and adventure.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Allie P.—To me it would seem foolish for you to remove the mole, as they are considered beauty marks, especially when they are on the cheek under the eye. A well-known physician told me that cancer is sometimes caused by removing moles. We never seem to be satisfied with ourselves. Other girls are adding beauty spots as an attraction and here you are trying to hide or cover yours. Speaking of beauty marks, have you ever read Hawthorne's story about the "Birthmark"? It contains a valuable lesson.

Lelia T.—When I was as lonely as you, I tried to bring little cheery things into my life so the sunlight would filter through the shadows. Do you know, one of the first things I did was to get a wee canary. As he sang all day long in his bright little cage, I felt his companionship. We grow too serious when we are too much alone. Why don't you get a library card and take out books?

Mary Pickford.



## THE FIREMEN.

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LAST night, as we were coming home from the theater, three great fire engines thundered by us. It was the coldest night we have had this winter in New York, and we could see the blanched, blue faces of the men who clung to the wagons, some of them still putting on their coats, having responded to the call on a second's notice.

A few blocks away, we could see the flames illuminating the sky and knew they had a terrible ordeal before them. From all directions came the engines and we turned our machine around and followed the crowd.

As we drew near to the fire, the policemen hurried up to us and warned us away, telling us one of the large ice plants was on fire and there were terrible dangers impending if the flames licked their way to the great ammonia tanks. As fast as the eager, curious crowd pushed its way forward the officers, almost using force, would order us back, but no one stopped the firemen from going near the building. Silhouetted against the flames, we could see their ladders and the poor boys going up the building, groping their way through the poisonous fumes and blinding, suffocating smoke.

"Oh, why don't they order the firemen back?" I finally asked breathlessly. "If one of the tanks blew up wouldn't there be dozens of them killed?"

## An Honest Tribute.

"Sure," replied a policeman, looking at me with surprise, "but ain't that their line of business? Somebody's got to do it, but—" he added, with a touch of compassion, "they're brave, them cusses, and they're tender hearted, too. I've known them to risk their lives to save some old woman's canary, and they'd go through ten stories of hell to save a little kid."

I thought of the boys who had fought the flames all night long when our studio burned. Early in the morning, when there was nothing left of the building but a mass of smoldering coals, the firemen were called off duty. One of the boys was missing. They told us he had been killed early in the evening when a hose burst and the nozzle struck him in the temple. I was aghast when I heard of the tragedy, but one of the firemen smiled at me, saying, "Well, I guess a life ain't of any more value than property, after all, Miss Pickford. It don't seem so to us boys who don't know what we're going to face every time we're called to duty. And pretty tough times we have, at that."

As he and I were talking, nine or ten of the firemen came out of the building and circled around me, looking at me with gracious curiosity.

"Say, Miss Pickford," one of them asked me, almost sheepishly, "you don't mind if us fellows give you the once over, do you? John and Pete here deserve a look because they pretty near broke their necks trying to beat the flames to it and get into your dressing room first. They thought you might have a lot of little trinkets you'd be glad to have saved."

I couldn't thank them enough nor could I throw off the depressing thought that one of their crew had been killed.

## At the Firemen's Ball.

The boys asked me if I wouldn't attend their ball, which was to be for the benefit of the firemen's widows and orphans, and I was very glad to accept their invitation.

At the ball, I made a speech, but it was mostly to the mothers, sisters, sweethearts and wives of those brave boys, who deserve not only consolation for having the terrors and dangers always confronting them, but to be proud they belong to men who were giving their lives for the protection of humanity and the interests of society.

An amusing memory of the evening was my dancing with one of the firemen who told me that the happiest day of his life would be when I would ride to a fire, sitting beside him on his engine!

"I think you are a plucky enough little fellow to do that, Miss Pickford," he added, as he guessed all the time what was revolving in my mind, "and it is a thriller, too. I tell you, there isn't nothing prettier than looking down on those three big husky horses of mine. You know, we firemen don't care so much for our engines when they give us ninety-horsepower trucks."

I shall always remember that ball as a very happy event in my life.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Madeline H.—Those were very good suggestions for articles and I appreciate your interest. That is what I enjoy from my readers when they send me personal letters—suggestions as to what they would like to have me write about. I am glad you liked "The Girl of Yesterday." Yes, Jack Pickford is my brother, but we are not playing together now, as he is with the Selig company in California.

Lionel G.—Surely you must believe my little animal stories, as you would never doubt them if you once visited a moving picture studio. We never have stuffed bears, as you seem to think, but real grizzlies, frisking around as merrily as kittens—though not quite so gently. There have been several keepers and many actors injured in staging these wild animal plays. Personally I do not relish playing opposite these temperamental troupers.

Mary Pickford.



## A FAIR EXCHANGE IS NO ROBBERY.

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AS I have often told you, I always enjoy writing about my pets, whether they are those brought to me at the studio or the little ones I have at home.

Today I was given a parakeet, and it made me think of Don Carlos, a little pet parrot I had last summer. He was a tame little fellow and as jaunty as he could be, though, discontented to sit on his painted perch for two minutes at a time. When I was not looking, he would crawl out, walk along the floor or climb up on my chair until he was on a level with my shoulder, then over he would hop, sitting there so friendly and so highly amused at himself.

I made a great pet of him, and when I went South for a picture I was anxious to take him with me. Mother thought it would be best for me to leave him with Lottie, as I was never sure of how much attention I could give any pet when I had to travel from one hotel to another.

"Promise you will keep up his education," I admonished Lottie. "He knows more tricks now than any parrot I have ever seen. I insist that Don Carlos shall be all the gentleman his name suggests."

Lottie promised faithfully, though I must say it was with some reluctance I went away without him.

Lottie did not say much about Don Carlos in her letters, and I was almost afraid to ask, fearing something had happened to him. But when I returned there he sat on his perch, as pompous and self-important as ever.

"Don Carlos," I cried, hurrying over to him and putting my finger out so he could climb upon it, as had always been his custom, "don't you know me any more?"

Don Carlos gave a threatening squawk and before I could withdraw my finger he had nipped me good and hard.

I turned around to see mother and Lottie looking at each other with an expression of horror and surprise. That very look aroused my suspicions, and I credited Lottie with having allowed the bird to be teased while I was gone, and I have to confess I was rather cross about it.

Never was there another parrot with such a bad disposition as the bird I found on my return. He bit and squawked and showed no more affection for me than if I had never brought him up to be a respectable bird citizen.

## A False Don Carlos.

Finally I had to wring a confession from Lottie that while I was gone the real Don Carlos had died of heart-break, so she firmly assured me. She had taken the little bird down to the store to find his counterpart, and it had been no difficult task. But she

had thought only of the plumage and not of the disposition, which, like with all of us, soon betrays itself.

The old adage of "Fine feathers make fine birds" does not always prove true, and that is the way with many people in this world who deceive us by their appearance and hide from us their real, true character.

It has always been one of my pet theories that people who have similar features have similar dispositions.

In our mothers' generation and in our grandmothers' time the young girls were taught to conceal their emotions behind a mask, but we today do not seem to be so guarded with the secrets of our inmost hearts. Sometimes we betray them unhappily, sometimes petulantly. How many pretty young faces are spoiled by dissatisfied mouths and restless eyes, whose brows are constantly drawn together in a frown! Those who are suffering from self-pity develop deep lines around their mouths and crow-feet near the eyes, while those who suffer within themselves, yet always look for the bright side of life, have tender, sweet expressions which make all the world desire to be akin to them.

As our eyes are the windows of our soul, they often tell the story of our lives as we live them. It is not the color of the eyes which signifies as much as the expression, though the old saying is that "green eyes are for jealousy, brown eyes for passion, gray eyes for sincerity, blue eyes for loyalty."

Speaking of eyes, I must add that I have at least several hundred letters from girls asking me the color of my eyes. They are hazel, but, like all hazel eyes, change with the colors I wear. I call them chameleon eyes, because sometimes they are almost blue and again they are almost green as emeralds.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Gertrude S.—I laughed when I read that your grandmother made you take sulphur and molasses every spring, for that is one of my earliest recollections of childhood. Lottie, Jack and I were lined up for our annual dose, and though we did not enjoy it, I really think those old-fashioned remedies are fine for one.

Gladys Viola B.—Thank you very much for your sample of nail polish. I tried it and found it very satisfactory. Marie Genevieve is a very pretty name for a little girl, and, showing her picture to my mother, we both saw a likeness to me. I use glycerine and rose water on my hands when they are chapped, and boracic acid when my eyes feel strained from the studio light.

Mary Pickford.





## THE ART OF MAKEUP.

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**B**EFORE I digress into making up for the stage, I do want to say a few words to the girls about making up for the street. While I believe it is every girl's duty to look as well as she can, the best effects are not to be got by the use of cosmetics, but really by the care of oneself. Brilliantine to make the hair glossy is never as effective as brushing it to bring out the natural oil. An eye pencil only hardens the expression of the eyes and cerise lips neither look natural nor make one any more attractive. In fact, all cosmetics tend more to the adding of years than the subtracting of them.

I have received many letters from girls who give me prescriptions for lotions which they claim make the eyes more brilliant. Most of these lotions call for a few drops of belladonna, and I write back immediately letters of warning to these foolish, vain girls, who are sacrificing, perhaps, their eyesight. Every night and morning I use an eye cup with boracic acid. This is a simple and most effective cure for tired eyes which all doctors prescribe.

But making up for the stage or screen is an art in itself. No matter how clear our complexions or how large our eyes, it is better to accentuate them by shading. I use little makeup myself, but as I have always had very red cheeks and red photographs black, I have to cover my face with a thin coating of grease paint. It is seldom I have to add color to my lips, but I generally shade my eyes with a little dark brown or lamp-black pencil.

We know so much more of the art of makeup now than we did in the early days of pictures. The first time

I was retouched for the screen, I looked, to myself, like a wide-eyed bandit. They darkened my eyebrows, beaded my lashes and carmined my mouth. But the photography was not as clear in those days or the projecting machines as wonderful as they are now.

## A Cozy Retreat.

It does not take me very long at my dressing table, and speaking of the latter reminds me that I want to tell you of my little dressing room of which I am so proud. It is so restful, and this week I have completely remodeled it.

The walls are covered with plain pastel paper and there is a cool gray carpet on the floor. The curtains at the windows are of grayish lavender, while on the dressing table, couch and wicker furniture are coverings of pastel shades of cretonne to match the walls and curtains. In order to brighten these dull tones, I have had brilliant colored parrots applied on the cretonne.

In its wicker cage, which matches the furniture, is my little pet canary, Billie, who sings all day long whether he has an audience or not.

I always have a tea table, so I can even entertain myself when I am not on the stage, but I remember the day when Mr. Alan Dale called upon me and found me making a cup of tea on my electric iron, turned upside down.

Today I have added to my dressing room a Victrola, an artistic wicker lamp and a bookcase, which is filled with my favorite books.

I do not try to read any of my daily letters while I am at the studio, because they have piled up so high and I cannot concentrate when I am called away every few minutes by my director to step out for a scene.

## A Gallant Chauffeur.

Today an amusing little incident happened. We were taking a scene where I had to rise to some dramatic heights, and in an agony of despair, when cornered by the heavy, I had to shriek out, "I'll kill you if you lay your hands on me—I'll kill you!"

Our new chauffeur, who has been with us for two days, heard this, as he came into the studio to deliver a message, and with one leap he pole vaulted over the railing and came to my rescue.

"Why, what's the matter, Jim?" I asked him, as I saw his wild-eyed expression and his jaw set at a determined angle.

"Wasn't there a man insulting you, Miss Pickford? I thought I heard you call out."

And then I explained to him and he left, just as sheepishly as every one else turns away when he is tricked by the drama of a moving-picture scene.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mary V.—Indeed I am very fond of poetry. In the little time I have to read, although I try to make it also a study hour, I enjoy magazine editorials, short stories and books of verse. Robert Louis Stevenson is one of my favorite writers.

Jessie D.—It would be hard for me to tell which is my favorite color. No, I don't look as well in red as in a more delicate color, and to your suggestion that I should wear red entirely I am afraid I must reply that it would be impossible.

Mary Pickford.



## THE WEE SMALL HOURS.

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**S**O many girls have said, "I am so restless and tired when I go to bed, I can't sleep for hours." Others say, "I am wide awake at dawn, and how I wish I cared about reading or to write, for the hours have leaden wings until it is time to get up and dress for the day."

The wee, wakeful hours of mine have been given to writing. Today I have my articles to think of, but for years I have studied scenario writing and have appeared in many of my own original plays. The desire to write began in the Biograph days when Mr. Griffith was producing one and two-reel dramas and comedies.

Sometimes there would be a drought in the harvest of scenarios, and he would call out to us, "I will give fifteen dollars for the best (split reel) scenario submitted by the company."

Off to the corners flew the would-be authors and for the rest of the afternoon nary a sound came from us except the squeaky scratching of a pencil on a writing tablet.

"How are you getting along, Mary?" Mack Sennett would finally break the silence.

"So-so," I would reply indifferently. "How much have you written?"

"A lot of everything and not much of anything," he would apologize. "A comedy, of course. Would you like to have me read it to you?"

To the few that do not know I must say that today Mack Sennett owns the Keystone Comedy Company and is the producer of the Keystone-Triangle plays.

## That Vital Feature.

"You can read it," I would promise him, "that is—if it isn't about policemen."

At the word "policeman" all the rest of the scenario writers would burst into laughter and applaud us, for Mack Sennett's scenarios revolving around policemen were the joke of the studio.

"Mack," I would advise him seriously, "if I were you I would consider leaving the policemen out of your photoplays. You might be able to sell them then."

"Nope," he would reply laconical-

ly. "I am going to make policemen famous." And he did.

Even when he wrote a tragedy it usually ended with: "The murderer, with bated breath, stole down the steps of the house, sneaking close to the shadows so his figure could not be discerned in the moonlight. He listened—no one was stirring in the house—all went well—until around the corner came a couple of policemen."

"No hope!" and we would all throw up our hands in horror. "Mack Sennett, you will never make a scenario writer because you are branded with your policemen."

My first accepted story was "The Awakening," in which I played the lead with Arthur Johnson. Then followed "Getting Even," with Billy Quirk, Jim Kirkwood and myself in the triangle; "Caught in the Act" and "The Medallion."

Mae Marsh, Claire McDowell and I played in many of them. I think the best remembered are "Lena and the Geese," "The Alien," "Granny," which featured my sister Lottie, and "Fate's Decree," which I wrote especially for Alice Joyce. My last scenario was "The Girl of Yesterday."

There are always some plays a scenario writer will never confess to, but I would advise all ambitious boys and girls not to be discouraged if their first scripts are returned to them. Keep on sending them to the different companies; you may strike a hidden vein of gold somewhere.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Maggie S.—Thank you very much for your bottle of cough medicine. I do have faith myself in those old-fashioned remedies and the next time I am troubled with a cold I will certainly try your grandmother's prescription.

Ruth L. writes me that she eats pie for breakfast. I had thought this was only a New England myth, but here comes a letter from a healthy young lady giving me the recipe for her mother's pie crust and telling me she has eaten large portions of pie almost every morning since she was a youngster. I am afraid that if I followed her early morning diet I should not feel so caperish through my ten hours at the studio.

Mary Pickford.



## MEMORIES OF YESTERDAY.

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**W**ITH the passing of Arthur Johnson, there closed in my book of life a very tender chapter, and unsteadily I write this humble tribute because of the tears that are in my eyes. He was one of the most charming of men and the most beloved of screen actors. With that gracious, naive, whimsical humor of the Irish, Arthur Johnson was a lovable, grown-up boy and following in his wake there was always a train of merry, smiling faces.

I met him during those first days of mine at the Biograph, when Mr. Griffith made me his diminutive leading woman. Billy Quirk, Arthur Johnson and I were the triangle of many two and one-reel comedies and dramas. The best remembered of these are "The Awakening," "The Little School Teacher," "To Save Her Soul," and "Twisted Trails."

None of these memories of yesterday is dimmed by veils of unrest or discontent. We were a merry family of children, as interested in the wel-

fare and success of our fellow artists as in our own planning, which met with many stumbling blocks, I can assure you. But as happiness within is creative we radiated the joy of living so our neighbors could bask in the sunshine which we gaily reflected. Even at that, our days were often April skies, and we sorrowed because of the empty chairs left by those who would never return.

Great, jovial Bunny, who convulsed the whole world with laughter, has gone from our midst. Elmer Booth, another gay comedian whom we all loved dearly, was killed last summer in an automobile accident in California.

## Called Back.

Many of the boys and girls I have played with come no longer to the studios, but we often see them when an old film speeds on its course again. You do not know how strange it seems to us to see the merry antics of a comedian upon the screen, to hear the audience laugh around you and applaud the humorous situations, while over your own heart there lies a pall of sorrow because you are thinking of the actor's eternal silence.

That was the way we felt when we went to see Elmer Booth in a picture just a few days after his funeral. His mother came and sat there for many hours, a little pathetic figure crouched in the corner, but there on the screen was her boy and never could his image be dimmed by seasons of change.

We knew one mother whose boy was killed before the picture was finished. She bought the film of the company and a projecting machine, that she might have him with her, or the silent ghost of him, as long as she lived.

With the talking machine perfected as it is today and the moving pictures, which become more lifelike as new mechanical devices are invented, the wraiths of great artists will ever haunt us. Booth and Barrett will become history handed down from one generation to another, but our children's children will know and study the art of Sarah Bernhardt.

The great argument in the warfare waged between the theater and pictures is that our voices are mute and the screen is stripped of the lure and the charm of color. But there are so many tributaries of our art which reach into regions where there is little known of the outside world, and to these nooks and corners of the earth we carry a great educational message. We teach the people of the high mountain country much of the industry of the large cities. Those of the large cities become acquainted with the types and conditions of those isolated in the mountains and the far places.

And then, most tenderly personal to us, are those memories I have just written of.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Josie M.—No, I have never used my little bird, Billie, in a picture, but I am going to have some still photographs taken of him as he flies to me and perches on my finger, looking out of the corner of his eye at me as saucy as you please.

Mary Pickford.





## WRITING SCENARIOS.

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SINCE I began writing these articles, from all over the country have been sent scenarios for me to read, and with them have come letters from men and women imploring me to send them to the managers of the different studios. Personally I always read the letters, but I regret that I can find little time to read the hundreds of manuscripts.

I have advised these writers through my correspondence not to send their scenarios to me, who really have neither power nor position to place them, but to mail them direct to the scenario departments of the different companies. In any of the trade journals can be found the addresses of the moving-picture companies.

In spite of echoes of the wails from the public, moving-picture companies do want original plots and care not whether the writer is well known or if he is an amateur who has found his inspiration in novel and new construction.

Many books have been published giving formulas for writing scenarios, but, after all, it is the synopsis which sells the story. I would not advise any one who has had no experience in a studio, either as an actor, director or scenario writer, to attempt to put his play into the regulation scene by scene form. There is so much artistic and technical knowledge necessary to construct a scenario which is only gained by study, experience and a knowledge of the dramatic art.

## Avoid Fine Writing.

If you have a plot for a story in your mind, write it out in full, interesting detail, without superfluous adjectives or adverbs, which may make it more entertaining to read, but will steal its force. Make it clear, concise and direct. A scenario editor will recognize the good material in it as his eyes glance over the paragraphs. It is the novel plot which attracts, the strong, human drama which gives full play to normal emotions.

Have your synopsis typewritten and then dwell upon the type of story you have written, mentally placing it with the company you think best adapted to produce your photoplay. If you have written a Western story dealing with life on the plains, the prairies or the high mountains, send it to the companies that are producing in the West. This rule is reversed when the skeleton of your story is one of the great manufacturing industries.

One of the late five-reel features revolves around the making of steel and an Eastern company produced it. There are no great steel mills in the West and it would have been useless to have sent it on to a Western producer. It is true we can create any atmosphere we desire, but it is frightfully expensive and sometimes we overreach ourselves and miss the mark.

Most scenario editors will give you concise but outlined reasons why your scenario has been rejected. I should observe these. They are not done hastily, as the public often misjudges, because the editors are as anxious to get new material as you are to place your new creative efforts.

This is a day of featuring stars. If you write a story and have any one star in mind, send it to the company he or she is working for, with a little added note that it was written especially for (the name of the star.)

It would be better if ambitious amateur writers would study the laws of the public censor, for they would not waste so much time in building stories around conditions which may exist in life, but are not allowed to be revealed upon the screen. Vicious stories are barred even if they have all the elements of tragedy and suspense. You cannot show a man or woman committing a crime which does not have a dominant motive back of it, and it is always best to strengthen your moral by a punishment justly meted out to the one breaking the enforced laws.

Appealing simplicity always has strength, for it is so easy to be complex, as I have written before, and so difficult to be simple.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Charlotte L.—Of all the old masters I think I like Rembrandt and Michael Angelo best. I do admire the great sculptors of today, particularly Rodin. Some day I am going to have an artist of the futurist school explain to me subtleties of their expression.

Dorothy T.—For those who cannot afford originally designed skating costumes I notice many of them are wearing last year's suits trimmed effectively with cheap fur. It has certainly become a craze here this winter, and during the cold period every vacant lot or tennis court, when frozen over, became a skating rink. I am learning to skate myself and am progressing slowly, but surely.

Mary Pickford.



## BY ACCIDENT.

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SO many gay and so many gray little episodes in one's life happen—by accident. We always have amusing stories to tell about the taking of moving pictures. In the old Biograph days, whenever we went out on a location we always returned to the studio with some uproariously funny yarn of how we had been stopped in our work by some unsuspecting passerby who had not seen the camera.

That does not occur so often now because the public is used to the sight of our painted faces, and if a man murders his wife on a doorstep they look for the camera before they ring in a call for the police. Now it has become necessary to hide the camera in order to avoid the curious crowds who hedge us in so closely they often spoil the picture.

We did this in the Pennsylvania station during the taking of some scenes from "The Bishop's Carriage." To those who have not seen the picture or read the book, I must explain I was playing the part of a thief, Nancy Olden. My sweetheart, Tom, who was also a thief, met me in the station among the crowd so I could pass over to him the successful haul of jewels I had stolen from the well-groomed women.

We rehearsed the scene in the studio and hurried down to the station. The surging crowd was too preoccupied to notice us, and, as I explained, there was no camera in sight. I stole an imitation diamond brooch from one of our troupe and then I watched and waited for Tom. He came, looking around to see that we were both safe and that no wily policemen were patrolling near us.

"Well, Nancy, did you follow my orders?" he whispered.

"Shush, Tom—is it a wise move to take a chance like this?"

"Aw, cut that, Nancy—where's the swag?"

"Shush," I whispered again, as I handed him a string of pearls and the diamond brooch.

"You'd better beat it, Tom—I think we're watched."

"So long, Nancy."

"So long, Tom." "So long."

"Halt," commanded a voice which was not the director's. It came from a weazened, self-important little man who wore a large black hat pulled well over his ears.

"You thought you were pretty slick now, didn't you, eh? But you ain't so slick there ain't others that are slicker—do you get me?" And as he said it, he viciously grabbed the

leading man with one hand and me with the other.

"I seen you tip her off—I seen her make the haul—I seen the passing of the dough. I ain't a detective for nothing, you know!"

A crowd was gathering and two policemen hurried toward us.

"What's the row?" every one was asking, as they hemmed us in until we barely had breathing space.

Our little detective looked like Napoleon after one of his greatest victories.

"Stand back!" he commanded, and meekly they obeyed.

The director and the camera man joined the throng and pushed their way through the mob toward us.

"What's the meaning of this?" asked my irate director glowering down upon the small detective. "Have you been insulting Miss Pickford, young man?"

"Miss who?" shrieked the detective, giving me a long glance for the first time. "Miss—Miss—er—"

"Moving pictures!" shouted the small boy of the crowd. "Ha, ha, ha!"

I have seen a pollywog wiggle into the bottom of a pond with dazzling rapidity, but I don't think he would have had the ghost of a chance if he had been running a race with our detective as he disappeared through the tangled maze of curious onlookers.

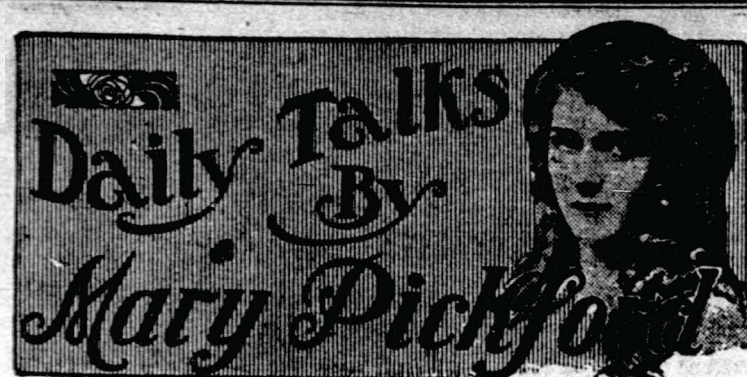
But his interference had meant the public's interference, and there were no more pictures taken in the Pennsylvania station that afternoon. We had to wait until the last shred of the story had been forgotten.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Nellie G.—How I would enjoy spending the vacation you urge me to take with you on your ranch, but it is not easy for me to steal away for a vacation. I have all my life been eager to spend a few weeks on one of the great ranches such as you describe.

Grace O.—It would be impossible to tell you all that I do after I leave the studio each night, but as a rule there is little digression in my simple habit of going home, having dinner with my family, resting and reading my letters. Sometimes we go to the theater, and now I am anxious to learn to skate, because I think it is such splendid exercise. I think you will find yourself mistaken if you believe all actresses know the nooks and corners of the Great White Way.

Mary Pickford.



## OLD BIOGRAPH DAYS.

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IF some one asked me quickly, "Which were the happiest days of your life?" I do not think I should have to ponder long or sum it up mathematically, for my first impulse would be to reply, "The old Biograph days."

Mr. Griffith took us all under his protecting wing quite as if he were a schoolmaster and we were a flock of arbitrary youngsters. We were all small-salaried artists then (very, very small), but we were so happy and care free because we did not have the responsibilities that lie so heavily upon us today. They paid us by check every night, and although we were all getting the same salary, and knew it, we always pretended to be jealous of each other's successes and tried to peek at the little slip which we religiously hid from each other.

There were Mack Sennett, Alice Joyce, Lilian and Dorothy Gish, Owen Moore, Billy Quirk, Arthur Johnson, Mabel Normand and Jim Kirkwood.

I remember the first day when Alice Joyce came to the studio and I flew to tell Mr. Griffith that the prettiest girl I had ever seen was waiting in his office for him. She looked quite as if she had stepped from the canvas of one of the old masters, with her great dark eyes and her chiseled, smiling mouth.

Lilian and Dorothy Gish I have known ever since we were children together, and when I was eleven years old I lived with them for a while in New York. Lilian and I followed each other in several plays, Lilian playing the little boy in "The Child Wife" one season while I played the next. "The Little Red Schoolhouse" was another melodrama we were both engaged for.

I do not remember ever hearing quarrels which revolved around petty jealousies in those days. It was perhaps because we all seemed akin, as I have repeated so often, and we were as companionable as the old lady's children who lived in the shoe.

We were not hurt so often by the unkindly criticism of the public, perhaps because it was not educated then as it is now to find fault and flaws in our acting, composition of the stories or the backgrounds. We thought we were very artistic then and it was almost with awed appreciation, that we first saw "Pippa Passes" run.

## No Longer Simple Dramas.

Yesterday it was the drama of simplicity—today we have spread our

wings and take great material flights. All mechanical effects are massed together so the public can be given stupendous and startling results. Where once we crushed a heart as the climax of our drama, today we destroy cities, wreck trains and sink ocean liners.

In my hundreds of letters, I am criticized from every curvy and angle, both on my art and my personal appearance. I always feel that in those old days we were dealt with more kindly. The public came to see us that we might amuse it. Today we amuse, but we must stimulate as well, and it in turn demands much more from us. It is right it should for we, too, must progress. Even as the oak sprang from the seed, so we like to contemplate the first tender green shoots of our efforts before we branched out and moving pictures became a venerable art.

We did not think then of the public except as one of us and so we were not guided by its criticisms, just or unjust. We lived the characters we played and entered so into the spirit of it that we gave all ourselves and held back nothing in the expression of our roles.

So when I see Mabel Normand, Lilian and Dorothy Gish or any of the boys and girls of yesterday I know if I asked them "When were you happiest?" they would answer, as I have, without hesitating, "In the old Biograph days."

## Answers to Correspondents.

Minnie A.—Yes, I guess I really have what is described as golden hair, although I did reply to one of my correspondents that my hair was light brown. It is because I was such a towhead when I was a youngster, and as we grow older our hair grows darker, that I no longer think of it as golden. As several have written to me about this very question, it seems that the public does not agree with my description.

Southern Girl—I was very much interested in your letter—in fact, I always enjoy all my correspondence when it is descriptive and filled with clever criticisms. I was in Cuba about five years ago.

Mary Pickford.





## THE HURDY-GURDY MAN.

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WHEN the hurdy-gurdy men roll their merry music boxes down the street about this time of the year, I always say "Spring is awakening" or "Spring is here." The first sunshiny day brings them forth from their hiding places to play along the Avenue, in the residential portions of the city or even in the realm of towering skyscrapers.

When the housewives hear them they gossip with each other. "Only a few days more and I will take up the carpets, pull down the curtains and begin my spring housecleaning in earnest."

The men at their desks pause, pens in midair, to wonder where their fishing tackle is and just the kind of bait they will choose this year when their happy holiday arrives.

Even the gracious ladies of the Avenue listen to this heralding of the spring, which means to them an endless cycle of pleasure, promise and many seances with the modiste.

But what does spring mean to the hurdy-gurdy men? A shower of pennies—another bambino—passing greetings to which he responds with his merry smile that reveals strong, white teeth, and a "Thank you, kind leddy."

Often Carlotta goes with him, and it is oftener to her you give your sympathetic appreciation, which jingles into the open palm she holds out to you. Giuseppe is handsome—he has white hair, black mustachios and a gracious, servile manner—but Carlotta drags the heavy piano and her back is round and bent because for years she has borne the burdens of too many children and too many hardships.

It is prophesied that the hurdy-gurdy will disappear with the handsome cab, and in a few years who in the rush of this anthill hubbub will pipe for us to dance?

## Always "On the Job."

I have seen them in the coldest weather of winter, shivering under their ragged shawls and coats, but with grim determination, grinding forth the inevitable "Tipperary." In the tenement districts, the jaunty strains steal through the glass windows so the children can hear them.

"Mamma, it is the hurdy-gurdy man. Let us go out and dance on the street—we will get warm again—it is so cold in this room."

Down the steps they come scampering toward the music and dance on the sidewalks, two-steps, waltzes or the little folk dances they learned in their native country before they came to America. And as they dance, their voices echo a laughing, joyous accompaniment, while their cheeks

glow with the warm blood that surges through their pinched, wan little bodies.

One night last July, one of those stifling, choking nights of midsummer, we went into the Bowery in search of some old brass candlesticks for one of our productions.

I shall never forget the horrors of it, the depressing, stagnant air, the dirty streets, the littered fire escapes which had been converted into beds for thousands of children, and the sidewalks, mobbed by suffering families, who could not endure the tortures of the indoors. On the broad breasts of the mothers lay the little babies, white faced and sickly, almost drooping visibly while the mothers fanned them, trying to bring back their ebbing life.

Then into the midst of this squalor, above the din and confusion, came the tinkle of the hurdy-gurdy.

It was like a call to arms—the hurdy-gurdy man had sounded the clarion. Hundreds of the children flocked around him and danced, quite as gayly as if the littered street had been a broad green lane and it was Pan who had blown upon his reed pipe and called them forth.

"How can they sing and dance on a night like this?" we asked each other.

"Youth has no regard for seasons," laughed one in our party who calls himself a philosopher.

The dance was over—the children had no pennies to give the hurdy-gurdy man, but he did not expect it from them—they were all his friends, these children—and when one has the power to bring happiness, isn't that in itself a reward great enough?

Let us not forget the hurdy-gurdy man when we pass him by—just a few pennies that his music may never be stilled.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Samantha, J. G.—I do not know why you should feel so badly because your name is Samantha Jane. It is just like Phyllis to me and makes me think of the quaint little New England girls of yesterday. Because you had a spinster aunt named Samantha is no reason to prophesy the same future for yourself. If you think happiness, it is bound to come to you.

I wish to thank the mother of five girls, one of whom signs herself T. McC., for advising them to read my articles and profit by them. I shall write more about perseverance, because that, to me, is the keynote of success.

Mary Pickford.

## DAILY TALKS BY MARY PICKFORD.

## MOTHER LOVE.

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THE tenderest name in the world is mother, the sweetest, the dearest, the best. Every time I hear it sung or spoken or called from the lips of a little child I thrill with the music of it and hug closer to me my own dear mother, who has always been my Rock of Gibraltar, my heart's religion, my teacher and my best friend.

When they come to me and speak of my success I stand before them mute because I feel it is my mother to whom they should address their praise and appreciation. Were it not for my mother, I know that today I should not be where I am. It is her courage and fortitude which have always urged me on with the ideal that mine must be achievement to repay her for her years of sacrifice and travail.

There is no honor so great, no joy so divine, no position so enviable as that of a mother who holds in her arms, cuddled close to her breast, a little baby. And when you, who are the little baby, are grown, then can you in turn draw into your arms—your mother. You can kiss the thin, careworn hands which tremble in yours because the mother heart is beating ecstatically with love.

"Little mother," you can say to her, smoothing back the wisps of gray hair which have fallen over her forehead. "Little mother."

She smiles—because it does not seem so very long ago to her when she was holding you and whispering joyously, "Little baby," as you closed your drowsy eyes.

The poor, ragged mother who stands shivering on a street corner is rich because she holds in her arms her baby, while the woman who rides down the avenue in her luxurious limousine is poor—because there sits beside her a wretched, shivering dog, whose eyes are indifferent to the diamond bracelet he wears on his well-brushed paw.

In the divine translation mother means "sacrifice" and most mothers would give their very lives for their children.

## A Pathetic Story.

Think of the empty, aching hearts across the seas, the mother hearts. In them the songs of life are stilled forever and from within they shall chant an eternal requiem. I read the other day of one mother who had dinner served for six every evening, but there will always be five empty chairs at her table.

In the window a lamp is burning and she finds each morning a few faded blossoms to decorate the shadowed nooks and corners. When the old servant brings the five empty plates, he pauses to join in the prayer of the mother, though he realizes now that hope is fugitive.

"Some day," he tells the neighbors, "she will fall asleep while she is praying and when we touch her gently to awaken her—poor mother—we'll find her gone away to join her husband and her boys."

We know so many Canadian mothers whose sons will never return to them and when we read their sorrowing letters, our mother smotherers us against her heart, which beats in sympathetic tenderness for those poor Canadian mothers of the empty arms.

For several years, we have known a poor old lady whose only son was a wayward boy, paying the toll for his social crimes with a five-year sentence behind prison bars.

The mother had been a theatre maid, but rheumatism had so distorted her hands they had become almost useless. Five years is a long time to wait for a boy you love and have forgiven, but he came back to her, humble and repentant—her mother love had conquered.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A young man writes to me, signing his name Pennsylvania, telling me he is glad I could not act the part of a bad girl even in a play. It is hard to define what a bad girl is, as there is so much good in every one if we would only try to find it. Yes, I should hate to play the part of a deceitful, unsympathetic, unloyal girl. I think it would hurt me even to have to pretend I were she.

Nora C.—"Fanchon, the Cricket," was taken at our studio last summer in Yonkers, and most of the beautiful out-of-door scenery which you admired was taken not very far away from New York or Connecticut. I am pleased that you enjoy my little talks enough to cut them out and save them to make a book of them.

Mary Pickford.



## TO MY COUNTRY COUSINS.

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MY few visits to the country have always been oases in my workaday life and I often regret it did not fall to my lot to have been raised in the country. So many of the letters I receive come from girls and boys on farms or in small towns. To them the coming of the moving picture has meant a supreme amusement and established for them a better relationship with the outside world.

When the girl on the farm writes to me and says, "I envy you, Miss Pickford—you are a city girl," by return mail there goes a letter from me with: "Little Miss Country Girl, it is I who envy you."

At the same time, I can appreciate that perhaps they are growing tired of what they have been accustomed to all their lives, as it is as natural for them to long for a city change as it is for me to dream ever of the inviting seasons in the country. Perhaps we are all to be pitied when our lives include but half the experiences possible to humanity and we have a normal desire for completeness. This very desire stimulates us and causes us to make radical changes, while the current of those moving countryward offsets the oftentimes lamented current of those cityward bound.

"We do not have the advantages the city girls have," writes one young girl. She may be right, but we do not have the health-giving pleasures derived from a natural, normal life away from the pent-up cities.

## Some Fond Recollections.

When I think of the country, one of my first recollections is of the early morning in the apple orchard. I climbed high into the branches of an old gnarled tree which was in full perfumed bloom, and sat there for an hour or so, looking out across a sun-flecked valley, painted in spring's most harlequined colors. In the alfalfa fields were pedigreed Holstein cows—in the center of the field was a brook, shaded by drooping willows. It was just such a picture as I have seen upon a Millet canvas.

Fast becoming a thing of the past are the little red schoolhouses. I have read they were unhygienic and poorly equipped, so progress has erected in their place many up-to-date, well-ventilated school buildings.

The boys and girls of yesterday who are men and women of today assure us they had more than their picturesqueness to recommend them.

"We did not have much time to worry about germs in those days," quote our grandfathers. "Even the girls were exposed to all sorts of weather two-thirds of the year, and were not injured by poor ventilation the rest of the time. I am seventy and I am still hale and hearty." And here the old grandfathers always chuckle and hold out their feeble, blue-veined hands as steadily as they can to prove their argument.

While they had but a few studies in those days, they learned those few with a thoroughness unfortunately not equaled today. Children are now taught more branches of knowledge, and because of all these tributaries of

art and literature they cannot assimilate as quickly as they did when there were just reading, writing and arithmetic—it is the inscrutable law of compensation, after all.

So many old people neither live in the present nor for the future, but dwell forever in the past. I know a little old lady who tells me, when I go to visit her, of the old-time spelling bees, quilting parties, harvest homes, singing schools, sleigh rides and scores of other old-fashioned merrymaking pastimes.

When I hear her tell of the simple, sweet courtships of yesterday, I think our unrest may have gained us much and brought us far, but we have still lost some of the tenderest ideals we must try to find again.

## Answers to Correspondents.

L. J. P.—Your letter telling me that the article you enjoyed most was "My Chum and I" inspired me to write another which I have called "Mother Love." I thank you very much for your friendly letter and many kind suggestions.

Mrs. N. P. L.—The feature plays which are most likely to make the rounds of your home town will be "Tess of the Storm Country," "Hearts Adrift," "Cinderella," "Such a Little Queen," "Rags," "The Girl of Yesterday" and "The Foundling." It would be difficult for me to say which I really enjoyed portraying most; but the favorites of the public seem to be "Tess of the Storm Country," "Rags" and "The Foundling." I have written an article on scenarios which may give you an idea of where to submit them and in what manner to send them.

Mary Pickford.





## THE STREET MUSICIANS.

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**M**ATERIALISTS will forever bewail that romance is dead and shrug their shoulders because they do not even believe the ghosts of romance still haunt us. Surely they must be lacking in perception—their eyes are unseeing and their ears are deaf, or perhaps their outlook is a reflection of themselves.

One of the most colorful bits of modern life are the street musicians, wanderers like the troubadours of old. They do not, it is true, sing the songs which are destined to become tradition, but their love of music expresses itself in the same care-free, itinerant fashion.

They are often quaint figures, these wandering minstrels, and incite me to much speculation regarding their history. I always wonder: "What are their joys and what are their sorrows? Where do they come from and where do they go? Are they outcasts or heroes, beggars or philosophers?"

I have seen the windows open and waving hands welcome them. The housewife stops in her cleaning and leans heavily over her window sill, calling out to the street singer that "Mother McCree" is her favorite song. The children applaud when he finishes, while the housewife, with tears in her eyes, rushes into the bedroom where she steals from her own little bank a handful of pennies.

There was one kindly old man Lottie and I called "Mr. Caruso," and he came often into our neighborhood where he was always welcome. The first time he sang in our courtyard was on a stormy day, and we felt sorry for him because he was a man long past the prime of life, ragged and crippled with rheumatism.

He stood in the half shelter of a doorway and poured out his soul in song without any accompaniment. Now and then he would sound a note, bell-like in its perfection, but at other times his voice was tremulous, weak and croaking like a frog in a mill-pond. His repertoire consisted of the songs of a former generation, to us mere memories of lullabies on our mother's lips.

I think perhaps they may have been the youthful love songs of the housewives who heard him, for many came to stand in their open windows, braving

the lash of rain that he might be assured of an audience.

On sunny days, the children for blocks around would follow him down the street as if he were the Pied Piper of Hamelin, because the pennies he got from the mothers he generally shared with the children, buying them lollipops at the little gingerbread store at the corner.

## A Man with a Past.

While we knew he had a history, he said nothing to us of his past. He was always a gentleman—a Beau Brummel of the streets. Once I saw him lean down to an ash can and my heart almost stood still, for I thought he was after food. But, no, it was not bread—it was a little faded bunch of flowers some one had thrown away. He touched them almost tenderly, then, selecting the freshest blossoms, put them into the lapel of his coat. I smiled as he walked away, for his was a jaunty step; perhaps the few flowers had recalled the springtime of his youth.

Then there came a severe snowstorm and the old man crawled away into one of the alleys for shelter. He may have fallen asleep or he may have sunk down for what he knew would be his eternal rest, but when they found him he looked so comfortable, his lips were smiling and he did not seem to mind the snow which was sifting down upon him like a pall of little white feathers.

The following day the papers gave long accounts of his death, for in his garret room they found all his empty possessions. In the prime of his life he had been one of the greatest singers in the world, but he lost his voice when his wife and daughter were burned in a European theater fire. The biography went on to tell that when at last his voice came back it was cracked and feeble and its tone was dead.

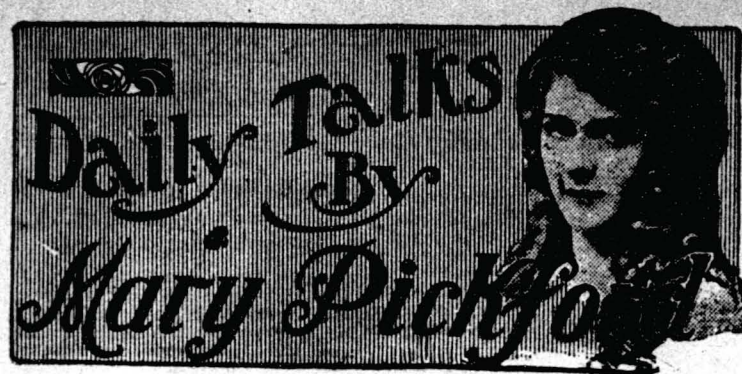
He had been relegated to the cabarets, but rather than endure the humiliation of singing to a motley, disinterested crowd of men and women, he had chosen the streets, the sunshine, the children—and sometimes the rain and loneliness.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mildred C. G.—You speak of being one of three conservatory students living together. How I envy you the opportunity to study music. Your suggestions that I write an article on music I shall certainly be glad to follow, although you must not look for any technical knowledge, but only the spiritual pleasure which I always derive from music.

L. A.—I don't wish you to confide in me stories which you are keeping from your mother, because I believe that a mother is your best friend. It would be better to tell her than a stranger who is three thousand miles away. Don't you think a mother always knows best and is your most sincere adviser?

Mary Pickford



## BROTHER AND SISTER LOVE.

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**A**LTHOUGH our mother is always a mother, she is ever a sister in spirit and often we tell her she is younger than Lottie and I by years and years. When Jack is home we form a combination of "down with the blues" and not a gloomy, foreboding shadow mottles our sunshine.

Once a girl confessed, "I am always so glad I haven't any brothers and sisters. I'd be so jealous of my mother if I thought she loved any one else but me."

I laughed at her, scolding her. "Silly girl, do you think a mother's heart is so small she couldn't love more than one child? We are three and to each one of us mother gives so much of her love, her life and her strength we could never be jealous of each other."

"Perhaps," she added thoughtfully, "a brother would be company, but a sister—"

I knew what she was going to say so I interrupted her before she finished the sentence.

"A sister must have pretty clothes and you would have to share all the little luxuries of your life. Isn't that what you are thinking of?" She nodded.

Then I told her of my sister and how close we were, all we have meant to each other in the past and how we dreamed of a future which would ever hold us together.

I told her of the days when we were just little children traveling on the road and how I, a year older than Lottie, felt my importance and looked after her, protecting and guarding her. She was a little mother to me then and I was a little mother to her, until Jack, younger than both of us, shouldered the responsibility of looking after his big sisters and ordered us to obey or to return home in disgrace.

To me it is appalling to read of brothers and sisters waging legal war against each other in the public courts. A father has left an unjust will and the cast-off heirs are fighting the favorite ones without pity or pity. Their unhappiness is flaunted before the world in headlines which brand them as outcasts and children of Cain. Their suffering should be a warning to warring humanity, for nothing but sorrow can be born of unnatural conditions.

It seems so dreadful that we allow ourselves to wade through muddy channels when, if we choose, we can always tread on evergreens.

Lottie, Jack and I have always said we were the triangle that makes a magic circle when spun around, because our mother is the axis.

When talking of brother and sister love I always think of a tender example, and as it has all the color of a fairy story I must tell it to you.

## A True Good-Luck Story.

We knew in California two orphans, a brother and sister, who lived

in the real old-fashioned, proverbial garret. The boy worked while his sister kept house for him, earning a few extra pennies selling her homemade jellies and jams. They lived frugally, but well, and each week the sister made her happy little journey to the bank.

Sometimes the brother would insist that she buy herself some of the luxuries which spell happiness to most young girls, but she would assure him that the future held undreamed-of prosperity for both of them; that a harvest is the result of careful sowing.

After a few years they had saved enough to buy three acres in the country, and they left the city to become little farmers. But, unhappily, theirs did not seem to be a promising choice and the soil was too barren to produce profitable crops. It was not long before the farm was heavily mortgaged, and it was prophesied that these two children who had saved so many years would have to return to their garret to begin all over again.

Then came the discovery of oil in central California, and, lo and behold! their own empty acres were drilled and great oil wells took the place of little, forsaken, tumble-down chicken houses. Today this brother and sister are among the wealthiest people of the West. Both are married and have large families and there are two beautiful mansions on one lot, his home and hers.

The foundation of happiness and success is to fight not only your own battles, but to stand firmly by those who need you most, and first in your heart come the mother and the brothers and sisters of your own family.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. R. LeR.—If some one else has written a story you have read, either in a magazine or book, you cannot make it into a play and sell it without finding yourself in serious trouble. The story does not belong to you and it is only the author who has the right to sell it as a photoplay. Amateur writers must be very guarded against the unconscious stealing of other people's ideas. Try to write an original theme, put it into synopsis form, and send it on to the scenario department of some moving-picture company.

E. B.—Thank you so much for your kindly suggestion that I publish a little book of my letters illustrated with my pictures. Some day I hope to feel that the general public is sufficiently interested in me to warrant stretching out my arms further to them.

Mary Pickford



## PATRIOTISM.

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**W**E hear a great deal of talk in these troubled days about patriotism, and it sometimes seems to me that many of us fail to have the right conception of what the true patriotism is. We almost invariably speak and think of it as loyalty to one's own country or government alone.

But there are other—I would almost say greater—forms of patriotism that it would be so much better if we thought and spoke of oftener. There is the patriotism that means our own hearthstone and family. Fortunately, most of us possess that, however seldom we speak of it or stop to analyze it.

I think the widest form of patriotism is that which embraces all others. It is confined neither in the walls of our homes nor within the boundaries of a single nation—loyalty to the entire brotherhood of man. Holding such a great ideal in mind, we cannot fail in our duty to our own, to our neighbors and to those of the same race.

Is it such a fugitive dream that some day there will be no longer "mine and thine," but "ours" will happily supplant them? If it is a dream, let us at least pursue its phantoms, illusive though they be. And who knows but if we dream long and persistently enough we can mold the world of realism to the form of our ideals? There is but one place where boundaries between nations really exist—in our minds. When we have erased them there, the results will be one people with common interests.

It was with such a vision that the Declaration of Independence was written and the United States of America established. Many firmly believe that America will be the nucleus of the international union to come.

We who love her most cannot deny that our motherland has made mistakes, for correction of an error lies in its perception. But to her first and foremost principle of the broader patriotism she has been gloriously loyal. Under the protection of the Stars and Stripes exist today all religions, all forms of politics, all nationalities, welded together by the welfare of the whole.

## The Promised Land.

I often think of what America stands for to the alien headed for our shores; of the little dreams he has dreamed about our freedom and prosperity, and of the kindness and beneficence he expects to find at our hands.

Many of them at Ellis Island slip from their blouses a small red, white and blue flag, which they gaze upon tenderly, then passionately crush to their lips. And the mothers are telling their little ones of the wonders they will find in this new land, while we welcome them with outstretched arms, needing their love and promising to give them much in return for it.

We can't wound these adopted children of our native land by championing the cause of any foreign country, because it is necessary to keep them united by the powerful bond of peace and fellow love.

Far from home, how your eyes gleam and what a patriotic throb there is in your heart when the American flag whips majestically over some foreign port or the national anthem is played!

The home-comer sees the Goddess of Liberty, not as a great, ungainly statue, but as a beautifully alive, majestic symbol of that freedom which enlightens the world.

America wages no wars of self-interest, but were an enemy to threaten her, scarcely a soul within her borders would listen silently or unresponsive to her appeal—foreign or native born. Even the women can help their country in many ways. Many of the professional women, though they cannot fight, have given their automobiles. I was only too happy when they came to me that I had two automobiles to pledge.

And all this was inspired by a little American flag which always hangs over my dressing-room table!

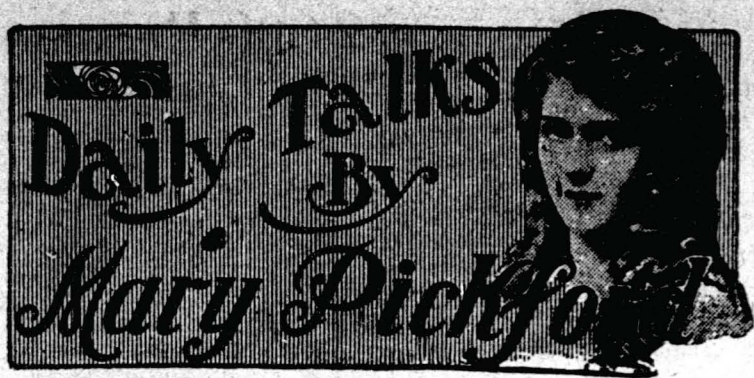
## Answers to Correspondents.

Louisa M.—If I were you, I would send some of those clever little verses to the newspapers and editors of magazines, as I think they stand a very good chance of being accepted. I was very much amused by the limricks dedicated to me.

Alice A.—No, I have never taken drawing lessons, but some day I am going to study the history of art, as I feel it should be a part of every woman's education. I always tell the girls who have the advantage of fine educations they are to be envied instead of longing for their freedom or a career on the stage. "Pickwick Papers" is my favorite volume of Dickens, because the characters drawn are so deliciously funny. I laugh every time I turn a page and see Mr. Winkle's or Mr. Snodgrass' name.

Mary Pickford





## DONNING DUST CAP AND APRON.

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**E**VEN as a youngster I never rebelled when the broom was put into my hand and I was told it was my turn to sweep the front porch and steps.

I rather enjoyed it, just because I had learned to make a little game of it. The game certainly had no great originality, but the outcome of it was to see how well I could accomplish my task. Believe me, I whisked that broom with such a vengeance I generally plumped myself upon the bottom step, not only to rest, but regard with pleasure the fruits of my labor.

Then Lottie and I invented another game when we had to wash the dishes. The cups, saucers, and plates were passed by quickly, as they were the most interesting part of the work, but when it came to the knives and forks, which all children particularly dislike because they have to be so carefully wiped and scoured to keep from tarnishing, our game began. We played that the forks were young society belles who had to be dressed to go to a ball, and the knives were spruce, handsome young beaux who must look very spic and span or the shining young belles would refuse to accompany them.

First, I would wipe a fork and then I would polish a knife, while Lottie would diligently pair them away. And lo! before we knew it the washing of the dishes was done!

I have always enjoyed taking care of my own room and my dressing room at the studio, for I feel that we express much of ourselves through our environment. Even if our surroundings are not what we would choose, we can at least stamp our individuality upon them.

How I admire the housewives who give so much of their lives to the upkeep of their homes! It almost amounts to a religion with some women, for to them their home is their temple—the shrine of their happiness.

Some philosophers have said that an untidy home is the sign of an untidy mind. And verily do I believe it.

Many censure the housewife who gives so much of her day to the beautifying of her home. They criticize her, admonishing her: "In this progressive age you should make yourself more mentally attractive. There are better ways of expressing your individuality than by the dustpan and the broom."

I do not altogether agree with them. These Marthas of the world are the women who make good wives and better mothers. Ask the women who prefer their careers to home-making and the kernel of their principles is that every woman has a right to choose her own vocation, the thing

she is best fitted for. So we should revere the women who sit and spin and weave, for the toilers of commerce, the romances of home.

These homemakers are usually great conservers, as they are the women who govern the expenditure of the family income. If it takes genius to make four blades of grass grow where only one has grown before, surely it is more of a genius that can make one dollar do the work of two. In their petty kingdoms, the housewives take care of the pennies and their fingers are on the pulse of the national commerce, which is maintained by their purchases.

They do not specialize as do the women who go daily to business, but their energy expends itself in varied and dissimilar occupations. Home-keepers have another great advantage—they are almost in the position of the man who owns his own little business; he must please his customers, but he can work independently according to his own theories.

The letters I enjoy most from my girl correspondents are those filled with happy little detailed accounts of their refined and well-ordered homes. It is to them I dedicate this little article on "Donning a Dust Cap and Apron."

## Answers to Correspondents.

"Anxious"—We do not advise girls whom we know have talent to keep away from the stage, but we only admonish them, like the fable of old, to look for their landing place before they leap. Not all girls who attempt to become screen or stage favorites succeed.

B. P. L.—The October, 1915, Photoplay Magazine gives a model scenario, but, as I explained in my article entitled "Scenarios," a full typewritten synopsis will be sufficient to send in to the scenario editors. Never send scenarios to the managers, but to the scenario department of the company you have in mind.

Rosie B.—I would advise you to see a scalp specialist, as you should take care of your hair. Curly auburn hair is something every woman would envy, and hair is "a woman's crown of glory."

Thank you very much, Emma S., for your little poem which you composed yourself. I wish I had room in this column to publish it.

"Interested"—I have never been a brunette, nor have I ever worn a blonde wig. It is all my own natural hair. I have worn a black wig twice—in "Little Pal" and in "Madam Butterfly."

Mary Pickford.



## OLD-FASHIONED HOMES.

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**W**HAT a far cry the modern city home is from the average home of yesterday! Gone are the gardens, the spacious rooms, the high ceilings, and the mammoth fireplaces.

Enter the modern apartment and become acquainted with the clever conceits the architect has resorted to. Pull out a fashionable escritoire and, lo and behold! there will be disclosed a bed built into the wall to remind you humorously of Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion." The laundry equipment likewise folds up into the wall, and ingenious electrical contrivances are surprisingly concealed in every corner.

The city mother has lost some of the arts of the kitchen, for it is not only easier but cheaper to send to the small cafes, bakeries, and delicatessens for well-prepared meals.

Because economical considerations have metamorphosed conditions, everything tends to take women's work out of the home and to make house-keeping a not too-expensive burden. It is said that because of this the mothers can cultivate their minds and keep pace with the evolution of the world.

From all our grandmothers tell us, the women of their day were drudges, overworked and underpaid. But may we not today be in danger of a reaction which will swing the pendulum to the other extreme? "We must find and preserve a balance," urge the students of sociology.

The modern city home, with all its conveniences does not hold the favorable environment for children that our mothers knew in their old-fashioned homes. The most desirable and comfortable apartment houses will not admit tenants with noisy, healthy children. Can you imagine these children in their nurseries, romping and shouting from the sheer spring-time of living, playing leapfrog, with families bordering on the north, east, south, and west sides of them?

Think of the joys of the old-fashioned homes! There was the living room, commonly known as the "back parlor," famous for its comfy log-burning fireplace; the cheerful dining-room with its carved mahogany sideboard, loaded with silver and glassware; the kitchen with its great coal stove, kindled from the woodbox on the porch, which it was the duty of the young son of the house to replenish.

Think of the big back yard with its swings and its apple trees, the dovecot and the poultry pens! There were no forbidden games there, although in the front yard, where mother's flower beds were, filled with old-fashioned flowers of every variety, you must behave with decorum.

In the back yard, you could "ring-around-the-rosy" as you pleased, but in the front yard you had to keep strictly to the narrow brick walks, bordered with flaming marigolds.

There were no moving pictures in those days to lure the family away for their evening's entertainment. You sat in the comfortable library and studied your lessons for the next day, while father read the evening paper, finding items of interest to discuss aloud now and then with mother, who sat sewing or darning. Sometimes you popped corn or toasted marshmallows and apples, and afterward there were family prayers, if your father maintained the custom of his father's time.

There are still many old-fashioned homes all over the country, but no doubt it is but a matter of a comparatively few years until they, too, will vanish. Children of today and tomorrow will not have the same tender, glowing memories that you and I have of the old-fashioned home, but, in spite of the architectural differences in the homes of the future, they will be filled with the love that isn't old fashioned but eternal, and where love has been there will always be happy memories to halo the days of childhood.

## Answers to Correspondents.

I received such a beautiful letter from one who signs herself "An Admirer," that I am eager to tell you how much I appreciate this letter of encouragement and tender praise. If you had not told me you were eighty-one years of age, I should never have believed but that a young woman full of life and hope had written it. You speak of writing religious poetry which has been sung by thousands all over the country. How gratifying it must be to you to feel you have done your share of universal good.

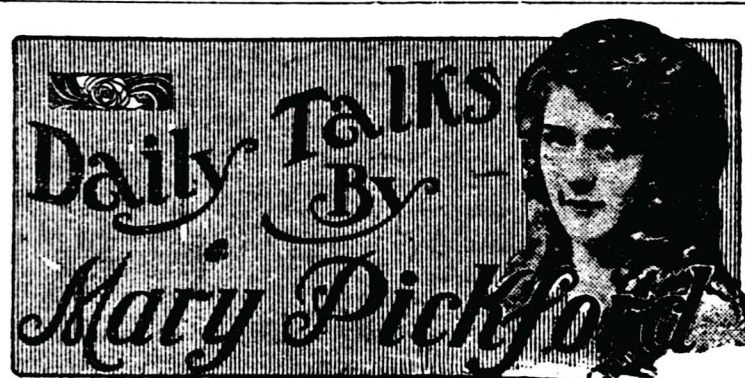
Beatrice M.—I am not sure whether there are any moving picture studios in St. Louis or not, but you can find out very quickly by looking in the directory. If I were you, I would certainly finish my four-year course, and do not think that no successful actresses have entered the field long after they were out of their teens.

Katherine H.—I think young girls make the serious mistake too often of putting up their hair, as youth is the sweetest time in a girl's life and a young girl immediately becomes a grown-up when her curls are pinned back or done in fashionable coiffures. I certainly would wear pretty curls like yours down as long as I could.

Billy E. D.—Thank you for your suggestions as to the powder I should use. Unfortunately, an actress has to use powders which girls outside of the profession do not need.

Mrs. Mamie W.—If you write to Miss Weston in care of the Famous Players Co., the letter will be forwarded and reach her. There is no paper that I know of which is in itself a directory giving the addresses of actors and actresses.

Mary Pickford.



## WE EAT SPAGHETTI.

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**A** FEW nights ago we were invited by some Italians to visit the Latin Quarter of New York, which is commonly known as "Little Italy." Although we New Yorkers often skid across the surface of this part of the city, not many of us have dug our way deep into the heart of it, and it is a picturesque little foreign world.

Our Italian guide, Giuseppe, had played a minor part in our picture, "Poor Little Peppina," and had promised to take us to the home, where his wife, Maria, would cook us a great kettle of her famous Italian spaghetti.

Two of the girls of the company would not go along with us, because they shuddered at the thought of the dirt, microbes, and rampant, arrogant germs which would follow in our wake. But they could not persuade me to change my course—I knew I would learn and enjoy much because of this little adventure.

At last, through crooked, crowded streets, we came to the abode of Giuseppe and Maria. The door was so low we had to stoop when we entered the room, which Giuseppe proudly called their "parlor." It was almost a cubbyhole, but neat and clean as wax. A home-made rag carpet covered the floor, and while the walls were decorated with large crayon portraits in gilt frames of Giuseppe's noble ancestry, it was simple, cool, and inviting.

"Where is Maria?" we asked Giuseppe, who watched us with pride as we glanced around and praised the comfort and cleanliness.

"Make a' da spaghetti," he replied seriously; "da verra best in da contrée."

When Maria came in to announce that dinner was ready, her cheeks were red from the glow of the fire and her black eyes danced with pleasure because of these many American guests who had been so kind as to come to their poor little home.

In the dining-room, a long table was piled high with good things to eat. There were great loaves of Italian bread, jugs of red wine, platters of pickled tuna, garlicked, inviting salamis, and from the kitchen came fragrant odors from the great kettles which were filled with spicy soups and Maria's famous spaghetti.

Maria's father was there, a venerable old fisherman with great loop earrings in his ears and long white mustachios which fell almost to his shoulders. He could not speak English, but he wished to make himself so politely agreeable that he laughed uproariously at every remark we passed, no matter how sad or how serious it was intended to be.

I would like to have measured how many yards of spaghetti I ate that evening, for I had never tasted anything quite like it. As I told Maria, its flavor would spoil me for the Italian dishes which are advertised as specialties by the table d'hôte cafes. Alas, Giuseppe lamented, no one can cook like his Maria.

After dinner, we wandered through the crowded streets followed by a regiment of young Italians who stared at us with awed respect and did not lose sight of the fact that we carried our purses—Americans are

known to be generous with their pennies!

Giuseppe took us into the little Russian brass shops where, to my amusement, I found, after Giuseppe had waged a wordy warfare with the old Russian vendors, that I could buy the very brass candlesticks which had lured us into the Fifth Avenue shops, for little more than nothing. Mother and I picked up some rare old pieces of brass—a filigree incense burner and an antique samovar.

Maria was given her choice, and we loaded her up with the very shiniest of the imitation hammered brass vases—strange, old creations which had groups of misshapen Cupids welded upon them. Maria was so delighted, and, hugging her presents close to her, she watched us with vague, uncertain eyes while we chose the rare old tarnished brass in which she could see no beauty.

Maria has given me her recipe for making spaghetti. Some day, when I figure out her strange hieroglyphics, I am going to publish it for the housewives to try. My own confession that I cannot cook will not permit me to be the one to experiment.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Helena R. D.—If your scenario has been sent back to you repeatedly, it may not be the fault of the company, as you are inclined to believe, but if I were you I would study over your own manuscript and reconstruct it. When you have laid a script away and return to it with a fresher mind, you can find the weak spots and build them up.

Louise B. and M. A. M.—I regret very much that I cannot give you the address you request, as, upon looking it up, I find the writer did not give the same to me.

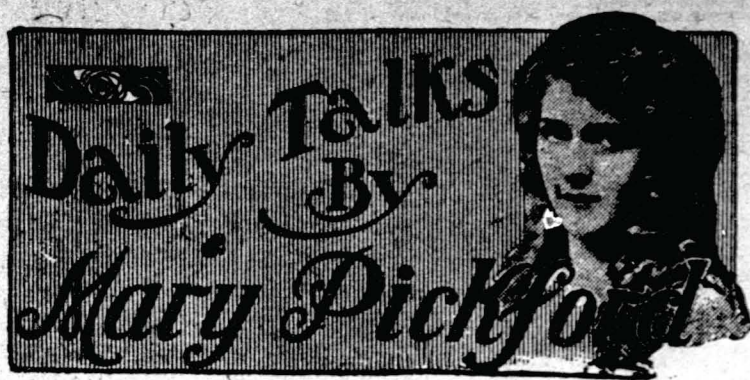
B. R. S.—I am very sorry that I cannot advise you which company to try to enter, as I am not familiar with any of the companies in your home town. A girl need never be influenced by her environment, and if she is brought in contact with conflicting conditions, she must learn to rise above them—or else run away from them, because sometimes discretion is the better part of valor. I would have some photographs taken of myself if I were you. That will help you decide whether your pug nose (as you describe it) is a handicap.

To all the girls who write to me telling me they are eager to become actresses and do not know how to go about it, I would say: To sit back and only desire to become a success will not take you very far. I cannot give any one advice as to how to achieve beyond the general advice contained in my articles. It all rests within yourselves, and if you are ambitious you will work out your own salvation.

Miss B. W.—Indeed I do think it is a mistake for a young girl to go out with a young man she has met through a flirtation and without an introduction from a friend who can vouch for him. Young girls cannot be too careful of their associates, as all they do in their youth reflects upon them when they reach maturity.

Mary Pickford.





## DAY NURSERIES.

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**WORKING** as charwoman at our studio is a widow upon whose daily labor depends the livelihood of herself and her two children. She has no family of her own, having been left an orphan in childhood, and her husband's family is scattered through the far West. Were it not for the day nursery, where she can leave her children while she is at work, she would be forced to abandon all attempts at home-making and send the children away from her. But now she can fulfill the obligations of her motherhood as well as the father's duty toward them—that of being the provider.

She rises early and toils late so their home may always be neat and the children dressed in plain, warm, serviceable clothes. It is often before seven when the little family leave for their brisk walk to the nursery, and when, at the threshold, their mother kisses them good-bye for the day, she departs with the knowledge that there they will receive the very best of care and discipline.

During the morning the children, if they are old enough, attend kindergarten. At noon they are fed heartily upon substantial food of the very best quality, all well cooked. They shorten the afternoon for the little tads with a nap, and when all sleepy eyes are opened again it is time for romping, noisy games. By five all the children clamor for their supper and eagerly march downstairs into the dining room, two by two, like the little animals of Noah's Ark.

Older children, who go to public school, attend the nursery after school hours until the mothers come for them at six o'clock, and even then they leave the kindly nurses reluctantly.

Each nursery has its own doctor in attendance. The greatest care is taken in the developing of healthy children and there is waged a righteous warfare against the spreading of contagious diseases. The restrictions of the Board of Health, which completely cover all contingencies, are carefully conformed with.

There are a great many nurseries in New York city supported by

churches, individuals or connected with hospitals. Their primary object is the welfare of little children, the lessening of the burden thrust upon them by economic or social conditions, and the giving them a chance to grow up strong and more honorable citizens than they would if they lacked the discipline of early training and the tender love of their mother. Of course, no movement for the welfare of humanity will succeed unless it aims at the greatest good for the greatest number, and that is the slogan of these nurseries.

While these nurseries were destined for the care of the children, they have been like great wings which reach out and protect these children's mothers, for a great many mothers, if they were separated from their children, would lose their incentive to moral living.

In the past, many mothers rather than be separated from their children would leave them locked in their homes while they went for their day's work in the factories. I remember reading of one mother who locked three little children in a room, tied to a bed post, so she would be sure they were kept out of the way of danger. One evening when she returned from work, she found the tenement where they lived had been burned to the ground and her three little ones, unable to free themselves, had perished in the flames.

This was but one of many similar tragedies which first inspired the present-day nursery movement.

## Answers to Correspondents.

"Middle Aged Admirer"—My mother does not appear in pictures, and I do not think her photograph has been reproduced in any of the late magazines. We are very proud of her, and to us she is the most beautiful mother in the world. Isn't it natural to feel that way about one so dear to us?

"A True Writer"—If I were you, I would visit the school of acting, study its methods and see if you feel it would be of help to you in furthering your ambitions and becoming a moving-picture actor.

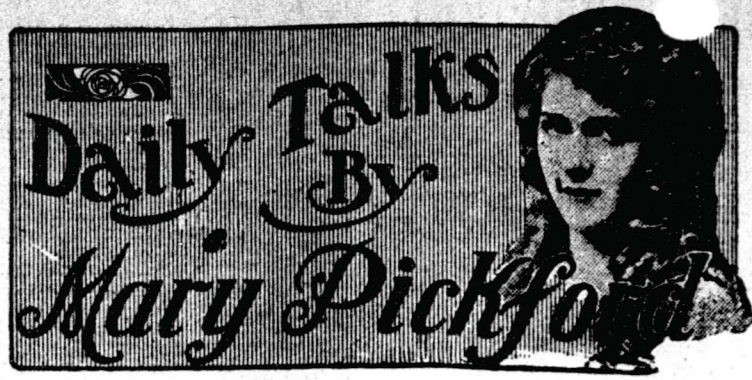
Dorothy W.—I never use white grease paint. One's own complexion determines what grease paint and powder to use, and if I were you I would ask the druggist of whom you buy to also make his suggestions.

Frances R.—There is no studio I know of where you could have a trial picture made unless you would wish to do so at your own expense. If I were you, I would have the photographer take many different poses, but do not let him retouch them too much. Seeing the different angles of your face will give you a very good idea of photographic value. Indeed, personality does count on the screen; it is as necessary to the actress of the silent drama as it is to the woman who radiates it across the footlights.

The Washington, D. C., mother who signed her letter "Just One of Your Many Admirers," told me a little story of her seven-year-old son which amused me greatly. Quoting from the letter: "My little son had seen you in 'Cinderella,' and when we took him to see you in 'Such a Little Queen,' he recognized you and said, 'Mother, isn't Cinderella wonderful—she can be so many different ladies.'" Tell him that I, too, hope I will play "Golden Locks" some day, as it was always one of my favorite fairy tales.

I wish to thank H. R. B. for his kindly appreciation. Letters like his make it worth while to do the best I can.

Mary Pickford



## SCHOOL GARDENING.

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**I**t has been my lifelong regret that I could not attend the public schools, but, as I have written before, my theatrical education began when I was five. So many young boys and girls tell me of their eagerness to leave school and become "movies," as they express it.

I visited a public school not long ago with two of my little schoolgirl friends, and was keenly interested in the recent developments of school work and the combined advantages of the classical with practical modern knowledge, such as domestic science and manual training.

The advent of gardening is the latest move, now that cooking and sewing have been established in all the schools. And what a beautiful, as well as valuable, study it is, for children and gardens seem to belong together just as do birds and song, roses and fragrance. Children seem to realize this affinity, for when in the past they have been denied their little gardens they would often tenderly care for a scrubby geranium planted in an old tin can or a cracked flowerpot.

While extensive plot gardening must necessarily be withheld from children in great cities like New York and Chicago, and they must be contented with their blossoming window boxes, there are few other cities which cannot place at the disposal of the schools the necessary acres of land within easy access.

In the small towns, children are fortunate enough to be able to make their plot gardens in their own back yards, and while some of these are devoted to flowers, most of them raise vegetables for the home, the neighbors or the market. Even flowers have proved profitable, for I know of one little boy who made several dollars a week from his sweet peas and pansies, selling them at a little stand he built at the automobile crossroads.

Plot gardening began in New England and the South almost simultaneously, because of so many neglected farms or plantations which were being either not cultivated or very poorly developed. A great many farms had yielded crops year after year, without proper fertilization and they were practically barren until transformed by scientific gardening methods, which, it was thought, should be taught the children, who, in turn, would own these lands.

Encouraging rewards were offered to the girls raising and canning tomatoes, beans and other vegetables, and to the boys raising the most and best corn on a single acre. The children who failed to receive these rewards profited from the sale of their products, and the results have justified the project.

It brings to the city children a knowledge of the country and of that farm life which they may never otherwise enjoy; it brings to the country children lessons which will be useful in their maturity when they control their fathers' acreages.

Then it has been a source of revenue, and by alternative cropping and intensive cultivation from these 40x40-foot gardens, boys even as young as twelve and thirteen years have earned from fifteen to forty dollars a season.

It keeps the boy happily and profitably occupied during vacations when, were it not for such interests, he might drift unconsciously into vicious surroundings. It is healthful, and when it results in no other tangible benefit it teaches the child a wealth of information on elemental botany, biology and chemistry. It also teaches children the basic principles of commerce.

It is profitable to the community, as the land, were it not for the children's efforts, would be allowed to go to waste and remain unproductive.

Little Johnny Baker, a small boy who played in one of our pictures, told me that he had several ways of marketing the products of his garden. The greater part of it he sold to his mother and other mothers of the neighborhood, who were glad to get fresh vegetables at the same price the groceries and markets retailed. During the holidays, all the boys of his town who were interested in plot

gardening had their stalls in the public market and sold their products there. And it was because of the outdoor life and the sense of being a real gentleman of commerce that Johnny decided he preferred raising vegetables to being a moving-picture actor!

## Answers to Correspondents.

Margaret O.—Indeed I would not say give up your ambitions and content yourself with what you are doing, because stick-to-itiveness is my slogan. I would not be discouraged by the result of your first experience, but I would try it again, if you feel you have it within yourself to make good. Do not listen to the idle chatter of girls who boast of securing their positions through personal interest. Sometimes pique will inspire girls to say unkind things against companies.

Elizabeth J.—I agree with your friends that you should wait to see if your first play is accepted and also study the criticisms on the rejected lists when sent to you from the companies who return your manuscript. Scenario editors attempt to give just, helpful criticisms. Study your play well, look for the weak spots and always try to build them up.

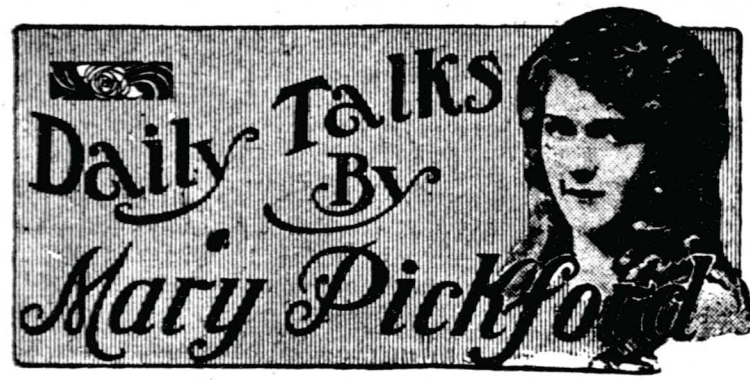
E. C.—Sometimes when you see crowds of people in pictures, they are all actors or actresses gathered there for the staging of the scene, but in street scenes the passersby are unconscious of the camera. During the big suffrage parade, in the foreground were three or four actresses dressed as suffragettes and enacting a scene before the camera, while in the background the New York women marching in the parade could be seen paying, carrying their waving banners.

A.—Bashfulness comes from the lack of self-assurance and self-assurance is one of the attributes of poise—one cannot be very successful lacking it. The only cure is within yourself, and it is a fault to overcome. I sincerely pity you if the girls tease you because of your bashfulness, and if I were you I would be clever enough not to let them know how it embarrasses you to be in their giggling presence.

D. C. B.—I think it is very noble of you to forswear all your pleasures for ambition, and surely a girl who works as hard as you will find her reward in success. I think if you master French and Italian it will be a great help to you in your music. Some of the greatest singers of today have begun their careers in choirs. It is hard to persevere, but it is only by perseverance that you can reach your goal.

R. W. H.—As a rule, a scenario department will not read photoplays written in long hand.

Mary Pickford



## SPRING FASHIONS.

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**S**TUDYING the spring fashions in the Fifth avenue shops and the fashion plates which prophesy what women are to wear, there seem to be no radical styles for the coming season. This may be because the fashionable modistes and the designers whose word was sartorial law in Europe have fled from their shops to the protection of their country's interests, and American designers have outlined the keynote.

In the past, there was always a certain outlined fashion in clothes, whether it was high waists or the Russian blouse, and women of all sizes and ages, in their endeavors to look what their neighbors call "chic," adopted these styles becoming or not.

Today the American woman has the chance to express herself through her individualism in dress. In other words, she is going to wear this season what is most becoming to her. Long skirts and short skirts are fashionable; full skirts and narrow skirts are shown on the latest models. There is no law which says long sleeves are passe or short sleeves are not in vogue, or to forswear the long waist, as the Empire garment is the only one distinguished as fashionable. It is a veritable miracle in the art of dressing.

Here is the economic advantage of all this—there won't be so many radical changes in style, and a dress donned in January will not look unhappily old fashioned by March.

This spring, in the shops where the milliners are showing their exclusive models, will you see large hats and small hats. Some are severely tailored, some have drooping brims and are constructed like the garden hats, others are very large. The plain hat is just as fashionable as are those more elaborate.

Fabrics this year are so beautiful and there is a general trend toward the subdued pastel shades. I noted in so many of the shops a revival of the printed silks, such as our grandmothers wore. How beautiful and dainty they are, and how much prettier a young girl looks if she affects simplicity in her clothes, for, after all, don't you think they express one's individuality?

I remember well one dainty little girl who played with me in the Biograph Co., far back in those days when we were making very meager but welcome salaries. Those were our days for strenuous economy, for we had to look well in pictures in order not to lose the positions that meant so much to us. Some of the girls bought garish, cheap clothes, imitation laces and machine embroideries, but this little girl would save until she could afford a plain dark blue, well-made tailor suit. Always we would see her in clean white collars and cuffs, which she laundered in her own room, spic and span gloves and carefully polished shoes. One hat had to last her all through the season, but she bought a good one, as expensive as three of the gaudy hats most of the girls would choose in preference.

Every one remarked upon her attractive appearance, and I tried

hard to emulate her. Even now when I go shopping with mother to buy my season's outfit I have that tendency to cling to the old habit of buying not only serviceable things, but those of severely tailored outlines.

## Answers to Correspondents.

R. W. T.—I have never charged for my photographs, but it would be impossible for me to send you the four you ask for, much as I should like to.

E. P. J.—In order to look like the proverbial caricatured spinster across the footlights when you are only seventeen, about the best effect can be obtained with the hair. Brush it straight back from the forehead and do it in a knot on top of your head, with two corkscrew curls dangling over each temple. Powder your hair a little so it will look gray. With a dark brown pencil, make lines around your eyes and on your forehead. If you are going to use grease paint, cover your lips with it, so, from a distance, your mouth will give the effect of being thin and pursed up.

Marion F.—It is only idle gossip which has given me a large family of children. I have many little cousins who come often to visit us, as mother and I are both passionately fond of children.

K. K. C.—If you have written a play for Charles Chaplin, he is at present with the Essanay Co. Send the play to the scenario department and label it, "Scenario written especially for Charles Chaplin."

Agatha F.—It would be impossible for me to advise you as to whether you and your sister are qualified to become moving-picture actresses. If you are personally acquainted with any actresses, I would ask their advice, for, though I should love to help all the girls who write to me, my not being familiar with them or their talents makes it too difficult for me to judge or offer definite suggestions.

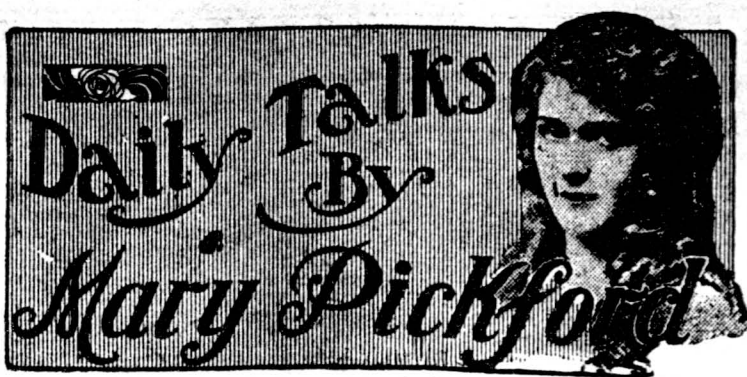
"Business Project"—Study the forms of scenario writing, typewrite your manuscript and buy one of the trade journals—Photoplay, Moving Picture News, Motion Picture World, Motography, etc. In these magazines you will find addresses of the moving-picture companies to whom you can always submit original photoplays.

"Belle of Canada"—I cannot say whether or not I will ever appear on the stage personally in Boston, but I often make impromptu speeches, and if the occasion calls for it I will be very glad indeed to appear before a Boston audience. The last features in which I played the part of a society belle were "The Girl of Yesterday" and "Esmeralda."

Mrs. M. K.—Unless a child is a naturally talented little actress, it is really difficult to find her a place in a moving-picture studio which will bring in a steady income. Beautiful color is lost in black and white photography, and as the work is so uncertain there are few instances in which it is profitable.

Mary Pickford





## LAUGHTER.

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THERE is no music like the laughter of children, and if there ever is gloom on the horizon the sunshine of it will illumine the darkest corners of the earth. On gray, depressing days, when one is tired and carries, Atlas-like, mental worlds upon his shoulders, then is the time to go into Central park where the kiddies are playing—in summer, at the lake sailing their boats; in winter, sliding down the dazzling white snow banks. The happiness of children is reflective, and you will catch a few errant sunbeams of it which will make your heart rejoice, because is there anything more infectious or a better tonic than sweet, innocent little youngsters at play?

"Smile awhile,  
And while you smile  
Another smiles,  
And soon there's miles  
And miles of smiles  
Because you smile."

Whenever frowns come, this is what our mother always says to us, and I repeat it to those who do not know it because I think there is something tuneful in its little melody which blossoms of the truth.

Laughter varies—it can be just as disquieting as it can be harmonious, and the girl and man who laugh at the wrong time become social molasses whom we all seek to avoid, fearing them quite as much as disliking them.

Sometimes the laugh of ridicule makes you grow so tiny you immediately become a rival of Tom Thumb and wish for all the world you had built in your home a secret passageway to gobble you up and drop you into dark regions where you could not even hear the echoes of their friends' volcanic laughter.

Then there is the affected laugh, which listens only to the sound of its own voice and laughs at everything; that is said. This, after all, is a self-indulgence quite as offensive as the habit of weeping too copiously from self-pity or other maladies of the mind. An empty laugh is too often the sign of an empty mind, while giggles, I am sure, must be another member of the family tree, closely related.

But a whole-souled laugh which is born in the merry heart of you is a veritable blessing to humanity, and to every sorrow a joy is parallel. While there must be tears, we cannot let them overshadow our lives and shut out the laughter, which is to the world what the sun is.

I shall never forget a terrible impression made on me at the sight of a grinning face—an impression which has lurked in my mind for several months—one of those haunting images which magnify with memory until they become gargoyles of the imagination.

It was in one of the Pathe weekly reviews of current events—the raising of a steamboat which had sunk en route to an excursion, carrying into the muddy waters of a river hundreds of women and little children. It was a harrowing sight, this showing of relief workers bringing out bodies of mothers with their babes still on their breasts and little children clinging to each other just as they had gone down when the boat sank.

Within close range of the camera the body of a sweet little girl was raised from the waters by one of the sailors. Her clothes were torn, her hair fell in a clotted mass over her

shoulders, her shoes had been torn off, but her little hand still clutched the lunch basket which her mother had probably entrusted to her care, and, like the captain who stays by his ship, she had gone down guarding it. A group of sad-faced, hollow-eyed on-lookers watched the sailors as they laid the little girl's body down on the edge of the pier, probably fathers or brothers or relatives watching for and identifying their loved ones. Perhaps it was curiosity, but I would rather call it compassion, which made me look into this group of haunted faces who were unconscious in their sorrow of the camera registering their emotions.

And then—I cannot describe how I felt when I saw him—pushing his way of the foreground that he might be seen the better, was a man, one of the group surrounding the little girl. He alone knew that his picture was being taken and would be shown to thousands of people, and the hardened egotism of him made him forget the dirge of his surroundings, for he laughed and bowed and waved his hat to make himself conspicuous among the pall of his fellow men by his self-conscious, self-hypnotized laughter. Others noticed it and even the men standing next to him, for several of them turned to look; but still his head bobbed and he smirked and smiled, all the while the sailors were staggering under the weight of the bodies they were carrying away. Unhappy be he who can laugh at the sorrows of others, for upon him shall be visited the greatest of all sorrows—the curse of humanity.

## Answers to Correspondents.

M. E. X.—Have the synopsis of your original stories typewritten and send them to the scenario departments of the film companies. You will find their addresses in any of the moving-picture trade journals.

M. L.—Grease paint is a formula like a thick paste. It covers the skin, making a smooth surface. The pigments of the skin, when photographed, often show blemishes which are not visible to the eye. Freckles must always be hidden, for they look like ginger-snaps when magnified upon the screen. Rouge being red, photographs black. Indeed, we actresses do know and like each other. Matt Moore is not married.

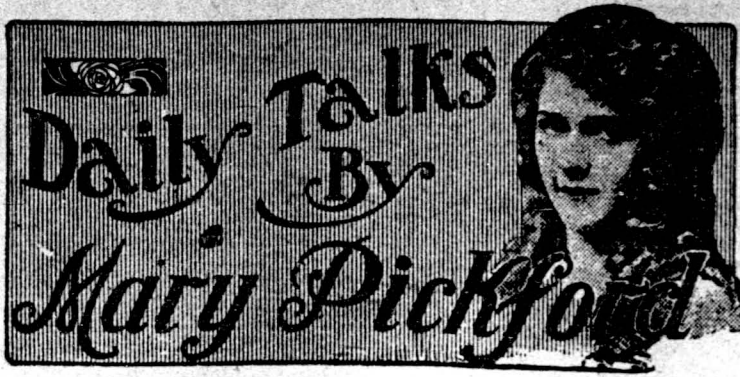
Sylvia Q.—Your two letters have not been answered because I refuse to answer such abruptly personal questions. All that I wish to tell of myself I will gladly put in my articles.

May C.—You can seldom find a box of apples without one apple having upon it a disfiguring bruise. You may have heard of one bad actress, but that does not mean all actresses have awful reputations. Some of the happiest wives and most gentle, loving mothers are actresses. No profession makes a good or a bad woman. She determines that herself.

Frances E.—Have your play typewritten, if you think it is clever, and send it in to the scenario department of one of the moving-picture companies. You will find their addresses in any moving-picture magazine.

Mrs. G. L. H.—For very oily hair, orris root rubbed into the hair and then well brushed out is good. I understand it is harmless, but makes it fluffy. Eggs are very fine for shampoo, and you make no mistake in using them.

Mary Pickford.



## MAIDENS—WISE AND FOOLISH.

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CONFIDENCE is a great boon to humanity—the confidence we have in our mother, our brothers and sisters and our loyal and sincere friends—but over-indulgence of confidence is an unholy habit which we always pay for dearly.

If we were perfect we would not be human, but, being human, we must draw strength from our errors, once we recognize and have the courage to face them, desiring to banish them from our lives.

But when we do make a mistake, let us correct it and then let it lie within ourselves. Sometimes when we have no dear ones to go to, we are carried away by the curiosity of our acquaintances, which we, in a confidential mood, mistake for sympathy.

A secret is like a stone which gathers speed as it rolls down hill, going faster and faster and faster until it has sped so far beyond our reach we can never hope to recall it.

Miss Foolish Maiden always tells her troubles to ears ever willing to listen, but to mouths not always willing to be silent; to eyes eagerly prying into other people's affairs, but to hearts that do not beat in sympathy with hers. If Miss Foolish Maiden would only listen to the dictates of that inner mind which has been given to her as a protection and a guard against evil, she would hear the small voice urging her to be silent, telling her that her own salvation rests within herself and that the world often turns on its heel when you expect to be understood and forgiven.

The little Japanese figures of the three axes that neither see, hear nor speak evil are a warning to those girls whom we meet every day who cannot keep their little tongues from wagging, either about themselves or of their neighbors.

But when we meet Miss Wise Maiden, who, when she falls short of vocabulary, says nothing, we feel grateful to her for her silvered silences which bring grateful lulls into the midst of the storm of our daily lives.

Miss Wise Maiden does not stop her stray acquaintances upon the street to tell them all the affairs of her home life, about the trouble brewing between her mother and father or of her own errant love affairs, and, upon exhausting these subjects, to diverge into the histories of other companions. She goes her way and when we meet her on the high road we enjoy her the more because she diffuses an atmosphere of subtle, sweet mystery, and we build up an ideal environment around her.

Miss Wise Maiden is the girl who, when she has troubles, faces them alone bravely and conquers them, and

we hear no more of her triumph than of her battles.

Miss Foolish Maiden always makes a demand upon our sympathies, until there comes a time when we feel she has overdrawn them and we turn an indifferent ear to her, perhaps at the time when she is for once really and honestly in need of our condolence.

Miss Foolish Maiden naturally has more troubles than Miss Wise Maiden, for she is of the type who dares danger and wantonly plays with fire. She is the girl who dissipates her energy frivolously—it may be harmless—and cannot throw her whole soul into her next day's work. Night after night, she goes to the dance, and finds it hard to wake up in the morning, taking just one nap more and getting late to the studio or office.

Miss Wise Maiden conserves her energies and concentrates her efforts upon one ideal. She is the girl who makes the best mother and wife and does well whatever falls to her. She is the girl who acquires the reputation of being super-average, while Miss Foolish Maiden eventually is recognized as far below the average.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Ernest A. H.—Why don't you visit a moving-picture company and leave your photograph and a list of your accomplishments?

Constance S.—Her manners—whether they are ladylike or not. No man likes a coarse, unrefined woman. A girl makes a mistake to accept presents from a man she is not engaged to, except little favors of flowers or candy.

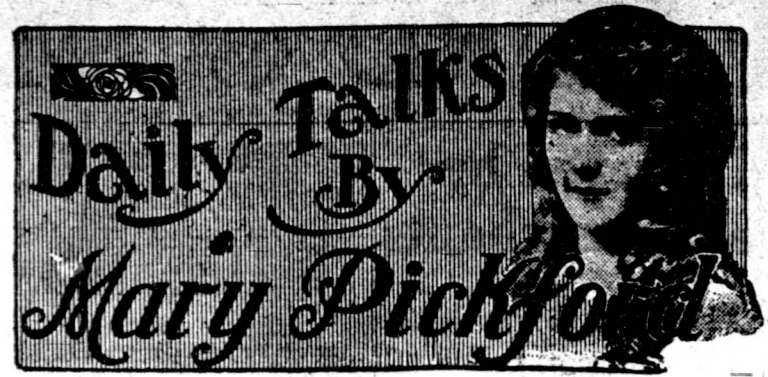
Margaret G.—It is true that a girl cannot pursue a man, and if he does not care as much for you as you do for him, I would always be too proud, if I were you, to let him know my unhappiness.

Charlotte—It is always hard for a mother to give up her daughter, but I would go to her and ask her to give you all the reasons why she opposes your fiancé. Mothers seldom wish to break off an engagement unless they have good reasons for it.

Mary F. F.—If your friends fuss about your using powder, it must be because you have such a perfect complexion you don't need it. I have never used cucumber cream, but I understand it is very good.

Stoneham—When my hair is oily, I do not brush it as many strokes as when it is dry. Buttermilk is a mild bleach we use during the summer when we are sunburned, but at other times I use glycerin and rosewater to soften my skin. I often word my answers to suit the question my correspondents ask. No one remedy or method is advisable for all.

Mary Pickford.



## GHOSTS OF YESTERDAY'S MISTAKES.

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SOME call it conscience—these haunting ghosts of yesterday's mistakes that trail after us, eternally knocking at our door or confronting us when the banquet is at its height; laughing, mocking, taunting us when we would banish them forever.

But so it goes that in the certain cycle of years mistakes will always boomerang—that is, the wanton mistakes which we commit with our eyes open and upon them, as it were. Perhaps we pay for unconscious errors and there are times when we cannot comprehend the punishment because our mistakes were committed innocently. Those are the crimes against ourselves, against nature's laws, which we disobey in the fullness of our youth and suffer for at maturity.

Beware, girls, you who boast of braving every clime and change of weather without a thought for your health! Girls who keep late hours and let themselves be dragged into uncertain atmospheres where they are tempted by the devil's brew may not realize it at the time, but when summer and autumn come they pay for this overindulgence of spring.

An act may travel far and its Nemesis be long delayed, but the boomerang, speeding far on its course, is destined to return.

We often lose sight of our crimes and think we are living them down and will never have to face them again, when, lo, and behold! there comes a knocking at our hearts and in stalks the ghost, as formidable as a live thing.

While we have to atone and suffer for our mistakes, grave or even gay, that is punishment enough and we do not ask or want our neighbor to make a law unto himself which condemns us. While our conscience points its finger at us and the eyes of our soul look deep into the eyes of our body, we neither want our neighbors' eyes upon us nor their fingers pointing at us, nor do we want to hear their whispers behind our backs as we shamble around corners to avoid them.

Of course, sometimes their silent or noisy disapproval is a part of our punishment, which, in order to make us truly humble, we must be subjected to. But as time dulls these sins of ours and we try to rise above them, phoenix-like, willing to wear sackcloth and ashes in atonement, then should our neighbors reach out a helping hand, for human compassion has divinity within itself.

When I was a little girl, there lived in our town what our mothers and fathers called a "painted woman," and there were prescribed boundaries even drawn around her little home. The children were told they must not speak to this woman, so among ourselves we imagined she was a witch who might take us prisoners and perhaps even torture us to death by boiling us alive in a great big caldron or baking us in her oven.

Sometimes we would be very daring, and four or five of us, clinging to each others' arms, would go just as close to her gate as we could. But the horrible old woman we dreamed lived there never came out—only a young girl with a pale, sad face, whom we looked at with awe because we imagined that either she was under the witch's spell or was the witch's own daughter.

Often she stopped and spoke to us,

and sometimes she gave us candy, which endeared her that much more to us. But there was always an atmosphere of mystery surrounding her, because, after all, wasn't she seen coming, from and going into the witch's house? It was many years before we knew that this young girl was the one we were taught to avoid and that she was in reality the witch, a wicked witch who had killed the very best within herself.

There was a story of how this girl had run away from a good home and a widowed mother with a man who proved to be already married. A few months later, she returned to find her mother had died of a broken heart. When the girl came home and fell on her knees repentant, had the neighbors come then and offered to help her in those penitential hours of remorse and atonement, would she have become the painted lady of the town, the germ of moral plague among them?

What a boon to a broken spirit or an anguished heart is a kind word spoken compassionately at the time we need it most! What a salvation it has been to many lives, even saving them from that easiest way which is the hardest and thorniest path humanity ever treads!

## Answers to Correspondents.

Vera H.—In "The Foundling," I wear a wig when I play the part of the Madonna. Actresses with straight hair often wear curly wigs or have their own hair curled, and curly-haired girls affect straight-haired wigs, if the role calls for it. Hair should be put up on kids and never curled with irons, for it breaks and destroys it.

Nellie S.—Your friends are wrong and you have won your bet—I do write my own articles.

Molly.—A letter would reach Marguerite Clark at the Famous Players Co. Actresses have many good reasons for not using their own names. I am glad you enjoyed "The Foundling."

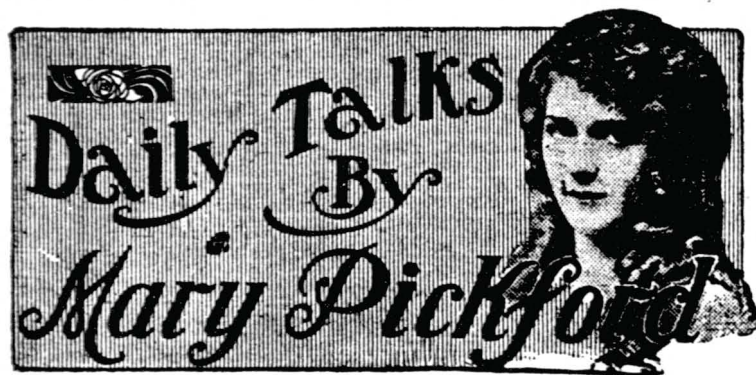
Margaret K.—Lottie is resting at home now with mother and me. Jack is with the Selig Co. in California. Our mother was an actress, but has not been on the stage for a great many years.

Thelma J.—I advise only clever girls to go into moving pictures, and when a girl writes to me asking for advice, not knowing her, I can naturally give her no definite suggestions, much as I should like to.

Mabel S.—Don't you think the old-fashioned games, such as bobbing for apples in a tub of water, musical chairs or even a taffy pull are heaps of fun? Popping corn and making molasses crisps keep you busy for an evening. I went to a party where all were given sheets of colored tissue paper, cardboard, paste, pins and scissors. The girl or boy making the most stylish hat out of those materials won a prize. At the supper table, each had to wear his own millinery, and some of them were highly amusing. For decorations or game suggestions, look in any of the household magazines, for they always give useful hints.

Mary Pickford.





## CHASING MOONBEAMS.

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**D**ON'T you always have to control the little stifling yawns behind the palm of your hand when you are forced to listen to some one telling you why he cannot accomplish his desires is because his ideals are so high—it is hopeless ever to try to reach them? And don't you find it difficult not to laugh at those who place their ideals so skyward that the farthest planet in the heavens isn't half so far as their principles, heights of attainment or the dreams they dream?

It is true that were it not for our ideals we could never bring our workaday activities above the level of the earth, but it is foolish to make them so elusive we would rather sink into oblivion than to aim for them. Sometimes, in our profession, we who are only moving-picture actresses meet with men and women who feel that deep within them lies latent genius. But they would scorn to climb the ladder of success through a medium which they feel falls far short of their inflated ambitions. Only the sphinx, who after solving the riddle of life has preserved an eternal silence, could unravel their mental skein. So they sink into obscurity and become what is known among artists as "successful failures." Rather than be caught in the machinery of life, they choose the lanes where there are no hills to climb, nor do they care to get the scent of the smoke of the city in their nostrils.

After all, they represent what is to them the soul of art unpolluted by

contact with commerce. Art really reaches its heights when it can elevate itself above conflicting conditions, when it meets obstacles and overcomes them.

If we have no ideals, we have nothing really worth while to live for, but if we place them too high we become discouraged and our footsteps falter in climbing and even the little hills, green grown in spring, become formidable precipices. Then, too, as we progress and rise above the standards we have set for ourselves, our ideals develop and grow, and like the grapes of Tantalus, are always just beyond our reach. That applies also to our earning capacity, and there are no bars and no banks great enough to hold the colossal fortunes our mental genius creates for us.

But he who prescribes a boundary for himself and, reaching it, is satisfied to exist within its area has no future. So many of the girls in our field of art, when they have reached a goal where the public is laudatory and their salary is comfortable, choose life's rocking chair and settle down to rest, feeling they have deserved it after arduous years of work. But that is not the time to rock one's ambitions to sleep. It is the time to stir oneself to seek broader fields and build, like the coral, who gives its life that the clusters may become reefs, the reefs atolls, the atolls islands.

What a beautiful and tender lesson we should all learn from the divine Sarah Bernhardt! She is like the mighty oak which adds each year to its majesty new branches of creative life. For those who could never hear her golden voice, she has come to us in the films, and there were tears in our hearts when we went to see her this last time, not tears of unwelcome pity, but of sincere gratitude. Not only her supreme art of acting touched us, but the lesson taught us by her fortitude.

And so I tell the girls who write to me of their life's misadventures, all of us can conquer the opposing armies of adversity—that is, if we become the captains of our souls.

## Answers to Correspondents.

M. C.—Mother never played with Lottie in the picture you mention. My eyes are hazel, and our friends tell us I resemble my mother, which makes me very happy, I can assure you.

Evelyn C.—I spent several days at an orphan asylum while "The Foundling" was being taken, and many of the little girls in the pictures were poor little orphans I had grown to love very dearly.

Bessie A.—Do keep up your piano lessons by all means, for you will never regret them when you have grown up and are an accomplished musician.

M. F.—"Little Pal" was taken in northern California, near a place called Truckee and Donner lake, where you may recall that the Donner party, famous in early California history, perished from cold and starvation.

Virginia S.—Unhappily my little pet kitten was burned in the fire which destroyed our studio. If you were there, you would know what a dreadfully destructive blaze it was.

Elizabeth J.—It is almost impossible for me to state my favorite book, for I have many, but I sometimes think the one I like best is Dickens' "Christmas Carol." You must read it.

Mary Pickford.



## FROM ACROSS THE SEA.

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**T**HE letters from my young girl friends in England bring more than a message—they bring reality and a nearness to the war which the bare, ugly facts in the newspapers cannot give.

A girl from the quaintly named Lavender Hill section of London concludes an interesting letter of her home life and surroundings: "I am writing to you, Miss Pickford, perhaps out of sheer loneliness because, to be frank with you, I have just been to see the young man I am engaged to leave for the front. He has enlisted and I shall miss him dreadfully, so I thought writing to you, whom I do not consider a stranger because we have met often across the silent screen, would cheer me up, and it has done so.

"Strange how often in the hour of our deepest trials we turn away from our assured friends and seek new, sympathetic shoulders upon which to unburden our troubles."

Here is a little letter from Birmingham, under circumstances where even the bravest can weep: "My father is at the war, Miss Mary, and my mother, who waited many months for him, just died because her heart was broken. Perhaps she might have lived, but not many weeks ago my two young brothers, who are only boys and still children to my mother, came to bid her goodbye, for they too, had joined the army and were ordered to the front. I am keeping the house neat and orderly, waiting and watching for them each day, and praying that when they do return they will bring my father with them.

"I think America must be a lovely place and I like the pictures best when they show the high mountains and the beautiful boulevards."

"America is a lovely place," I write back to the little English girl, "for no titanic machinery of war is dragged across the wide roads here and the little girls who are growing up will never know the unhappiness war is bringing to their little English cousins." I wonder if the American girls realize just how lovely their own country is?

Another girl writes: "We have lost our only brother, who was a musician on the Yarmouth sunk in the Pacific battle, and I am sending you his picture and the scrap of letter he began to you when I urged him once to write and tell you how much we enjoyed seeing your pictures when they came to London."

"I am writing to you," a little Liverpool girl begins, "because I have always longed for some one in whom to confide my joys and tribulations, and I have always felt that this trustee of my heart's secrets must be some one who lives far, far away and is different from me and from my family."

I wanted to cable right across to her, "How about telling everything to your mother, the best confidant any girl can ever have?" when my eye fell upon this line; "I live with a great-grandmother and three great-aunts,

and so you cannot write to me because they are very strict and would punish me severely if they knew I smuggled out a letter to a perfect stranger."

With all respect to great-grandmothers and great-aunts, it is not so easy to imagine them in perfect sympathy with a twentieth-century girl.

And, then, telling me nothing about the war, but of her large family of eight children, comes a letter from a Derbyshire mother. She wants me to give her advice as to whether she should tell her children fairy tales and if I think it is wicked to invent an Easter rabbit and Santa Claus.

Indeed, I do believe children should be taught to believe in fairies, because it develops their imagination, and if it were not for Santa Claus what a drab day Christmas would be! Some of the sweetest memories of my childhood are of the fairy lore my mother and grandmother told me about the mermaids who lived under the cool, green waves and the elves that danced in the slanting rays of the moonlight.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Katie LaB.—Indeed, if I were you, I would always tell the truth and take my punishment. If you tell one falsehood, you will find yourself enmeshed in twenty more.

Kenneth C.—I cannot tell you when I will appear again in any theater, as our public appearances are generally impromptu.

G. S.—It would have been easier to suggest a name for a club if you would tell me whether it is a sewing, card or literary club. I think it is a great deal of fun to form a secret order, which always lends an atmosphere of mystery. Write me more fully of your plans.

C. Francis—You are right—people who know nothing of professional women have no right to criticize or censure them, and I am very glad you take the attitude you do in upholding their moral characters. We are often unhappily maligned.

Blue Eyes—I think your writing is very pretty, as it is so decidedly feminine.

Grace B.—We speak our lines while we are taking pictures the same as actresses and actors do on the stage, because what we say lends expression to our eyes and lips, but the deaf and dumb people in the audience are the only ones who can really hear us across the silent screen. The night you saw me, my sister Lottie was not with me, but my mother was there. I felt very happy that people wanted to see me in person.

Anxious Inquirer—My mother and I live together, but, unhappily, our father died when we were very little children. Lottie is living with mother and me now, taking a vacation after finishing her long serial, "The Diamond from the Sky." Jack is in California with the Selig Moving Picture Co.

Mary Pickford.



## PENNY WISE AND POUND FOOLISH.

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**M**ISS Penny-Wise-and-Pound-Foolish walked twenty blocks the other day to save care-fare and wore out a dollar's worth of shoe leather! Incidentally she provoked such an alarming appetite that it made quite a dent in her pocketbook to pay the check at the end of her luncheon feast. But Miss Penny-Wise was very pleased because she had saved five cents in car fare, so she informed me. And do you know that when I laughed at her she was really quite disturbed and told me that I was unappreciative of her efforts to lay a foundation for her future fortunes?

Of course, what she lost by being Penny-Wise she gained in health, as there is nothing better than walking, but I doubt if this serious young lady would ever have taken a constitutional but for the idea that her bank was waiting for that nickel!

Bargain seekers often face the greatest disappointments, but it has become a fad or a hobby for some women to style themselves economists and pursue the phantom of 10% less. Sometimes it is 10% more, as they exhaust their vitality, which might have proved itself creative if it were directed in broader and more profitable channels. How triumphant a woman is when she comes home from bargain day, exhausted! But she has the assurance that she has saved a penny or two upon little purchases even at the expense of a neglected home and children, who have watched and waited in vain for mother, as she leads a veritable army of scrambling femininity in their march upon the long counters of flaunting reductions.

The girls around the studios who do not spend their earnings upon foolish trinkets and the latest fads, but make it a business to save each week, can afford sensible and finished wardrobes, which are a great boost and boon to them when they are called upon for roles demanding well-gowned types.

Some women are like some garments—their interest is only in the exterior and they care little about the seams, which may be ragged and uncertain, threatening at any moment to unravel and destroy the ensemble. It is as if they view themselves before a mirror and preen themselves like the peacock, who does not wish to see his ugly feet. These are the women who buy cheap, dowdy clothes in the hope they will fool the public, but unhappily they only fool themselves because our eyes become trained to see the real through the false, even to jewels and fabrics.

One serviceable suit of the very best material is much more economical than two suits of sleazy material which may be more effective or chic to the eye, but at the end of a few weeks is faded and distorted in shape.

Of course this advice does not necessarily carry itself to the girls who can afford many suits, but my heart is always with the working girls, to which class I feel it a distinction to belong. I am only giving my meager advice in answer to dozens of letters from girls, asking,

"What did you do, Miss Pickford, when you only had as little money as we have to spend on your clothes?"

I never felt ashamed because I was poor, nor did the rainbow-hued shop windows hold me too long. I felt as every girl feels when she is ambitious and dreams of a harvest future—that my time would come. But I did not know then that in the coming one loses the desire for those vanities which seem so elusive and so beautiful to us when we cannot afford them.

Do you remember how you longed to have a party dress and when the dream came true and you were tricked out in ribbons and lace you decided you looked quite commonplace and not so ravishing as you had imagined? Perhaps that was because the girl who lived next door came in an ever so much more elaborate gown—real lace and satin—and the dress you had dreamed of and planned for all those years was overshadowed and looked quite uninteresting by comparison. It wasn't your dress—that hadn't changed—but it was you who hadn't taught yourself contentment. And contentment is the key to happiness.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Philadelphia Girl—Carlyl: Blackwell played opposite me in "Such a Little Queen." He is at present with the Equitable Co.

A. A. Co.—About fifty scenes average a reel. Split reel comedies are two small, completed comedies in one reel, 500 feet allowed for each comedy. There is a great demand for moving-picture scenarios. Read moving-picture trade journals. They will tell you much about scenario writing.

J. K. R.—From what you tell me of your league, I would disband; then let the congenial members reorganize. There can be no evolution where there is dissension. It is always a good thing for a club to have prescribed rules, laws and principles, each member to be enforced to obey, as, working with one ideal in mind, the result is generally harmonious.

Leading Man—I have advised often in this column not to put belladonna in eyes to brighten them, for it is very injurious.

Anxious Girl—Some of the greatest literary geniuses of the age are poor conversationalists, and that is no drawback to a clever girl, such as your well-written letter proves you to be. Read current magazines and acquaint yourself with all the interesting topics of the day. Your letter came too late to advise you about the party.

Angela L.—Most of the pictures are colored abroad, but the tinted ones are done in our own laboratories. The shadow pictures are made by double photography—two pictures taken on one piece of film. I enjoy all the plays, as each is so different from the others. Sorry I cannot write for the "Bedtime Stories." Yes, we always go to see our own pictures when they are run, not to admire them, but to study the flaws in our acting so we can improve.

Mary Pickford.





## PICKANINNIES.

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**M**YRA, our colored laundress, was ill, and had to go home for an indefinite period, and Elfin, our cook—who weighed three hundred pounds as a retribution for bearing this name—had undertaken to provide a substitute laundress.

Next morning, true to her word, Elfin appeared accompanied by a friend, a neighbor, who carried in her arms a brown baby a little over a year old. I asked if she would not like to put the baby down in the big rocking chair while we talked, and, as she deposited him in the corner of the chair, I noticed that he dropped his head on one shoulder and surveyed the scene pessimistically.

"Isn't the baby sick, Mrs. J.—?" I asked.

"Lor', no, miss, he all ain't sick!" she assured me, vehemently and cordially. "He's 'ceitful, he is; he's jest takin' you-all in."

But the baby was unmistakably sick, and I asked her if one of her neighbors would be able to care for him while she was working at our house during the day.

"No, indeed, miss," she said beamingly. "They aint a woman in our house as don't wuk. You knows, miss, dat cullud men doesn't earn much wages—cullud men isn't wanted in big payin' jobs nohow—so we wimmin all has to hustle to he'p pay rent an' feed de chillen."

"And what do the children do all day without their mothers?" I asked.

"Well—well, mostly, miss, dey—dey—well, I guess dey just nachelly does wifout 'em' miss." And Mrs. J.—having thus settled the matter, smiled cheerfully once more.

"Just nachelly does wifout 'em'—without their mothers, all day and every day! I had once visited a children's court, and I remembered a little black urchin with rolling eyes and glistening teeth who had been arrested, with three other colored boys, for street fighting—fighting with a 'gang' of white boys, and I remembered, too, that he had told the judge the white boys had thrown stones at them and called them 'niggers.'" And I wondered, as the full force of Mrs. J.—'s statement struck me, not at the fact that this boy had been arrested for fighting, but what was going to be the fate of the thousands of these little ones without their mothers' sheltering care on the one hand and stoned by their white playmates on the other hand because they were "niggers."

And I thought, too, of the patient, loyal devotion of my colored maids, and the loving care they gave me, even though their own babies must be neglected.

One of my friends who has known many of the better educated colored people was talking of the future of the race with a colored lawyer, whose home she had visited. He sat in a great armchair with his three little fat girls on his knees, his arms about them, and said, with tears streaming down his cheeks: "No one knows how a man feels when he sees his little ones off to school in the morning never know-

ing what moment one of them will be called 'nigger' or offered some other indignity just because of a brown skin."

It seems to me we might remember that this people, the world's child race, has many virtues and endearing qualities—cheerfulness, the love of music and the ability to interpret it artistically in many cases, loyalty in service—and that no human being can bear continued and unearned hatred or ridicule without becoming embittered and hardened.

I love little pickaninnies, with their quick smiles, their wide, roguish eyes and their kinky curls, and some day I am going South to play in a picture with as many of them as it is possible to get on the screen at once.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Katherine G. J.—Putting lemon on the face depends entirely upon the condition of the cuticle. I would dilute it, if I were you. Buttermilk, if it agrees with the complexion, is very beneficial. Rub it in well and leave it on over night. I would see a beauty specialist, as I cannot give directions for massaging the face. Perhaps ice might agree with your face. I have used it for several years and find that it keeps the tissues firm.

L. G. C.—The color of one's complexion or hair matters little in pictures. Whether you secure a position or not depends entirely upon your own efforts and your own talents.

C. D. C.—The cost of production of a five-reel picture runs all the way from \$15,000 up, and covers a period of from four weeks to two months, depending entirely upon climatic conditions.

Gwendolyn P.—If I were you I would go to the studio near your home and apply for a position as extra girl, which is the lowest step in the ladder. If you show that you have any talent you will undoubtedly begin a steady climb to the top. Leave one of your photographs with your address and telephone number. That is the easiest way for them to remember you.

Mrs. J. B.—By feature plays they mean either dramas or comedies complex and long enough to cover five reels, and are not serial plays continued from week to week. You must have your manuscripts typewritten or they will not be read by the busy scenario editors. Keep on sending. What might be turned down by one company stands the chance of making an appeal to the next one.

J. G. M.—My advice to you is to visit the studios, leaving your photograph, address and telephone number with the cast director. If you are the attractive type you describe let us hope you will be successful in your endeavors to find work.

Mary Pickford.



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## FAIRY STORIES FOR CHILDREN.

**L**ITTLE Johnnie Wiseacre sat outside the door of his dressing room the other afternoon reading Ibsen's "Ghosts" as I passed by and paused to "green-room" gossip with him a few minutes about the latest avalanche of studio work.

"How old are you now, Johnnie," I asked him, after I had listened to a long dissertation on the cult and culture of the photoplay.

"Just eight, Miss Pickford, but I think I'm rather old for my age, don't you?"

"Indeed I do," and I laid lamentable stress upon my words. "Too old, Johnnie, about sixty years too old."

Johnnie looked hurt, but only for a moment, as real spring time youth has the rare assurance that the opinions of its elders bear very little weight after all.

"My mother always tried to develop my mind in broader channels," continued Johnnie, who now studied me coldly. "She firmly believes that I will grow up to be a clever man if I learn to think clearly at an early age."

"So that is why you read Ibsen and—" I smiled, trying to keep my eyes from dancing.

"I enjoy Shakespeare and Sudermann immensely," interrupted little Johnnie, assuming a self-protective attitude. "Some day I hope to play Hamlet, or even Macbeth. Mother says that if I hold to that thought long enough, it is bound to come true."

"Undoubtedly," and I smiled again, "but aren't you a little young to be delving into the big, dusty bookshelves? Do you ever read the Boy Scout books or Robert Louis Stevenson's stories of adventure?"

"Boy Scouts!" he cried derisively. "Adventure stories! They are almost as silly as fairy stuff! What funny ideas you have, Miss Pickford!" And then he stared at me with Peter Pan's immortal question in his eyes: "Why—why—d-do you believe in fairies?"

"Of course I believe in fairy stories, and I hope I shall never forget the fun I had when I was your age. In spite of the fact that I had been on the stage for three years, I was sure that mermaids lived happily in their under-the-sea palaces and that gnomes ran taverns in the hollows of every ancient oak."

Johnnie Wiseacre laughed until his little body was convulsed with merriment.

"O-o-oh, Miss Pickford, I'd be ashamed to tell it. If some of the kids around the studio heard you talk like that—h'm!"

"What would they say?" I interrupted eagerly. Johnnie made a circular motion with his fingers upon his temples, indicating wheels turning with great rapidity.

"Don't even the younger children read fairy stories?" I asked him, truly surprised, because I thought it was a part of every child's education. He looked at me incredulously.

"I should say not. We think they're—piffle!"

Here the director called me, and when I returned Johnnie was gone, Ibsen's "Ghosts" and all.

Alone in my dressing room, I sat for a long while, weighing his words seriously and wondering who was in the wrong—Johnnie's mother or I. Her belief was that children should assimilate their knowledge only from the world-great sages and that their brains should not be burdened with any impractical, useless kernels of fact or fiction. I, on the other hand, had always felt that the imagination of children would be colored and ripened by their mental voyages into fairyland.

When a little child dreams that,

cradled in the golden petals of the lilies, there sleep the fairies, then the flowers of the garden become to him what unsung poems are to us—that latent music which is deep in the heart of us although in some it never finds expression.

Children never feel lonely when they believe the world is peopled with little, living merry-eyed folk, who come to them, as our own grandmother threatened, "only when we are good."

I do think it is wrong to tell the little ones of wicked fairies and goggle-eyed witches, but who wants to be denied the pleasure of that span of life when we do not doubt that the Easter Rabbit lays the colored candy eggs and that Santa Claus comes down the chimney?

I would be so glad to hear from mothers upon this subject, informing me if they believe it advisable to tell their children fairy stories. Perhaps I am wrong in thinking they bring bright moments into their oftentimes drab little lives, and preserve intact for many little spirits that intangible something which later on makes it so much more possible to bear the hard, cold facts of existence.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Mrs. A.: If I were you, after having your scenario typewritten I would study it well before I decided which company to send it to. If you have any star actress or actor in mind who suggests your leading role, you could send it on to the studio where she or he is employed. It is easy to locate any actress or actor through the trade journals.

F. S. C.: If you have a steady position at \$3 a day you would make a great mistake to attempt to become an actor, as the qualifications for success mean many years of study, and with responsibilities like yours you might often regret going into a new field of activity.

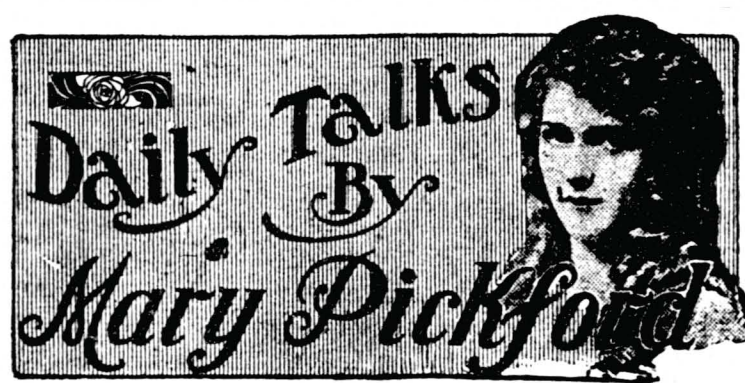
Beth K.: If you are quite sure that you have talent and your friends tell you that you are pretty, then perhaps you are taking no chances and are making no mistake in studying acting at a dramatic school or attempting to break into the moving pictures by going to the studios and registering. If you have an older woman friend, if I were you I would have her go with me. While there are no imminent dangers, a fifteen-year-old girl cannot command the attention or the courtesy that would be extended to her if she were with an older person.

L. C. G.: I do hope the time will come when I can forswear eating meat myself, but, as you say, habits are strong upon us, and we cannot radically change the mode of our existence, especially when there is a heavy physical drain upon us all the time.

M. T. D.: writes a very sensible letter and tells me that she does not aspire to become a moving-picture star, but that her achievements are going to be in her own home and her own kitchen, which latter especially is not such an overcrowded field as ours. Perhaps there is no more vital force in the world than the girl or woman who understands the proper feeding of her family.

L. C. W.: I wish to thank you very much for your charming letter, and if you think you have a story which suits the style of my act, I would send it in to the Famous Players' Company's Scenario Department, if I were you.

Mary Pickford.



## OUR DEBT TO THE LIVING.

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**T**HE mausoleums in the cemetery are not half so icebound as the tombstones in our hearts if we feel, looking back across our little span of life, that we have not paid in full our debt to the living, and there is no suffering so keen as the cry of our own conscience—the long hours of the night when we are haunted by the ghosts of what might have been and what we might have done.

I do not think there is any one among us who has not said, "If I had only been a little kinder to my mother"; or, "Why was I so impatient with my dear old grandmother?" or "God forgive me, to think that all these years I might have brought sunshine into the lives of these dear ones, gone now beyond recall—and yet I passed them by with a tomorrow on my lips."

What hypocrisy to stand before the empty cocoon of life and weep our scalding tears of remorse, bank the coffin high with flowers and follow in mournful numbers to the grave where we have erected a tombstone bearing an epitaph of distinction and adulation! What do the dead care for our tears or our praise when they are sleeping their eternal sleep!

It is to the living we should turn our sacred interest—to those under our own roof, to those who have no roofs above their heads; to the mothers of our homes and to the homeless mothers. Sometimes old people seem very trying to us who belong to this modern whirlwind generation, but do not be impatient with them. Look upon them not only as sages and kindly advisers, but as little children whom we must cherish and protect. Every time your grandmother or grandfather disagrees with some of your surprising theories, remember to be patient and gentle, for the years are on the wing and the day will come too soon when they must depart upon their long journey, never to return, and "if I had only been a little more charitable!" you will wail. But, alas, then it will be too late!

There is a woman I know who during the lifetime of her mother and father was not as kind to them as she should have been. She called them "old fashioned," she ridiculed their nineteenth century ideas and ideals; she called them selfish because they would not grant her that freedom to abandon herself to her impulses that she mistakenly conceived to be necessary to her happiness. And then, when her father lost his fortune, she looked upon the event with arrant selfishness and upbraided him for not having better provided for her mother and herself. When success came to her she was not willing to share it, but allowed them only a meager pittance, unmissed from her own pocket-book.

Then there came a fire in the unsafe apartment where they were forced to take rooms because of their paltry allowance, and this woman was

telegraphed for to come and try to identify her parents among the charred bodies of the victims.

I shall not describe her sufferings to you because you who have a heart and conscience can understand down what precipices of remorse she was plunged!

She is living now the days of her atonement, and all her hours not spent in work she goes to hospitals to visit the little sufferers who are destined never to recover. She reads to them and sings to them, and carries dainty luxuries to feed their little starved bodies. But, after all, it is only a vicarious atonement, and her remorse has burned a scar, a cross upon her heart that not all the bitter tears of repentance can fade.

## Answers to Correspondents.

It is to be regretted that I am obliged to deny my photographs, but so many thousands have written to me that I can no longer comply with their requests. It must be a very exceptional demand, such as this letter from Blackpool trenches, via England, which would meet with a response:

"Dear Miss Pickford: We have a trench called after you, and would like to have your picture for our orderly room. Please excuse this bad writing, but we are always under fire and are very nervous, and oblige,

"DR. ROBERT M.  
"West Lane Field Ambulance."

Lottie D.: If your hair is very greasy try an orris-root shampoo. It is a dry powder, sweetly perfumed, and will not harm the hair. Perhaps you brush your hair too much and this brings out the oil. I shampoo my hair about every third week.

Ruth Hill: Your cunning little verse I shall keep in my scrapbook, although I regret that I cannot comply with the little baby's request. Perhaps some time when I return to Los Angeles to take pictures I will see the little one myself.

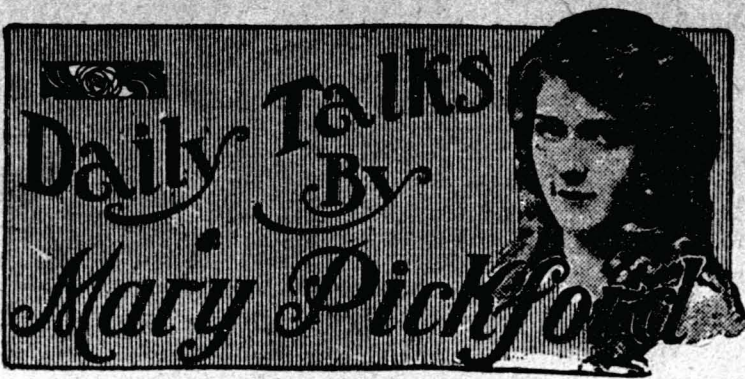
J. R. L.: If you were a professional woman do you think you would lay bare the innermost secrets of your heart or of the home which is sacred to every woman? You say that I have never touched upon the romance of my life. Perhaps that is because I have played the little girl so long that I have come to assume that the letters that come to me are sent to the little girl on the screen.

Mrs. J. J. O'C.: One of my favorite hobbies is the gathering of antiques from odds and ends of brasses to old chinas or tapestries. I think my favorite pastime is athletics. I enjoy swimming, skating, and this winter have had some great fun sliding down snowbanks on sleds with the youngsters. In California, I drive my own car a great deal.

E. V. S.: Yours is a very noble spirit—to be such aid to your parents—and you must be a proud girl to know that you are dependable. Perhaps when you are a mother yourself you will appreciate how your own mother must have felt when you wanted to go from the protection of your home and away from her love, with strangers who might have treated you unkindly had you not been the success they prophesied, and who might not have brought you up with the ideals of your own mother; for it is undoubtedly in large part her influence that has made you the sweet girl you are. You are such a young girl, you have plenty of time to think about becoming a moving picture actress. Might I suggest that you do not devote all your leisure and spare money to the movies, but that you interest yourself in something real in life, and not merely in life's reflection on the screen.

Mary Pickford.





## MY FRIENDS IN AUSTRALIA.

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SOME day I am going to Australia, and when I reach there I want to climb to the highest mountain that I may hold out my arms and spiritually embrace all those dear people who have offered their friendship to a little American girl across the seas.

While we should look upon the children of another land as our cousins, we often build titanic stone walls between them and ourselves that we may never hope to climb over. Infernal crises like the present war, or perhaps a mere indifference to the interests of those who live in other countries, may aid in the erection of these walls. I have spent many years on the western coast, and out there Australia seems very close to us—closer even than England. But I am not going to talk of Australia as a continent, but of my own experience with its kindly people.

A short time ago, a huge package came from Sydney, Australia, and I opened it, with my eyes as big as saucers, wondering who had sent it and what it contained. It proved to be a beautiful, large, silver loving cup "from the people of Sydney," who had only known me through my pictures. There was a large album with 30,000 names written in it, and it was explained to me that during the week in which "Tess of the Storm Country" had been presented at a local theater a box had been placed in front of the theater in which penny subscriptions might be dropped, the proceeds of this subscription to be used for purchasing the silver cup which was sent to me. Each person dropping a penny in the box was also asked to write his or her name in the book which was to accompany it, and when the book reached me I found it contained the names of those in every walk in life, from the high officials to the little boy who "liked to go to the movies," and was sacrificing a lollipop to drop his penny in the box.

So touched was I that I felt no expression of my appreciation would be adequate, for there are depths it is impossible to gauge in the feeling that goes out to unknown friends like these, whose kindness adds so much joy to life. Many names are written in large childish scrawls and I had visions of the pencil wielded laboriously by little fists, round and chubby.

The other day I was called to the telephone by the operator.

"Is this you, Mary Pickford?"

I couldn't deny it.

"Hold the wire, please. A little shaver took the telephone off the hook and asked for Mary Pickford! Shall I put him on your line?"

"Gladly," I laughed, and a few minutes later a wee voice piped over the telephone. "Is this you, Murry Peckford?"

"Yes, this is Mary Pickford. Who are you?"

"I'm three years old—I am."

"What's your name, honey?"

"I come from Orstrallia—I do."

Again I asked his name and this time there was a long pause.

"Come and see me, Murry Peckford—my name is Jerry."

He had evidently said all that he had planned as he hung up the telephone abruptly, and no more did I hear from him that day. He was

Jerry from Australia—that was all I was destined to know.

The next day he rang me up to say very briefly, "I love you, Murry Peckford—" and so it went until his mother caught him one afternoon and poured her unnecessary apologies into my ear. It all came about because Jerry had seen me on the screen and his mother had held his hand while he printed his name in the book outside the Sydney Theater. "Tell Murry Peckford I bought her a cup and saucer," he prompted his mother.

"Every child in Sydney who wrote his name in that book thought it was he who was buying the loving cup," explained Jerry's mother. "My husband was an official there, and he told me it was the first time the official seal of Sydney was stamped on anything besides a legal document."

And of course this all helped to make me prouder and happier of the wonderful token of friendship. As I have written to my Australian friends, the silver cup on my dresser is a boon to my spirit, and has made me more than ever want to embody in my pictures my message of love to the world.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Anonymous: I am very grateful to you for your letter of kindly encouragement. I have been used to climbing trees all my life, so I found no difficulties in climbing up the side of a building, by clinging to the trellis.

A Librarian: I think every woman wears her hair according to the way she feels. It is more comfortable down, but when I am out of my home I pin my curls loosely on the top or my head.

Roy S.: Our greatest happiness is in our home, and I certainly would not advise you to give up a lucrative position to go on the stage when you are so near to your goal. You will not find as much joy in reaching out and seeking foreign fields as you would in cultivating your own, and in sowing now in the springtime of your life for your harvest of plenty.

Inquisitive: It was quite a dive into the water—I could not say just how many feet—but I am thankful I do not have to take chances like that in every picture.

Ethel H.: "Fanchon, the Cricket," "The Girl of Yesterday," "Rags," "The Foundling," and "Poor Pepina," are the latest features I have appeared in.

Dolores C.: Your letter sounds like an algebraic equation. If Tom has been always fair and responsible to you I see no reason why you should not bow to him when you pass. Jack's advice to you is perhaps tinged by jealousy, but I would be sure of the character of all the men I met before I gave my confidence too freely to them.

Mary Pickford.



## HOMES AND WORKING WOMEN.

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AMONG the hundreds of requests that come to me daily for contributions to philanthropies of every description was one that interested me for many reasons. It was an attractive little circular and it asked me to help build a hotel for self-supporting women. This brought to my mind the many articles I have seen during the past year or two relating to the question of modes of living for working women and I decided to talk to some of my fellow workers and learn how they felt on the subject.

From my earliest years it has seemed to me that every woman I knew who earned her own living was working for a home and now I wondered just what "home" meant to them. And so I began to ask questions. Many of the girls I talked with were living in boarding houses, some were living in furnished rooms, a few in family hotels, but a very large proportion were in apartments which they maintained either by themselves or with one or more fellow working women, and among this last class—the real home-makers—I found my contented woman.

Whether the apartment was of the costly be-rugged, heavily upholstered, elevator variety or a modest two or three-room affair in one of the model tenement buildings, this was the place where one of the most deeply ingrained instincts of womankind found its happiest expression. It was the spot of spots where Susan could bake beans as mother taught her to bake them, where Lillian could bring her canaries and her parrot without a protest from a too exacting landlady, where all could receive their friends, and, above everything, where all could keep alive the heavenly home-making instinct which is every woman's birthright, and which I cannot help but believe—were it rightly instilled into every girl's heart—would appreciably lessen the yearly quota of victims each dance hall and its more aesthetic sister the cabaret offers as a sacrifice to the god of Things as They Are.

Perhaps no class of women is more misunderstood in this very particular than are actresses, whether those of the "movies" or of the spoken drama although a little bit more of the truth is beginning to seep through to the consciousness of the public. Few actresses who are not stars can afford, in their daily or weekly migrations from place to place, even a large, sunny room in a good neighborhood. The majority must content themselves with a third-floor-back room with the traditional cooking one's dinner in a trunk lid and drying one's laundry on a window pane that the cartoonists of theatrical life offer for the public's amusement, but which is

too tragically the reality of a struggling actress' existence.

And so the only outward and visible semblance of a home that falls to this actress is apt to be the little pet dog, or perhaps cat, or bird, that she carries about from place to place, and this pet, too, takes its place in the theatrical lampooners' bag of jests.

But, taking them by and all, the theatrical women I know have in their hearts a keen desire to leave furnished rooms, boarding houses and hotels, and to ensconce themselves in their own individual niches in the universal "home, sweet home!"

## Answers to Correspondents.

D. P.: If you have an acquaintance working in a studio perhaps he or she can grant you permission to spend a morning or an afternoon upon the stage, but strangers are not admitted.

Betty F.: As I have spent many years on the coast and summers at the summer resorts, I have learned to have no fear of the water. Indeed I would not take a chance at diving into a swimming pool when I was uncertain of its depth. In "Fanchon, the Cricket," it was very safe.

Frances P.: My sister has finished the serial, "The Diamond From the Sky," and is taking a rest. Irving Cummings has left the American, but I am not sure which company he is with now. They may not play together again for some time.

T. H.: My cousin Verna is at school in Canada, and I doubt if she will ever go on the stage.

J. A. N.: Forty to fifty scenes compose one reel as a rule, unless your scenes are very long acting ones. Your scenario of 164 scenes would be called a three-reel photoplay. Why don't you try to write special features—five-reelers?

J. J. H.: Although I regret that I must ask you abandon much hope, I do not think it would be possible for a girl totally deaf to become a moving picture actress, as it would necessitate the director giving her individual attention—a problem which these busy men could not in all probability cope with. But if I were you I would take her to the studios, and because of her handicap she would be shown every respect and they would advise you more definitely than I can.

Mary Pickford.



## ELLIS ISLAND.

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WE CAME down the long entrance from Battery Park to the dock and on to the landing dock just as the little boat drew in from Ellis Island, loaded with newly-arrived immigrants who had just passed through the ordeal of medical and oral examination by the immigration officers and who were now free—free to place their feet on the "promised land." The ecstasy of reunion with relatives and friends was lost in this great moment, and there was little chattering going on among them. The group as a whole gave me the impression rather of a tense straining forward—the attitude of a racer about to make his start.

I had read the day before of an effort to introduce into Congress a bill providing for a literacy test before permitting immigrants to land, but somehow, as I watched these men and women, I had no thought of what effect their coming would have on us and our institutions. I wondered only what we were going to do to them. They were a broad-shouldered, dark-skinned, eager-eyed lot, and I wished that I might be permitted to see them again and to learn how this land of freedom had dealt with them.

We were going to Ellis Island to make a study of certain types for a picture, and as our best "hunting ground" we chose the big room in which were all the men, women and children who were to go right through to New York as fast as their relatives and friends called for them. Here was the same strained, tense attitude we had observed in those on the boat; no visiting, no chattering, but listening, listening, lest a moment be lost after the name was called—the call that meant reunion in the next room with one's nearest and dearest, between whom and these poor strangers the great ocean had only just ceased to roll.

I could not by any effort of my will think of "types." Here was humanity—humanity in one of its great moments—and we hurried into the adjoining room, where friends and relatives were waiting as tensely expectant as the newcomers.

A young girl passed through the gate, eagerly searching each face in the little knot of people outside, and then throwing herself into the arms of a bearded man, down whose seamed face the tears streamed unreservedly. It was the reunion of father and daughter, we learned, after the mother's death in "the old country."

A woman with three little ones clinging to her was met by her husband, and it was not until they reached the outer corridor, away from pry-

ing eyes, that they turned and looked at each other and then embraced, silently, mingling their tears.

Two little orphaned boys were met by their uncle, who raised each one in turn up in his arms and seemed to promise their dead parents that he would be both father and mother to them.

A tiny grandmother was engulfed by a whole family of sons, daughters and grandchildren, who pressed upon her oranges, candy and a handful of flowers before she was scarcely through the gates, and her streaming eyes and laughing lips were hidden in one warm embrace after another from her family.

I could not remain. Types or no types, this was no sight for the eyes of curiosity. It was a heart-swelling fifteen minutes—I could not bear it any longer. I felt as though I was an intruder at some sacred shrine. As the little boat took us back to New York I looked from the group of immigrants massed below us to the great statue of the Goddess of Liberty, and to my lips came, spontaneously, "Our Country, 'Tis of Thee!"

## Answers to Correspondents.

Marguerite B.: I am no relation to Marguerite Clark, but we are both at the Famous Players' studio.

Sarah R.: White vaseline will not hurt the eyelashes or brows, and has been known to make them grow very long and luxuriant.

H. S. L.: The scenario editors of all reliable companies have been waging a war upon the stealing of ideas and plots from scenarios sent in, and I think that this dishonesty has been eradicated.

H. R. S.: Ask your druggist to give you senna leaves in quantity sufficient to make a strong tea. Dip your finger tips in this and the bitterness of the senna may aid you in stopping the biting of your nails.

Mrs. D. O'B.: If your daughter has a mathematical mind persuade her that there are no greater mathematical problems to cope with than those connected with adding a home and a husband, subtracting domestic cares from the sum of the two former and multiplying the blisses.

Mary Pickford.





## OUR SOULS AND OUR WORK.

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IN the putting on of "Poor Little Peppina," we needed several hundred types, men, women and children. A tour was made of the Italian quarters and we gathered in a group of women who eagerly left their flower-making—at which they earned the meager pittance of thirty to sixty cents a day—and their trousers and coat finishing—at from forty to fifty cents a day—to come to the studio to work for \$2.50.

For a day or two, all went well, and, as our chief sub-title writer might say, with a flourish of his pen, "Life was one grand, sweet song," barring the few brainstorms they caused our poor, overworked director.

And then I noticed that the dark-skinned daughters of Italy were eyeing me with something distinctly personal in their regard—something that was a mixture of awe, envy, admiration—though the latter was not wholly flattering—and a growing determination. What this determination meant I was shortly to learn, for after a perfect babel of oratory, during which heads and elbows wagged as industriously as tongues, one of the women, her expression now wholly a "do-or-die" one, approached me and said, "You work-a here all-a-da-time, no?"

I turned this over in my mind and decided that I could safely say, with complete truthfulness that I did—"all-a-da-time!"

My answer seemed to be the right one, for she gave a confirming nod to her compatriots, and then returned to the charge.

"We getta da two fift' a day," she stated. I smiled a delighted congratulation, for many companies paid a dollar less, but this time I had evidently disappointed her. In the attitude of a typical screen heavy she demanded:

"Soambody—eez tal me you getta da ten doll' a day—no?" Her conviction was evidently so strong on this point that I was too frightened to do anything but stare at her appealingly. Taking this to be a confession of guilt, she went unhesitatingly back to her companions and joined them in an apparently soul-rending criticism of my inefficiency. Above the languages of the tower of Babel, I could hear the words "ten dolla" passed from one to the other, and I had visions of them assaulting the manager's office and demanding that my salary be reduced to "five dolla" or perhaps to even "two-fift'."

I had argued backward, however, for the lady again advanced, to prove that she had become thoroughly imbued with the spirit of the "land of the free." She informed me:

"We talla da boss! We strike—you getta ten dolla—we getta da two fift'. No fair! We worka mooch harda da you. We strike!"

And off they marched, tongues

again busy, arms busy and heads busy, with the ardor of their cause. Instead of it being a stimulus, many girls are discouraged because of the large salaries of the stars and look upon us with eyes of jealous envy. They often forget that we girls all started with the lowest ebb of the tide and that it was by our own efforts we reached our present positions of power and promise.

The biggest solvable problem in the world today—one that is calling for the best thought of the biggest brains—is this absorbing question of work and pay. Pondering upon it, I have often felt, while something was being thought out by the brains and fought out by the workers, it might ease things a bit if we just draw a picture of the world scheme—of work to be done to keep things going, and all of us helping—not stopping the fight for our souls' life in the midst of the grind, but feeding our souls with that great motto which is blazoned on the arms of the Prince of Wales—"Ich Dein"—"I serve!"

## Answers to Correspondents.

N. E. J.—Scenarios which directors can work from in producing a picture are not wanted from the outsiders and amateurs. What the scenario editors want are original ideas and a full, well-written synopsis.

T. M.—It would be almost impossible to advise you about learning photoplay writing by mail. There are so many bad schools among the good that unless you visit them to study their methods you may be swindled out of the money you put into it. Photoplay writing cannot be taught by correspondence.

J. K.—I would advise you, as long as you are in New York and anxious to study photoplay writing, go to the school at Columbia university.

Mrs. H. O'B.—Thank you for your very kind expressions. You can find out in one of the trade journals the whereabouts of the actors concerning whom you inquire.

F. B.—Thank you very much indeed for sending me the name of the book you feel would help me overcome my timidity. I appreciate it deeply, I assure you.

Dorris and Lillian—Why not wait until you have finished high school before you make your plans to try to enter the crowded "movie" field? Your tastes may have changed completely by that time. Your dancing must give you much pleasure.

Motion Picture Fiend—It was very good indeed of you to go to so much trouble in writing me, and to send me your poetry. You must remember that much of the motion picture play-making is done out of doors, and one has the reality of the pictures you draw so vividly with your pen.

Mary Pickford.



## MOVING PICTURES AND THE WORKING GIRL.

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WHEN I look upon my audiences from the screen and whisper, "How-de-do, my friends?" I wonder if the people really know that while the picture is being taken we are always thinking of them, and are ever so much more keenly interested in all of those strange faces than they are in the ghosts of us who walk before them on the screen.

Sometimes we actresses talk about the worlds of people to whom we pay our silent homage, and what varied types we play to, from the alien to the little, chubby-faced American boy, who knows and loves his movie stars and would rather spend his pennies on Charlie Chaplin than the most alluring toy shop window.

The question was asked us at the studio by a non-believer in pictures: "What good have pictures done for the world, and how have they educated the people, as is their hue and cry?"

Of course, we have mental realms of defense, which we can reel off to such condemnors of our art, but I did not answer—I merely turned to several of the stenographers who had recently come to the studio, and who, up to that time, had had no knowledge of pictures outside of the pleasurable viewpoint of the audience.

It is what these girls told us that verified the statements made by hundreds of other working girls, who have been only too glad to express themselves upon the subject. Pictures mean to them not only rest and amusement hours, but hours of actual association with girls of other races and the knowledge of social conditions existing in other countries.

There are few of us who are not always eager to absorb knowledge, and those girls who have been unfortunately denied the higher branches of education make valiant efforts not to allow their burdensome labors to limit them or hold them down to a prescribed mental chalk line.

Summing this up mathematically, we find that to the first question we ask the girls: "What do pictures mean to you?" the prompt reply is always "Amusement." Before there were movies to go to, evenings not spent in visiting or partying were long and tiresome, and but few of the girls could afford to go to the theaters except to the cheap stock companies or burlesque performances. In order to give zest to life "one must play part of the time," they would add, naively.

"Entertainment and education," another girl as decidedly answered, "but chiefly education. How happy we feel when we leave the theater carrying with us new knowledge either of plant or animal life, gigantic industries in other cities, or introductions to foreign countries."

"Do you know, Miss Pickford," excitedly said one of the girls, "that until I went to moving picture I thought costumed Indians had become traditions and did not know that real feathered tribes were still living in the United States, preserving to a certain degree the customs of their grandfathers. You can imagine how fascinated I was when I saw the pictures of the Yaqui snake dancers and the war dances of the Nez Percés Indians. And how excited we were to see pictures actually taken in the land of the midnight sun. The night the picture was showing at the theater near our homes, we took the little boys and girls of the neighborhood that they might learn about the ways of the Esquimaux."

"I was so glad to see pictures of the great Western ranches," one girl told me, "for I have never been out of the city in my life, and for years have read

romances of the mountains, the desert, and the Jesuit missions of California."

"Last night we were fascinated by a series of marvelous pictures which showed the birth of an orchid from the bud until it reached its full bloom, and of plants that thrive upon little insects, whose tender, delicate leaves were like spider webs. Once the victim lit upon a leaf, it recoiled and drew the insect into the heart of the flower, where it was smothered and absorbed." The eyes of the girl who told me this danced with pleasure.

"Mother will never forget the picture which magnified the horrors of the house fly," interposed another. "The scene showed us how it lays its eggs upon a piece of exposed meat and the eggs become repulsive and disease-breeding maggots. Ever since that lesson our slogan has been that of millions of other—'swat the fly!' Mother says the movies have proved the dangers of him, and they are cautious now that he keeps away from the baby's milk bottle."

I will be so interested to know what YOU think of the moving picture—what it means to YOU.

## Answers to Correspondents.

J. U.—I am not sure I have your initials right, as your signature was not plain. You will find the names of the moving-picture firms having headquarters in New York City in the trade journals.

K.—Some skins develop hair with certain lotions, while others do not. You can tell the effect by watching closely.

L. R.—A plot worked out in a complete story is better for film use.

Z. B., Louie H., B. H., Tome de R., Flora H.—Your inquiries—the ones that come oftenest to me—as to the best way to become moving picture actors (or actresses) are best answered all at once by saying that the best way, and the only way, is to go to the studios and leave your name with the director, together with a photograph of yourself, so that he will the better remember you.

L. M. B.—I am sorry, but I am not the person you saw in the motorcycle car. I am glad you enjoy the pictures, and want to thank you for your encouraging words.

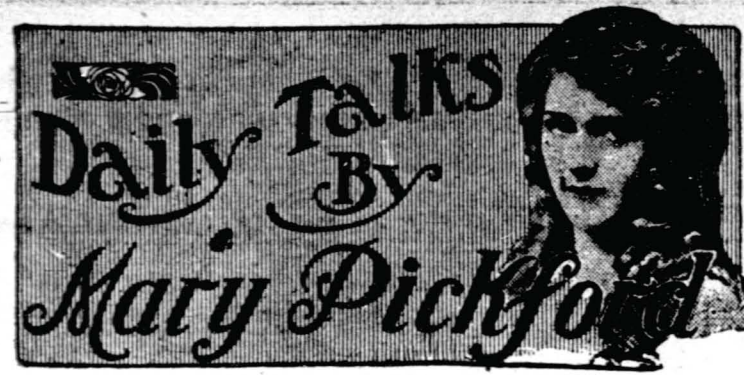
J. H.—The best way to secure employment as a camera man is the same as that of securing employment as an actress. See replies to Z. B., Louie H., B. H., etc.

J. N.—Scenarios are written as synopses, and must omit as much description (except of characters) and conversation as possible, confining themselves closely to motion-action. They should be typewritten on one side of the paper. The best way to dispose of them is to send them in to the various companies or to reliable agents.

Robert S.—Shyness is not unusual at your age. Have you tried going to dancing school as a possible cure? Meeting girls in this way—a way which gives you something to keep busy with so you will have no time to think of being shy—might help you. It is too bad that you haven't sisters or cousins—there is no better cure.

G. B. K.—You ask if I am a "suffragette." That depends on what you mean by "suffragette." I am not militant, but I believe women should have the franchise. I am glad you enjoy the articles.

Mary Pickford.



## OLD DR. HAPPINESS.

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ONCE upon a time there lived a great, big, broad-shouldered man with a roly-poly, Santa Claus tummy, long white whiskers, crinkly blue eyes and strong, capable, loving hands that toiled from morning until night for the benefit of humanity. That is why we theatrical people all came to call him "Old Dr. Happiness."

From morning until late at night, we would see his kindly, beaming face, calling out a passing welcome or au revoir as he drove by in his little, creaky buggy, which was, like the horse, getting very old, rusty and lopsided.

He was the family physician of many neighborhoods, but centered most of his interest upon the little brick hospital built at the end of a long, shady lane—a hospital for crippled children.

"Hello, Dr. Happiness!" we would call out as he came chuckling past. "Where are you bound for now?"—for his arms were not only filled with medicines which he himself was taking to some patient who could not afford to buy them of the druggist, but strange-looking, bulky bundles, which, if you had taken the trouble to peek into, you would have found contained surprising and amusing toys.

"On my way to see my little ones," he would always reply, "and if I am fifteen minutes late I have to stand for an awful dressing down. Those little fellows, they sure do believe if they spare the rod they will spoil the old man, and I wouldn't disappoint them for a rainbow with a pot of gold at the end of it."

"Take me with you," one day I called out, as I knew by the burden he carried he was on his way to the children's hospital.

Old Dr. Happiness drew up his little rig and gave me a hearty invitation to climb up beside him, even allowing me to hold the reins and drive poor, patient Lucinda Lee, who had been carrying the doctor around for the last fifteen years.

What a morning it was! One of the real, tangible, sunlit days in one's life, far from what you expected from the unhappy promise of "children's hospital." It is true there were a score of little tykes who could never put aside their pathetic crutches, and children who could not even be lifted out of their long, narrow beds, bound down as they were by heavy casts and braces.

But there were no inharmonious, wailing voices to greet us as old Dr. Happiness opened the door—nothing save the cheeriest and merriest of welcomes.

"What have you got for me?" shouted one. "Why weren't you here sooner?" called out another. "Have you forgotten my whistle?" shouted a third. "I want a balloon," came from the fourth little crib, and, "I don't want to take my medicine" came from the fifth, and "Who is the girl with the long curls standing back of you?" sang out a voice from the sixth.

"Oh, for shame!" stamped the doctor, shaking his cane at them as if he were bristling with anger and dismay. "Where are your manners, you young scalawags? Hold your tongues, every one of you, and if you don't mind your P's and Q's she won't tell you all about the pretty countries far away from here she has visited and all about the little Esquimo, Indian and Mexican children that I am sure have ever so much nicer manners than you have."

This convulsed the children with laughter, and when the last giggle had subsided the doctor led me from one bedside to another, and I clasped little, hot, pulsing hands in mine and felt as if I would gladly give my own strength to feed their pinched and wan little bodies.

Later, we formed a club, and each day one of us went to this hospital with old Dr. Happiness, and after he had made his rounds and prescribed pills and peppermint candies we stayed an hour or two to tell them stories. How grateful little cripples were and how beautiful it made their days, which, were it not for old Dr. Happiness, would have been long and dull and gloomy!

Sometimes I think when women have organized a club with a serious purpose for its existence, if they turned less attention to municipal charities and went individually to the old people's homes, to read to the

poor old people who are most of them blind, and to the children's hospitals, to tell them the stories which made more effulgent the glow of our own youth, they would find the happiness they gave to others boomeranged to them, and thus they would fulfill the vital purpose of their organization.

## Answers to Correspondents.

R. L. S.—"The Wandering Jew" and "The Mysteries of Paris" were written by Eugene Sue. I do not think either has been made into a picture—at least not under these titles.

L. M.—Henry Walthall is with the Essanay company. Yes, he is the one who played the role of the Little Colonel in "The Birth of a Nation."

N. E.—Denman Thompson created the leading role in "The Old Homestead" on the stage, but he is dead. The picture was produced by the Famous Players Company.

A. G.—Florence LaBadie is star of the Thanhouser Company. Anita Stewart is with the Vitagraph. Pearl White is with the Famous Players and Violet Mercereau with the Universal.

J. C.—Alas, I think your favorite movie star is married, but many foolish little girls ask the same question of me—whether I would consider it wise to write him and ask him to meet them. He would only laugh, my dear, and tear your letter up.

N. D.—Edgar Allan Poe's "Raven" was produced by the Essanay Company, starring Henry Walthall.

Mary Pickford.





## REFORM SCHOOLS FOR GIRLS.

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SEVERAL scenarios have come in lately that have dealt with the serious problem of the girl in the reform school. One story which has interested me more than the others is a gripping, tense, emotional drama of which the skeleton is the character development of girls who are forced by social conditions to spend years in a reform school. The scenario was written by an ex-inmate of one of the largest schools for girls in the country, and when she asked for a personal interview, I granted it gladly, feeling it was the duty of every American girl to acquaint herself with the existing conditions in such institutions.

So interested was I in what she had to tell me that, a few weeks afterward, I was taken through a reform school by one of the matrons.

There I was permitted to ask questions freely of the girls, but the answers were, while polite, always monosyllabic and non-committal. They were much more anxious to ask me questions about the movies than to answer any questions about themselves or their surroundings.

"How attractively neat the girls are," I remarked as they passed by, dressed in dark blue calico dresses and little light, well-starched aprons, which stole from the idea of uniforms.

"You should see us on Sunday," piped one of the girls, "when we go to chapel for religious services. Then we wear our pretty woolen dresses or gingham summer dresses of various colors and made according to the way we like them best. I am one of the girls who get dresses from home, and sometimes goodies," she added with twinkling eyes.

Studying them earnestly, I was impressed with the belief that these girls are not much different from other girls of their age who are not so unfortunately incarcerated. They may have risen from a lower environment and their mistakes may have been even lawlessly serious, but still their paths have no so far diverged from the common lot as to have ineffaceably marked them. It is the object of the school, of course not to hold them responsible for anything they may have done at this immature age, nor to look upon them as criminals sent there for punishment, but to afford them a shelter from the webs of their former existence and to train them so they will live clean, capable lives when they are finally released from the school.

It is said that from eighty-five to ninety per cent of the girls sent to reform schools have no mothers, bad mothers, or stepmothers, who have not understood them. It impresses upon us the important part a mother plays in the lives of her children. I doubt if one single girl sent to a reform school has had what we would consider the ideal mother.

Of course, not all of the girls sent to these schools have transgressed against society. Many of them are there because they have no homes and selfish relatives are tired of supporting them, while they are too young and inexperienced to earn their livelihood. Many of the girls who have been taken to the schools from notorious resorts are girls who were thrust out into the

world to earn their own living and had no training which would enable them to earn it honestly.

Committed to this particular school were children as young as ten years up to the age of sixteen. I was told they are released at the age of twenty-one—unless suitable homes can be found for them.

A great many of the girls committed are imbecile, but so slight is their weakness they cannot be sent to institutions provided for the mentally unbalanced. The matron informed me that upon such girls the training has but small effect.

Yesterday good and bad, intelligent and imbecile, were all associated together. It then seemed an utter impossibility to shut the morally leprous away from the others. The knowledge some possessed of life in its worst phases became the knowledge of all. Today everything possible is done to prevent this, and the system has been changed. The girls are classified, mentally, morally, and physically.

In the world itself are associated those who are both good and bad, and the reform school is only the epitome of the world. The girls who are bright and have sufficient character to surmount their temptations will rise in after life, while those who have inherited a weakness of mind and body that surrenders to adverse circumstances will be the same age-old problem until science shall find a cure for them.

We moving-picture actresses are always ambitious to play in sociological dramas, emphasizing the greatest good for the greatest number, and here was a great forceful lesson for us.

## Answers to Correspondents.

N. E. C.—Of course that is not Charlie Chaplin's real makeup on the street. If Charlie Chaplin were recognized going up Broadway in such a garb, he would be mobbed by hundreds of thousands. He is a very attractive-looking young man, not over thirty.

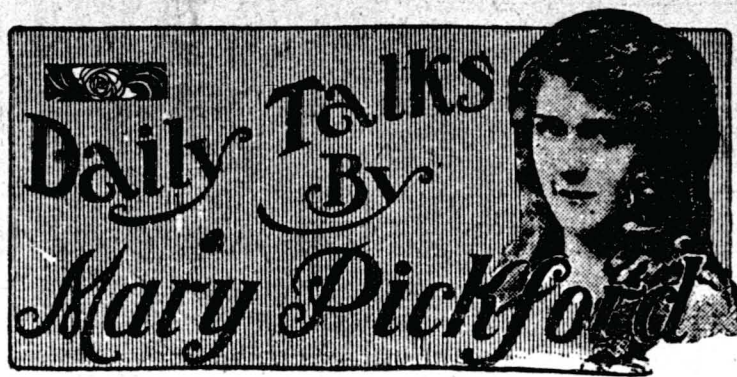
R. E. B.—Yes, Florence Lawrence, Arthur Johnson, Billie Quirk, and I played in pictures at the old Biograph Company, with D. W. Griffiths directing.

A. L.—The reason your scenario was returned to you was because, as you admit yourself, it was hand written. You must manage to have it typewritten. A busy scenario editor would never read it unless it were sent in good shape.

E. J.—If your hair is inclined to be wavy, why don't you try dampening it and waving it over combs—what is called water waved? This is what I often do just before I am called to a scene, if my hair is mussed or out of order.

T. F.—I would not rouge, if I were you, but try rubbing your cheeks with a small piece of ice in your hand. This will not hurt the face, but will bring a glow to the cheeks. You can never hide rouge, no matter how good the quality.

Mary Pickford.



## ROSY CHEEKS OF THE GHETTO.

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"WE shall need a rosy-checked, dark-eyed baby for our next picture," the director has often said, looking over the great book in which the casting director has classified "Desirable Babies."

"Let me get you one," I would solicit. "I could bring you half a dozen to choose from, all as cute as squirrels."

"Fifth Avenue" or "friend?" he would ask laconically, turning over the pages of the book.

"Neither—ghetto!"

"Humph! We don't want a half-starved baby—"and the director turned back to the book.

"Half starved!" I repeated after him. "You say that because you don't know them. Why, the children of the ghetto are the sturdiest, healthiest little shavers that ever gave promise of becoming helpful citizens—bless 'em."

It is true—and so I go often to what is known as the East Side in search of color, atmosphere and romance. It makes no difference whether the July sun causes the high brick tenements to make a veritable Vulcan's smithy of the neighborhood, the little, bare feet of the children go tripping merrily along to join other little bare feet dancing to the ground-old melody of the hurdy-gurdy. What do they care for the January's snows, February's slush and sleet or the north pole winds of March? Do you think the warring elements keep them cooped up in their little cubbyholes of homes? Indeed not—watch and wait for them and soon they will come in wild Indian bands around the corner, dancing, shouting, caroling from anywhere and from everywhere—these merry-eyed, lusty-lunged, diminutive sons and daughters of the ghetto.

"Where is the Tiny Tim of the Tenements?" you will ask, as you look at these healthy children who are circling around you, happily curious. "Where do these rosy cheeks come from? I never expected to find lusty, sturdy, self-reliant youngsters down here."

"Neither did I," as I laughed with the children, whose razor-blade wits are never dulled and who understand every degree of your interest, no matter how conservative it is. "Perhaps that's because all we have heard of the neighborhood has come from the charitable societies, who of course deal only with the 'submerged tenth.'"

And this reminds me that the other morning I read in the paper a most interesting article by one of the health-department physicians. He contrasted slum children with the little ones living in the country, and attending the country schools, and his statistics showed better health—rosier cheeks—among the tenement babies than in the children living in rural districts, whom we always think of as having their rightful share of the sunshine, pure air and good food. This doctor thought that the city's public milk stations and public baths, the education of mothers and children by the health department nurses and doctors, together with the furnishing of pure milk at a low cost, were in a large measure responsible for this contrast.

And now comes one of my correspondents, writing me direct from this "melting pot" neighborhood. Mrs. S. S. says in part:

"Let me take you behind the scenes, and show you why the children look robust—let me show you home life as it is and not as fiction

makes it—let me show you character, the homes of philosophers, future men of fame. The typical east-side apartment is neat, plainly furnished, crowded because of many children, but in every home there comes a visiting tutor. The poorest family will stint on necessities, but will manage to save enough to hire this teacher of languages and religion. This also is the spirit in which they educate their children at the public schools and colleges. These people worship education. They honor an educated man, a man of many learned degrees, more than they would a J. Pierpont Morgan. How many times have I seen mothers plying their needles early and late to keep children at college. But why, oh, why don't the stage and film show the beautiful unselfishness of parents who skimp and save and educate their children, with this comforting reassurance to each other: 'So our children may not have to work for their living as hard as we do!'—in its essence the very soul of human progress."

From the health-department physician, and from this mother of the ghetto, we have explanations from both the physical and spiritual sides, but I don't believe either is quite complete. Hasn't the joy of living something to do with it? Doesn't the mixing of nationalities upon a common ground bring to each child the mysteries of romance of ten other countries to stimulate his imagination? Aren't these children imbued with the spirit of play? And what of their fleeting moods, their joys and tears, delights and miseries, their native wonderment, their hunger, thirst, and their satisfaction—don't you think they have something to do with the mental and physical development of the child?

And how I love them, because they are all so alive—alive from their little bare heads to their inquisitive toes, too often peeping out unprotected into the cold world, but miraculously warmed by the world-joy that too early, alas, often turns to world-pain in the breasts of many of these children of toil.

## Answers to Correspondents.

M. O.—You don't suppose for one minute that when a screen comedian hits another man over the head with a brick that brick is real? How did you suppose the poor man receiving the blow managed to go on with his acting? Sometimes these weapons are made of rubber, but almost always they are made of papier mache or some composition that will not hurt the feelings or the anatomy of the other fellow.

P. T.—Have you ever tried using boracic acid on your eyes in the morning? If you put a little white vaseline on the lids at night, or boracic lotion, then bathe the eyes next morning in warm water with boracic acid in it, and you will find the lids will cease being granulated and the eyes will be bright and lustrous.

Zelda—You can easily find out in the directories if there are any studios in Boston, as I should certainly not come to New York hoping for a tryout. Very few companies will give an inexperienced girl a chance unless she is strikingly pretty or clever. When you go to register at any moving-picture studio, take your photograph with you. It will help them to remember your face and when they need your type they will call for you.

Mary Pickford.



## ROLLING STONES.

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"ROLLING stones," so saith the old proverb, "gather no moss," but there is this about it—the faster you roll the more polish you gain; that is, if you don't roll far and fast enough to wear yourself away. Sometimes I think it is foolish for a girl, even in our profession, to settle down at one studio, like an old lady who ambles out to her front porch with her knitting, unless she has the assurance of managers and directors as well as the inherent belief in her own ability that in that one particular studio hers will be a complete education.

In order to build a house, we busy ourselves gathering materials from many sources, even though we primarily think of our foundation.

We don't want to be like the poor, faithful old bookkeeper who, for thirty years or more, ekes out his miserable routine existence, the man who sinks into such a rut that he becomes valueless to the company, in spite of the fact that he has learned its business from the ground up. His employers do not want him because he has not progressed mentally and they need younger men with more modern, virile methods.

Sometimes without a forewarning, the old bookkeeper is turned away from his position, and what a pitiful sight it is to see these old men or women trudging from one agency to another in hopes that their recommendation of long service will enable them to find another in which to fit and settle down until the business of life is ended. But seldom do they find even substitute work, as it is not youth which creeps in and steals from them their chances, but the possession of new ideas and mental strength.

Of course, if such advice is followed to the other extreme, and one lives upon the wing without any desire to alight long enough to regain poise, then he, too, must join the same ranks as the old, unprogressive bookkeeper, except that the latter is branded with inactivity while he is convicted of having a lack of continuity of purpose.

The girls who come to the studios in search of work and find it should only remain until they have accomplished their purpose. Then, if they are not given better parts which hold out a promise for a future as an actress, they should seek other studios and glean all they can from the directors and the stars with whom they are fortunate enough to play. But they should never let petty annoyances influence them in their like or dislike of their studio work, which we happily call an art, and, because they chafe under the yoke of discontent, fold up their tents like the Arabs and wander on their way.

They should face all of their difficulties with the idea of conquering them, and just because one of the girls has been allotted a dressing-room a little better than her neighbors she should not be piqued and feel that a great injustice has been done her. I have known girls who just watched and waited for every little barbed misunderstanding to take it upon themselves to decide their own destinies, and because of these few unhappy moments fly away without rhyme or reason. Sometimes they have had to wander far before they were again located, and after

a while it becomes a habit, this drifting from one place to another.

The directors begin to know them as "Miss Uncertainty," and never depend upon them because when wanted for an important scene the information is brought that one of the directors had reprimanded them for being late and they had gone to make another transient call at a studio around the corner.

We never can achieve if we do not have a purpose in life, and when girls write to me telling me of their ambition to become moving-picture actresses I always reply, "Are you sure of yourselves before you enter into a field which makes so many demands upon a girl? In the first place, you must be honest, loyal and clever, and as your disposition smiles or frowns through your face, it is character almost more than feature which distinguishes a girl as either pretty or homely."

Girls will write and say, "I have a classical profile, large dark eyes and blonde hair, and I want to become a moving-picture actress." To these girls I invariably write back and say: "Are you capable? Are you willing to work hard? Are you clever? Do you feel that you would be a successful actress?"

Then by return mail come the letters from these girls in answer to my questions. "Oh, we thought all that, is needed to become a successful moving-picture actress is to have a pretty face."

Some of these days I am going to write again of the experiences of different types of girls who come into our broad field of battle, unarmed for the fray, and of those vanquished and also of those victorious.

## Answers to Correspondents.

Helen C.—Henry Walthall plays with Edna May in the Essanay productions.

J. J. M.—Creighton Hale is at present with the Pathe Film Company, playing with Pearl White in "The Iron Claw."

Nora N.—When I spoke about taking ice baths, I did not mean to plunge into ice water. I take a piece of ice wrapped in a towel and massage my face with it, and in summer, take an ordinary cold tub every morning.

A. M. N.—Don't you think yourself it is foolish for a girl only fifteen to marry an eighteen-year-old boy, even though you say he is not only good but wealthy? If you love each other, love will not die within the next two or three years, and at least a girl should wait until she is eighteen. Even then she is too young!

Boston—It takes more than being a good swimmer to become a clever moving-picture actor, as the chances for displaying one's ability at swimming are very few.

H. R.—It is always impossible to say how long we moving-picture actresses will remain in one place, as sometimes our pictures cause us to be sent all the way from the Hawaiian Islands to the Bermudas. Although I have counted on being here this summer, I may be ordered away at any time. When you arrive in New York, I hope I shall be here.

Mary Pickford.